

Aug. 22, 1983

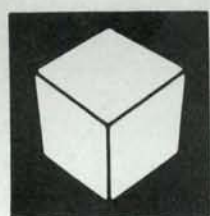
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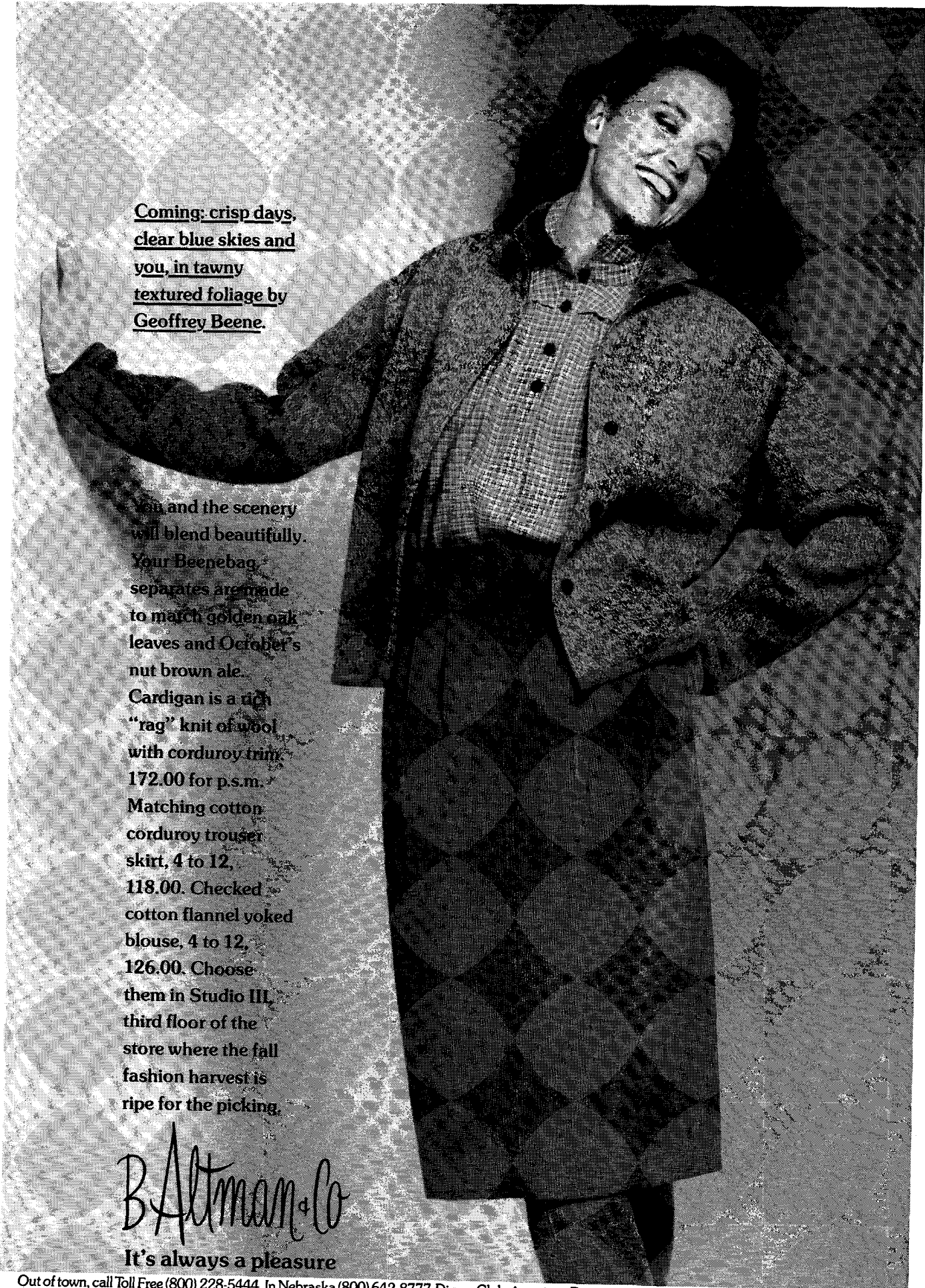
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

BECKETT PLAYS—Three brief plays by Samuel Beckett. The haunting "Catastrophe" first appeared in this magazine. Alan Schneider was the impeccable director. (Reviewed in our issue of 6/27/83.) (Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

BREAKFAST WITH LES AND BESS—Holland Taylor and Keith Charles in a comedy by Lee Kalcheim. (Lamb Theatre, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS—A remembrance of things past, by Neil Simon. The hero is a sex-obsessed fifteen-year-old. (4/11/83) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES—A musical based on the French comedy of the same name, by Jean Poiret. Music and lyrics are by Jerry Herman, the book is by Harvey Fierstein, and George Hearn and Gene Barry head the cast. Directed by Arthur Laurents. Previews through Saturday, Aug. 20. Opens officially on Sunday, Aug. 21. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 8; opening-night curtain at 6. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CAINE MUTINY COURT-MARTIAL—Michael Moriarty, Philip Bosco, and half a dozen other first-rate actors in a rousing revival of the Herman Wouk melodrama. (5/16/83) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CATS—Ezra Pound nicknamed T. S. Eliot "Old Possum," and under that name Eliot wrote a collection of poems about cats, and now the cats are on display on Broadway, with music by Andrew Lloyd Webber, scenery by John Napier, and direction by Trevor Nunn. (10/18/82) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6222. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE CORN IS GREEN—Cicely Tyson in a revival of Emlyn Williams' play, directed by Vivian Matalon. Previews through Sunday, Aug. 21. Opens officially on Monday, Aug. 22. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 575-9200. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

AN EVENING WITH QUENTIN CRISP—A revival of the one-man show, with new material from Mr. Crisp's book "How to Become a Virgin." (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 4. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

EXTREMITIES—Farrah Fawcett in a play by William Mastrosimone. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

FOOL FOR LOVE—Sam Shepard's play is as near a miracle as makes no matter—mysterious, funny, and beautiful. It is about two battling, loving lovers in a motel room at the edge of the Mojave Desert and about many other matters as well. Will Patton and Kathy Whitton Baker have the leading roles. Mr. Shepard directed. (6/6/83) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7.)

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GREATER TUNA—Ron Carroll and Michael Jeter portray twenty citizens (m. and f.) of the third-smallest town in Texas, in a play that is as broad as a cartoon but is also sharp and satiric and frequently funny. It was written by Jaston Williams, Joe Sears, and the director, Ed Howard. (11/1/82) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JEEVES TAKES CHARGE—An amiable entertainment devised by Edward Duke from the writings of P. G. Wodehouse. Mr. Duke, who appears as Jeeves and Bertie Wooster and many members of their immediate circle, is the entertainer. The stylish period settings are by Carl Toms. (6/27/83) (Haft, 227 W. 27th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

LIGHT OPERA OF MANHATTAN—Through Sunday, Aug. 28: Sigmund Romberg's **THE DESERT SONG**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2, and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

MAME—Angela Lansbury in a revival of the

musical based on "Auntie Mame," the novel by Patrick Dennis and subsequent play by Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee. Messrs. Lawrence and Lee wrote the book and Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics. The director is John Bowab. (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY ONE AND ONLY—A joyous keepsake of Gershwin songs, neatly tucked into a new book by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer. Twigg and Tommy Tune head the marvellous cast. (5/9/83) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

NIGHT, MOTHER—Marsha Norman's play about a young woman bent upon committing suicide is an altogether successful work of art and much less dispiriting than one might suppose. With Kathy Bates and Anne Pitoniak, who have been ably directed by Tom Moore. (4/11/83) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ON YOUR TOES—Not the least taint of patronizing mars this revival of the Rodgers and Hart classic musical of 1936. The director, George Abbott, helped to write the original book and, at ninety-six, evidently has a tenacious recollection of how things were and how they ought to be. (3/14/83) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 977-9370. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

ORGASMO ADULTO ESCAPES FROM THE ZOO—Estelle

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COVER: Robert Tallon

DRAWINGS: Donald Reilly, Lee Lorens, Robert Weber, William Steig, Mick Stevens, Charles Addams, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Arnie Levin, Ed Fisher, George Booth, Edward Koren, Joseph Mirachi, Stan Hunt, Roz Chast, Boris Drucker, Robert Mankoff

THE NEW YORKER

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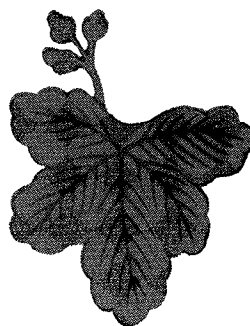
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Parsons in a one-woman performance of eight short plays by Dario Fo and Franca Rame. The plays are being presented in two parts. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Part I: Wednesdays and Fridays at 8, and Sundays at 3. . . . Part II: Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 8. . . . Selections from both parts: Tuesdays at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.)

PREPPIES—A musical with a book by David Taylor and Carlos Davis and music and lyrics by Gary Portnoy and Judy Hart Angelo. Staged by Tony Tanner. Previews Wednesday, Aug. 17. Opens officially on Thursday, Aug. 18. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

QUARTERMAINE'S TERMS—The title character of Simon Gray's funny, sad comedy is a teacher whom loneliness has made even more bubble-brained than God did. Lee Richardson plays the leading role, and he is well supported by Roy Poole, Caitlin Clarke, Anthony Heald, and Dana Ivey. Kenneth Frankel directed. (3/7/83) (Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

TAKING MY TURN—A buoyant musical with Margaret Whiting, Tiger Haynes, Victor Griffin, Cissy Houston, Ted Thurston, and Mace Barrett, all of them noted singers and dancers who are presumed to be old but whose performances refute that presumption at every turn. The very good songs were written by Will Holt (lyrics) and Gary William Friedman (score). Robert H. Livingston was the able director. (6/20/83) (Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

TRUE WEST—Sam Shepard's comedy about two rival brothers in California, which was given an unsatisfactory production originally, has now been transformed by the clowning of James Belushi and Gary Cole. Gary Sinise was the excellent director. (11/29/82) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Mondays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

WINNERS—A revival of Brian Friel's beguiling comedy (with sad overtones) about a pair of lovers who spend a day on a hilltop above the Irish town of Ballymore. Bernard Shaw's larky *HOW HE LIED TO HER HUSBAND* makes a suitable prologue to this agreeable evening. (5/2/83) (Susan Bloch Theatre, 307 W. 26th St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

YELLOW FEVER—A delightful comedy-mystery that neatly parodies private-eye movies as it goes its merry way. The setting is the Asian section of Vancouver in the nineteen-seventies. R. A. Shiomi is the deft playwright, and the Sam Spade role—here named Sam Shikaze—is assumed with admirable aplomb by Donald Li. All the actors do well under Raul Aranas's direction. (1/17/83) (47th Street Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. 586-2696. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

YOU CAN'T TAKE IT WITH YOU—A fine revival of the Kaufman-Hart comedy written in the thirties. Jason Robards heads the big and frolicsome cast; the director is Ellis Rabb. Starting Tuesday, Aug. 23, Eddie Albert will take over Mr. Robards' role. (4/18/83) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

LONG RUNS—**AGNES OF GOD**: Diahan Carroll, Geraldine Page, and Lily Knight have much to say about a peculiar subject—the apparent virgin birth to a young nun in a convent of a child subsequently found dead. The discussion is a lively one, though the playwright, John Pielmeier, has found no satisfactory way of bringing it to an end. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **AMADEUS**: A highly intelligent Peter Shaffer thriller having to do, on one level, with the possibility that Mozart's early death was a result of his having been poisoned by a rival and, on another level, with



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that rival's indignant repudiation of God. David Birney plays the villainous putative murderer, Antonio Salieri; John Thomas Waite plays the hapless Mozart; and Maureen Moore plays his pretty, perky wife. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE**: A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . .

CLOUD 9: Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is nimbly performed under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction. (Lucille Lortel Theatre, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **DREAMGIRLS**: The slickest possible production of a musical comedy whose book, music, and lyrics are almost totally lacking in character. If Michael Bennett, the director, had been a Union general, the Civil War would have lasted about twenty minutes. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS**: 9,696 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . .

42ND STREET: Once upon a time there was a silly-wonderful Warner Brothers musical about a young hooper who goes on in place of a disabled star and herself becomes a star overnight. The legitimate musical that has been fashioned from the movie musical is just as silly but by no means as wonderful. With Jerry Orbach, Elizabeth Allen, and Lisa Brown. On Monday, Aug. 22, Millicent Martin will return to her original role, replacing Miss Allen. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **JOSEPH AND THE AMAZING TECHNICOLOR DREAMCOAT**: A musical derived from the Old Testament story. Andrew Lloyd Webber composed the score, and Tim Rice wrote the lyrics. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:15. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS**: Based on Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant, and it speaks and sings in the menacing baritone of Ron Taylor. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 477-2477. Tuesdays through

Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **NINE**: A sensationally opulent production of a musical comedy wrenched with little intellectual finesse from the classic movie "8½." Sergio Franchi is the star. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!**: A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **SISTER MARY IGNATIUS EXPLAINS IT ALL FOR YOU AND THE ACTOR'S NIGHTMARE**: "Sister Ignatius," the second of Christopher Durang's brace of one-acters, is a scathing satire on Catholic education: a crazy nun (Lynn Redgrave) verbally molests her small pupils until she is given her comeuppance by four visiting alumni. In the curtain-raiser, "The Actor's Nightmare," a businessman dreams that he is on a stage and forced to perform, giving rise to a cluster of shrewd parodies of respected playwrights. (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinees Sundays at 3.) . . . **TORCH SONG TRILOGY**: Three plays—humorous, sad, sentimental, and witty—by Harvey Fierstein, which star Jonathan Hadary as a Jewish homosexual hustler and drag queen. Phillip Astor will substitute for Mr. Hadary at the matinee performances on Wednesday, Aug. 24, and Saturday, Aug. 27. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Sandy Duncan is the star of this year's summer show, "Five Six Seven Eight . . . Dance!" (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 5.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Pals-son's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

ICE SHOW—"Walt Disney's Magic Kingdom on Ice," with Linda Fratianne. (Madison Square Garden. 564-4400. Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 11 and 3; Thursday, Aug. 18, at 1:30; Friday, Aug. 19, at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturday, Aug. 20, at 11, 3, and 7:30; and final performances Sunday, Aug. 21, at 1 and 5.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . .) Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Small, narrow, chatty, and nautical. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, will belong to the **JAKI BYARD** trio, and the following Friday and Saturday (Aug. 26-27) will be devoted to **MAJOR HOLLEY**, the buzzing, bowing, showboating bassist, and his pianist. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one. Dining.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—**CARMEN MCRAE** sings in this sleek Village club through Saturday, Aug. 20; on Tuesday, Aug. 23, the master, **DIZZY GILLESPIE**, will take charge with his quartet. Music from ten.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The varied schedule: Thursday, Aug. 18, Chris Rush and Buskin & Batteau; Friday, Aug. 19, Uncle Floyd's One Man Show, with music by the Vivino Brothers; Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 20-21, soul singers **SAM & DAVE** and rockabillyist Robert Gordon; Monday, Aug. 22, the Pacific Orchestra, Run-DMC, and Marc Weiner & the Weinerettes; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25, **AL KOOPER** and **EDGAR WINTER**; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, **ARLO GUTHRIE**, the world's most charming folkie, and his backup band (which, as with Willie Nelson's backup band, one wishes were lots better). Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and elev-

en-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—The epitome of an intimate, dark-wood-panelled, sophisticated New York bar. The very fine piano and bass hands: **RONNIE MATHEWS** and **RAY DRUMMOND** through Saturday, Aug. 20; **KENNY BARRON** and a bassist on Sunday, Aug. 21; and **HILTON RUIZ** and his bassist beginning Monday, Aug. 22. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

BROADWAY JOE'S, 315 W. 46th St., near Eighth Ave. (246-6513)—The urbanly swinging **JIMMY LYON**, who plays piano until ten in Peacock Alley at the Waldorf, a large, very subdued room, comes to this convivial, buzzing, smallish barroom, where he gets an impressive second wind. He's here from ten-thirty to two Fridays and Saturdays. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, cornettist **WARREN VACHE'S** trio performs from eleven to two. Dining.

Café Pierre, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI**, who occasionally lets loose on hot-chord solos on his resonant seven-string (the seventh string is a bass string) guitar, guides a trio Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—**ADAM MAKOWICZ**, who was influenced by Tatum and Chopin, has taken charge of the keyboard and performs nightly, except Sundays, from nine to midnight.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The Bowery Institute of Rock and Roll: Wednesday, Aug. 17, Number Two, Strate A's, Swept Away, and the Privates; Thursday, Aug. 18, Secret Rocker, John Are, and the Sweethearts; Friday, Aug. 19, Soviet Sex, the Replacements, Blue Fyre, and the Get Lost Band; Saturday, Aug. 20, the Dron-goes and Limbo Race; and Tuesday, Aug. 23, Rude Haiku, the Bopsters, and Total Heymas. Monday is showcase night. Music from long after nine-thirty.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—Pianist **TEDDY WILSON**, who did wonders for Benny Goodman, Billie Holiday, and others more than forty years ago and who is still pretty wonderful, is available to a whole new generation of listeners Mondays through Saturdays. Ronnell Bright is at the piano on Sundays. Shows at nine and eleven-fifteen. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Bluegrass, string-band, and Irish, British, and American folk music made by visiting players from New England, the Eastern seaboard, and Appalachia is the fare, along with pitchers of beer. Wednesday, Aug. 17, Matt Molloy (at eight and ten); Saturday, Aug. 20, Cloud Valley; Wednesday, Aug. 24, Soldier's Fancy; and Saturday, Aug. 27, mandolinist **ANDY STATMAN'S KLEZMER ORCHESTRA**, which plays bluegrass, Western swing, and Eastern European Jewish music. Music from nine.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—One of the two homes for traditional small-band jazz on the block (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). The house band swings it Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight-thirty to two. On Sunday, Aug. 21, the **JOHN BUNCH** quintet will work from about nine-fifteen. Mondays from eight-thirty belong to Ed Polcer's quintet, and the Bill Simon and George Simon quintet works on Wednesdays from five-thirty to eight-thirty. Dining.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—A sleek, well-attended basement jazz club. Pianist **HANK JONES**, baritone saxophonist **PEPPER ADAMS**, and drummer **LOUIS HAYES** share a hard-bop quintet through Sunday, Aug. 21; on Tuesday, Aug. 23, four (count 'em) guitar-ists—**HERB ELLIS**, **BARNEY KESSEL**, **TAL FARLOW**, and **LAURINDO ALMEIDA**—will assemble themselves onstage. The first set begins about nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Thursday, Aug. 18, Dolores Keane & Reel Union (at eight and eleven); Friday, Aug. 19, Livingston Taylor; Saturday, Aug. 20, the Tom Intondi band; Sunday, Aug. 21, comedienne Jane Brucker; Tuesday, Aug. 23, Deidre McCalla and Jeff Gold; Wednesday, Aug. 24, **ARTO LINDSAY**, Christian Marclay, and Ikiue Moray; Thursday, Aug. 25, Vincent T. Vok band and Poez;

Impeccable navy flannel

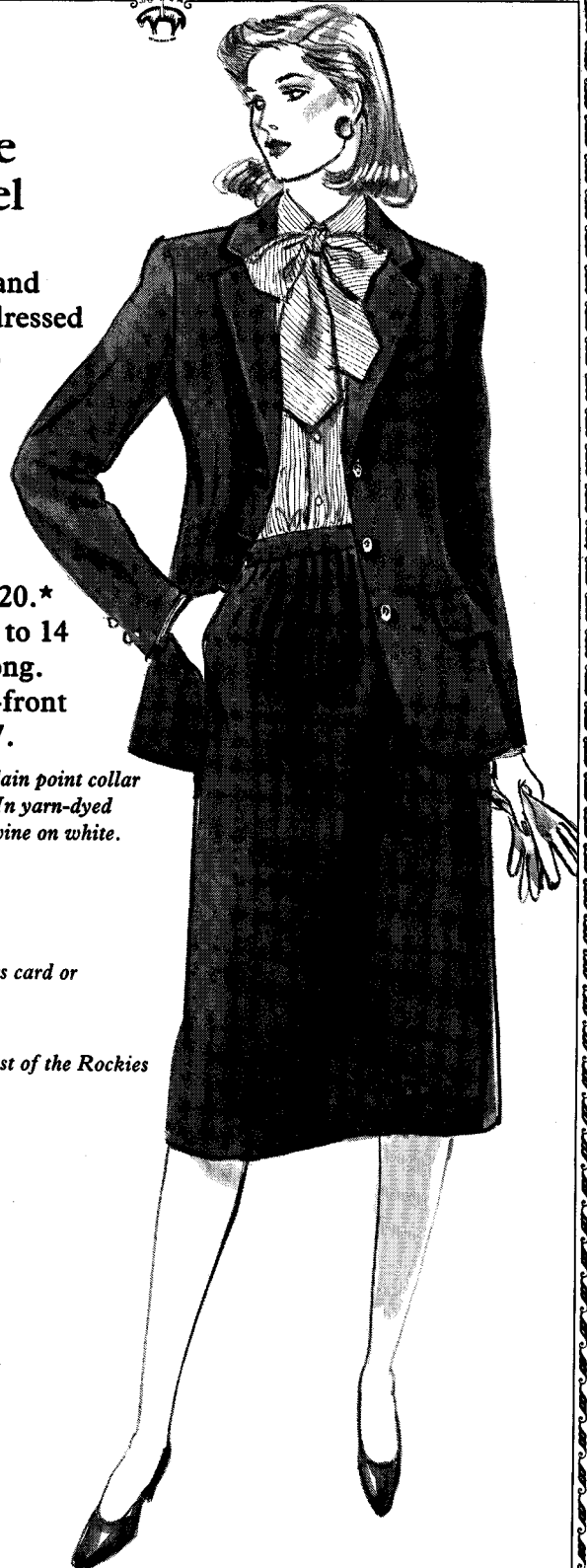
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and Saturday, Aug. 27, the **RED CLAY RAMBLERS**. Two shows—the first one getting under way about nine—every night but Wednesday, when the music starts at ten, and Monday, which is hootenanny night and begins about eight.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—The schedule at this SoHo night club: Wednesday, Aug. 17, guitarist **KEVIN EUBANKS**; Thursday, Aug. 18, Karen Edwards; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, Gail Sharpe; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 21-22, Jane Blackstone; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 23-24, pianist **ANDY LAVERNE** and bassist **VIC JURIS**; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 25-27, singer **CARMEN LUNDY**. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty, ten, and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, eleven, and one. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The roster: Wednesdays through Sundays, **DAVID ALLYN** sings with the Scott Hardy trio; Mondays, pianist **Baba Motta** works with bassist John Belzaguy; and Tuesdays belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE**. All these groups play from ten. Mondays through Fridays, Loumell Morgan plays piano from five to ten, and **Baba Motta** has the same hours on Sundays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little fancier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Tuesdays through Saturdays, the pianist is stride specialist **DICK WELLSTOOD**, and Sundays and Mondays **DILL JONES** has the floor. Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—The tradition-bound house band lets loose under the leadership of trumpeter Spanky Davis Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Sundays and Mondays, **MAX KAMINSKY** is in charge. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty; from eight on Sundays.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners. They're listening to pianist **FRED HERSCH** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON** through Saturday, Aug. 20, and to pianist **JOHN HICKS** and bassist **WALTER BOOKER** beginning Tuesday, Aug. 23. The Sunday and Monday men are **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA**. Music from ten.

LONE STAR CAFE, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—An authentic Texas hangout for expatriate Texans, for New Yorkers, and for French tourists. The music is usually good solid blues, rock, folk, or country, and it starts after eight-thirty. Wednesday, Aug. 17, New Orleans pianist **DR. JOHN** and singer **JUDY RODERICK**; Thursday, Aug. 18, blues singer **BIG MAMA THORNTON** and B. Willie Smith; Sunday, Aug. 21, Sugar Ray & the Blue Tones and David Keyes; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 22-23, **FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS**, a wonderfully crisp, energetic, and convincing rock-and-blues quartet from the Bluebonnet State itself, and Duke Robillard; Wednesday, Aug. 24, Moe Bandy and Blackwater; and Thursday, Aug. 25, **JORMA KAUKONEN**. Dining.

LUSH LIFE, 184 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (228-3788)—A comfortable and first-rate jazz club. Wednesday, Aug. 17, drummer **SUNNY MURRAY**, saxophonist **BYARD LANCASTER**, trombonist **GRACHAN MONCURE III**, and pianist **DON PULLEN** will team up; Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 18-21, will belong to bluesy saxophonist and singer **JOHN HANDY** and his group; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 23-24, will be claimed by smiling and soaring pianist **WALTER DAVIS, JR.**'s quintet; and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 25-28, will see Kilimanjaro onstage. Sets start at nine-thirty. Dining. Closed Mondays.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BOBBY SCOTT** is at the piano singing and playing until Saturday, Aug. 20; on Tuesday, Aug. 23, pianist-singer **Buddy Barnes**, who used to accompany Mabel Mercer, will come in with a program devoted to her. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Monday nights from nine to midnight, the New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime

Band occupies the bandstand. Dining. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The hippest spot on Columbus Avenue, which is known for the R. & B. and jazz bands that have been performing here for more than a decade. Wednesday, Aug. 17, Keith Loving; Thursday, Aug. 18, Al Broady; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, pianist **JORGE BALTO & THE INTER-AMERICAN BAND**, featuring percussionist **CARLOS PATATO VALDEZ**; Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 22-23, Alyson Williams; and Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 24-28, the **MILT JACKSON-RAY BROWN** quartet. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—Folk, blues, rock, and jazz in an intimate room that has fine sight lines to the stage. The roster: Wednesday, Aug. 17, Secret Steps, 4/4, and Band of Outsiders; Thursday, Aug. 18, the Steve Postel band, Last Licks, and the Wild; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, Sandra Bernhard and Jae Mason; Monday, Aug. 22, Michael's Magic Wand, Julie & the Flashers, and Billy & the Buttons; Wednesday, Aug. 24, at nine, **STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY**, the Sorrows, the Cor-Vairs, and Julie Gold; Thursday, Aug. 25, Diamond Dupree, Blue Sparks from Hell, and Spellbound; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, trumpeter **AHMED ABDULLAH**. Shows start at ten. Sundays are reserved for a jam session. Dining and dancing.

PEACOCK ALLEY, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten.

PEPPERMINT LOUNGE, 100 Fifth Ave., at 15th St. (989-9505)—Rock and roll disguised as the Late Show. On Friday, Aug. 19, rock-and-roll patriarch **BO DIDDLEY** will perform with a backup quartet. Mr. Diddley, whose albums from the fifties and sixties had titles like "Have Guitar, Will Travel," "Bo Diddley Is a Gunslinger," "Bo Diddley Is a Lover," "Surfin'," "Beach Party," and "500% More Man," still dresses in Paladin black and plays a cigar box of a guitar, but his music nowadays sounds even more with-it than ever—it's dissonant, fuzzy rock with the solid, built-to-last infrastructure of exaggerated, raw, jangling rhythms he started playing nearly thirty years ago with his bass player and maraca soloist, Jerome Green. The younger part of the lineup: Saturday, Aug. 20, the Rockats; Friday, Aug. 26, the Flirts; and Saturday, Aug. 27, the Waitresses. Music from way past your bedtime.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—**SY OLIVER** leads his bounce septet here on the sixty-fifth floor Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one; Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two; and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RED BLAZER TOO, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A large, busy establishment

that has a slightly touristy feel to it. Traditional jazz is presented from about nine every night but Sunday, when it begins at seven. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—A ballroom that dates from 1935 when the building was remodelled—the building itself dates from 1889—to accommodate neighborhood social-club dances. It has been turned into a sort of Avalon Ballroom East. Rock from the fifties, sixties, seventies, and eighties. Wednesday, Aug. 17, Fixx; Monday, Aug. 22, Dolce Vita; Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25, **KING SUNNY ADE & HIS AFRICAN BEATS**, eighteen musicians from Nigeria who play swirling, hypnotic, international dance music on electric guitars and talking drums—it all sounds like a cross between African high-life music and Santana; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, Altered Images. Shows tend to begin sometime after midnight. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—A second-floor jazz club in which most of the walls are refreshingly austere. The roster: Wednesday, Aug. 17, Kieja Bostic; Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 18-20, Idiot Savant; Sunday, Aug. 21, Willie Winfield, the Harptones, and Schoolgirls; Tuesday, Aug. 23, Crossing Point; Wednesday, Aug. 24, Ear Candy; and Thursday through Sunday, Aug. 25-28, **CONTINUUM**, with trombonist **SLIDE HAMPTON**, pianist **KENNY BARRON**, saxophonist **JIMMY HEATH**, bassist **RON CARTER**, and drummer **ART TAYLOR**. Mondays belong to the Ed Palermo big band. Much of the music is amplified jazz-rock, and it runs from ten.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. On its busy weekends, the club feels like the rush hour in Rio. Wednesdays, Tony (Thunder) Smith; Thursday, Aug. 18, African Connection; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, **PE-DE-BOI**; Sunday, Aug. 21, at eight, guitarist **TONINHO HORTA** and his very fine Brazilian jazz-rock outfit; Tuesday, Aug. 23, Mixed Grill; Thursday, Aug. 25, the **LLOYD MC NEILL** sextet; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, **LOREMIL MACHADO & THE SARAYA BAHIA BAND**. Music from ten. Dining. Closed Mondays.

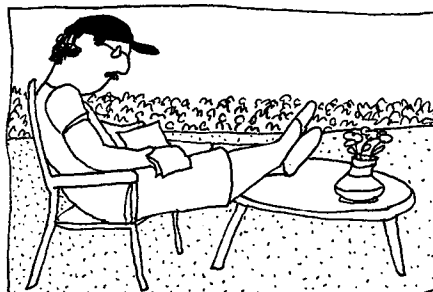
SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An enlightened schedule: tenor saxophonist **ARCHIE SHEPP** and his quartet through Saturday, Aug. 20; saxophonist **FRANK WRIGHT'S** quintet on Monday, Aug. 22; and saxophonist **ROSCOE MITCHELL & THE SOUND ENSEMBLE** starting Tuesday, Aug. 23. Sundays are Brazilian-jazz nights with **THIAGO DE MELLO & AMAZON**. Shows from about ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—Memphis singer and pianist **ROSCO GORDON** performs in these pleasant and simple surroundings on Fridays and Saturdays, and on Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 24-25. Music after nine.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—Monday after nine is salsa night in the barn-like downstairs room: on Aug. 22, Arturo Sandoval and percussion wiz **MONGO SANTAMARIA** will be on hand with their bands, along with guest soloist trumpeter **JON FADDIS**. Brazilian-jazz dynamo **TANIA MARIA** trades sets with guitarist **LAURINDO ALMEIDA** through Sunday, Aug. 21; Tuesday through Sunday, Aug. 23-28, **BETTY CARTER**, the risk-taker jazz singer, will be present. Shows at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. . . . Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** handle the piano-bass duties on Wednesdays and Thursdays from nine-thirty to one and on Fridays and Saturdays from ten to three.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—Tenor saxophonist **GEORGE ADAMS** and pianist **DON PULLEN** perform with drummer **DANNIE RICHMOND** and bassist **CAMERON BROWN** through Sunday, Aug. 21; on Tuesday, Aug. 23, tenor saxophonist, flutist, and wag **JAMES MOODY** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** blast-off nights. Music after nine-thirty.

VILLAGE WEST, 577 Hudson St., near Bank St. (691-2791)—A tile floor, a pressed-tin ceiling, brick walls, and an improved sound sys-



tem—all the makings for bright acoustics. Pianist **KENNY BARRON** can be found here until Sunday, Aug. 21; on Tuesday, Aug. 23, trumpeter **HARRY (SWEETS) EDISON** will arrive. Music Sundays and Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. No music Mondays.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A warm atmosphere, authentically prepared collard greens, and jazz pianists. Mondays through Wednesdays, Hank Johnson is at the piano; Thursdays through Sundays are turned over to Tom Charlap. Music nightly from eight-thirty until two.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food, beyond the pinball machines is a room full of mostly swing music. Don Lanphere performs nightly from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and jazz musicians in it. The pianists and bassists: **NORMAN SIMMONS** and **LISLE ATKINSON** through Saturday, Aug. 20, and **JOHN BUNCH** and **PHIL FLANIGAN** on Sunday, Aug. 21. Music Mondays through Saturdays from nine, and Sundays from eight-thirty. Closed for two weeks beginning Monday, Aug. 22.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

GEORGE BENSON—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8 and midnight.

RICHARD PRYOR—Radio City Music Hall. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, at midnight.

THE HOLLIES—Radio City Music Hall. Thursday, Aug. 25, at 8.

BARRY HARRIS & THE FESTIVAL ALL-STARS and **ART BLAKEY & THE JAZZ MESSENGERS**—Entermedia, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St. 475-4191. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27, at 11.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

JOHN AHEARN—Wall sculptures reflecting life in the South Bronx (some of the castings were actually made in the streets), the liveliest a double-Dutch jump-rope tableau. There are also four pieces by Rigoberto Torres, who collaborates with Ahearn. Through Friday, Aug. 26. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

TOM BUTTER—A sixteen-foot sculpture of translucent, colored fibre glass which has taken root in the Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden like some flamboyant botanical sport. Through Sept. 30. (Second Ave. at 47th St.)

DOUG HILSON—Striking, life-size portraits made by deft erasures on a canvas blackened with graphite. Through Sept. 10. (Steinbaum, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St. Closed Mondays; open Saturdays.)

ROBERT LAURENT (1890-1970)—About twenty drawings and four or five sculptures dating from the twenties to the fifties. Through Sept. 17. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

LISA NIRENBERG—Detailed, low-key watercolors and pencil drawings, many of them self-portraits. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Aug. 20. (Ingber, 460 West Broadway. Opens at 1.)

CREATIVE TIME—This well-known art booster is presenting two separate projects this summer. At **BATTERY PARK CITY**, Gate 18, Chambers and West Sts.: Art on the Beach (bring your beach pail) consists of six outdoor installations, each one devised by an artist-architect-performer team to serve in turn as the setting for the respective performers, who will be offering their programs on Sunday evenings as the summer marches on. On Aug. 21, at 6:30: Daniel McCusker (dance). (Exhibition hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30. Admission to the performance is five dollars.) ... **ART IN THE ANCHORAGE**, Cadman Plaza West and Front St., Brooklyn: Ten art installations shown in an indoor space under the Brooklyn Bridge. (Admission is two dollars; hours are Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.) ... ¶ On Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8, Kirk Nurock will perform, among other

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musical works, "Sonata for Piano and Dog." For tickets, call 571-2206.

GROUP SHOWS—At the **BORGENICHT**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: One sculpture each by eleven artists whose works run the gamut from a tabletop barnyard tableau featuring two sheep and a hen, by Angelo Ippolito, to forged-steel abstractions suggestive of birds in flight, by Martin Chirino. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) ... **FEDERAL HALL NATIONAL MEMORIAL**, 26 Wall St., at Broad St.: A show mounted by the Whitney Museum which examines the influence of comic-strip artists, such as Milton Caniff, Al Capp, and Walt Kelly, on American painting from the past two decades. Terry and the Pirates, Li'l Abner, and Pogo are placed in the company of works by Jasper Johns, Roy Lichtenstein, Keith Haring, Andy Warhol, and others. There are also cartoons by Saul Steinberg and Ad Reinhardt. ... ¶ Programs of animated films are shown Mondays through Thursdays at 11:30, 12:30, and 1:30, and Fridays at 11:30 and 1; the programs change from day to day, but not from week to week. Through Friday, Aug. 26. (Closes at 3.) ... **FOURCADE**, 36 E. 75th St.: A stimulating show of new drawings by gallery artists Dorothea Rockburne, Michael Heizer, Malcolm Morley, and others, plus a few that are less new, by Gorky, Giacometti, Klee, and Le Corbusier. Through Sept. 16. (Closed Mondays.) ... **KNOWLTON**, 153 Mercer St.: Abstract and semi-abstract landscapes and urban scenes by Gregory Amenoff, Porfirio Di Donna, Peter Flaccus, and George Peck. Through Friday, Aug. 26. (Closed Mondays.) ... **ZABRISKIE**, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Three French artists—Pierre Buraglio (wood-and-glass constructions based on windows), Bertrand Lavier (painted file cabinets and other recognizable objects), and Georges Rousse (color photographs of picturesque murals he paints inside abandoned houses). Through Sept. 10.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others mount group shows of works by gallery members, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **CASTELLI**, 420 West Broadway. (Closed Mondays.) ... **DAVIS & LANGDALE**, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. (Closes at 4.) ... **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE**, 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) ... **PACE**, 32 E. 57th St. ... **ALEX ROSENBERG**, 20 W. 57th St. ... **SUTTON**, 29 W. 57th St. (Open Saturdays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

RUTH ORKIN AND MICHAEL GEORGE—Two photographers showing their prints of Central Park in Central Park. Through Sept. 11. (The Dairy, in the Park between the zoo and the carousel. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4:30.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Henry Moore retrospective show contains two hundred of his direct carvings in wood and stone, cast bronzes, drawings, and prints. Through Sept. 25. ... ¶ An exhibit of works by American artist Charles Willson Peale includes the trompe-l'oeil portrait "The Staircase Group" and his "The Artist in His Museum." Through Sept. 4. ... ¶ Sixty-four paintings and oil sketches of the English countryside by John Constable. Through Sept. 4. ... ¶ "La Belle Epoque," a show of costumes in period settings. Through Sept. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 18 W. 54th St.—An exhibit that points up the working methods of Piet Mondrian by a display of cardboard compositions as he arranged them on the walls of his last studio. Also, the artist's last complete painting, "Broadway Boogie Woogie," and the painting that was un-

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finished at his death, "Victory Boogie Woogie." Through Sept. 27. ... ¶ "Some Contemporary Prints," a show offering just that; all of them are large and are recent acquisitions, and represent the efforts of (among others) Jennifer Bartlett, Francesco Clemente, Georg Baselitz, and Eric Fischl. Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Two shows of European paintings, one of postwar works by long-established artists on the order of Balthus, Dubuffet, and Tàpies, the other of representatives of the new wave who have attracted so much attention recently, such as Cucchi, Darboven, and Penck. Some of the works are loans that the museum hopes to add to its collections. Both through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM OF AMERICAN ART, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—Grant Wood's painting "American Gothic," which made its New York debut at the Whitney fifty years ago, is the centerpiece of a retrospective of the artist's works. Through Sept. 4. ... ¶ "Minimalism to Expressionism: Painting and Sculpture Since 1965" is the title for a show of nearly sixty works; the artists range from, among others, Carl Andre and Agnes Martin (late sixties) to Lynda Benglis and Steve Keister (seventies) to David Salle, Joel Shapiro, and Nam June Paik (eighties). Frank Stella is represented by paintings from both the early and late camps. ... ¶ In the lobby gallery, forty prehistoric bowls found in the Southwest which show that good design is timeless and that American Indians were good designers. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the work of realist Philip Pearlstein offers more than a hundred paintings and drawings. Through Sept. 18. ... ¶ A selection of prints and drawings acquired for the museum by the late curator Gene Baro. A few of the artists are Laura Shechter, Alex Katz, and Mark Stock. Through Sept. 5. ... ¶ A diverse show honoring the Brooklyn Bridge. Through Sept. 5. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—About a hundred paintings and sketches of birds by American naturalist-illustrator Louis Agassiz Fuertes (1874-1927). Through Oct. 2. ... ¶ African textiles and their traditional manufacture constitute an exhibit that comes, for the most part, from the British Museum. Clothing, decorative cloth, puppets, looms, etc. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

AMERICAN CRAFT MUSEUM I, 44 W. 53rd St.—A display of sculptural and functional wrought-iron works by artisans from around the world. Through Sept. 18. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

COOPER-HEWITT MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The three current shows bear on architecture in one way or another: Architectural photographs, including an 1840 daguerreotype, by Samuel Bemis, of Boston's King's Chapel bur-

ial ground, and a 1935 study of Rockefeller Plaza, by Alfred Stieglitz. Through Oct. 16. ... ¶ Twentieth-century prints of urban architecture by Joseph Pennell, John Marin, Richard Haas, David Macaulay, and others. Through Sept. 4. ... ¶ A hundred cast-iron toy penny banks in the shapes of such buildings as Westminster Abbey, the Flatiron Building, and Independence Hall. Through Oct. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

JEWISH MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of works by nine Jewish artists who emigrated to Great Britain in the first half of this century. It includes sculptures by Jacob Epstein and paintings by Jankel Adler and Josef Herman. Through Oct. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays and Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A display of forty models, plus nearly twice as many drawings, for residences designed by seven West Coast architectural firms. Through Sept. 15. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5.)

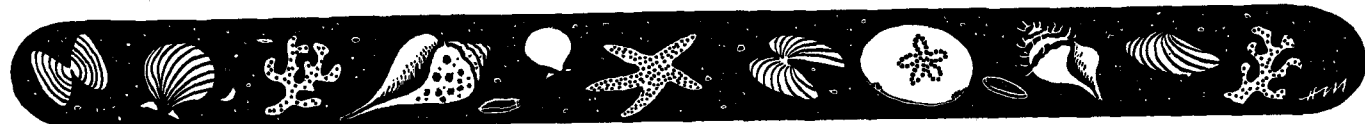
NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—A show of more than a hundred and fifty Tiffany lamps from the collection of Egon Neustadt. ... ¶ An exhibition of Currier & Ives lithographs. Through Aug. 28. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection show of letters, manuscripts, and first editions centers on famous literary figures who found inspiration in travel and includes an incunabulum, printed in 1491, of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," a diary excerpt, dated 1804, in which Washington Irving describes his first morning in Paris; and a first edition (1939) of "Journey to a War," W. H. Auden's account of a trip to China. Through Sept. 30. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

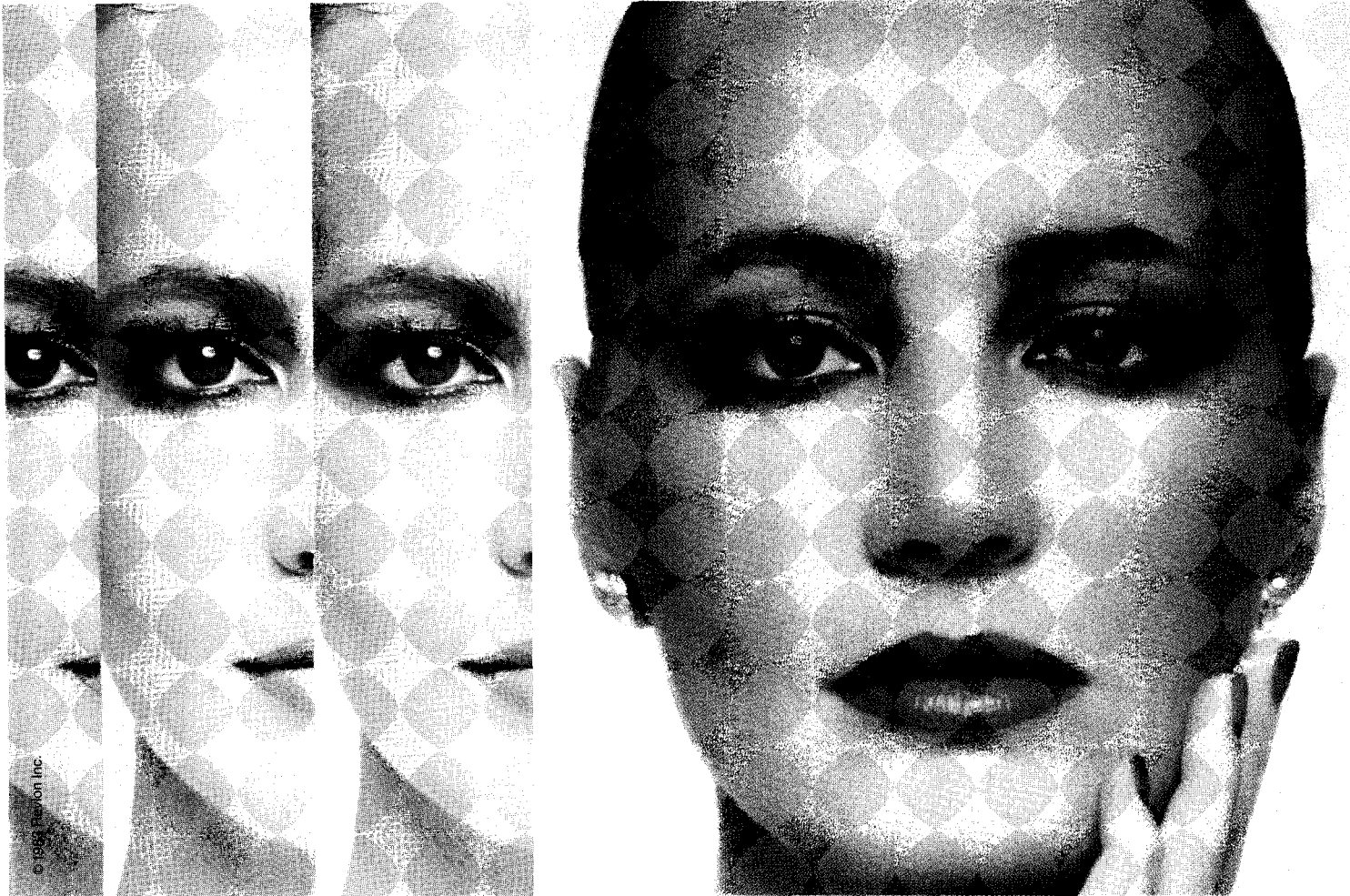
STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 144 W. 125th St.—Contemporary artist Richard Yarde has put together a large installation here that recreates the Savoy Ballroom's bandstand and dance floor, populated with representations of musicians and dancers. Also, fifteen studies in watercolor. Through Sept. 7. ... ¶ A selection from the museum's permanent collections includes more than seventy paintings, sculptures, prints, photographs, and drawings. Through Sept. 11. (Open daily except Mondays and Tuesdays. Hours: Wednesdays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

MOSTLY MOZART FESTIVAL—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 17: George Cleve conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Heinz Holliger, oboe; Aurele Nicolet, flute; and Katia and Marielle Labèque, duo piano. ... ¶ Thursday, Aug. 18: The American String Quartet, with Mr. Holliger and Miss Nicolet. ... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20: Gerard Schwarz directing the orchestra in performances of Handel's "Messiah" (in Mozart's 1789 arrangement), with Benita Valente, soprano; Shirley Love, mezzo-soprano; John Aler, tenor; Jan Opalach, bass; and the New York Choral Artists. ... ¶ Monday, Aug. 22, and Wednesday, Aug. 24: Leonard Slatkin conducting the orchestra, with Richard Goode, piano; Mr. Holliger; and Miss Nicolet. ... ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 23: A chamber ensemble, including Andras Schiff, piano; Richard



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Todd, horn; David Schiffrin, clarinet; Frank Morelli, bassoon; Mr. Holliger; Miss Nicolet; and others. . . . **Thursday, Aug. 25:** Roger Nierenberg directing a performance of Mozart's opera "Zaide" in concert form, with Sylvia McNair, soprano; Mr. Aler and Cornelius Sullivan, tenors; Jan Opalach, bass; Alan Titus, baritone; and Paul Collins, narrator. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . **Friday and Saturday, Aug. 26-27:** Leonard Slatkin conducting the orchestra, with Ken Noda, piano, and Joseph Swenson, violin. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

"IL PASTOR FIDO"—The Concert Royal and the New York Baroque Dance Company presenting Handel's opera, as well as its 1734 prologue, "Terpsichore," with Ann Monoyios, soprano; Drew Minter, countertenor; and Catherine Turocy, dancer. Staged by Patrick Swanson and conducted by James Richman. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 25-27, at 8. For tickets, call 662-8829.)

IN THE COUNTRY

TANGLEWOOD FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—**Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8:30:** The Sequoia String Quartet. . . . **Friday, Aug. 19, at 7:** Peter Zazofsky, violin, and Gilbert Kalish, piano, in a Brahms-Prokofiev program. . . . **Friday, Aug. 19, at 9:** André Previn conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Brahms program, with Horacio Gutierrez, piano. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30:** Joseph Silverstein conducting a Weber-Bernstein-Sibelius program, with Mr. Zazofsky. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2:30:** André Previn conducting a program of music by Brahms, Mozart, Vaughan Williams, and Britten, with Doriot Anthony Dwyer, flute, and Ann Hobson Pilot, harp. . . . **Thursday, Aug. 25, at 2:30:** The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony, the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, and the Boston University Young Artists Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, John Williams, Gunther Schuller, and Joseph Silverstein. . . . **Friday, Aug. 26, at 7:** Ivo Pogorelich in a piano recital. . . . **Friday, Aug. 26, at 9:** Charles Dutoit conducting the Boston Symphony in a Haydn-Ravel program; no soloists. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:30:** Charles Dutoit conducting a Mozart-Chopin-Sibelius program, with Mr. Pogorelich. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 28, at 2:30:** Seiji Ozawa conducting Mahler's Third Symphony, with Jessye Norman, soprano; the women of the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Boston Boy Choir. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 637-1666.)

CARAMOOR FESTIVAL—Final performances of the season—**Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8:30:** The Tokyo String Quartet. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 21, at 5:30:** The Beaux Arts trio. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 27, at 8:30:** Andras Schiff, piano. . . . **Sunday, Aug. 28, at 5:30:** The New York Chamber Soloists in an all-Vivaldi program. (Katonah, N.Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-5035.)

SARATOGA PERFORMING ARTS CENTER—The Philadelphia Orchestra in a three-week season that ends **Saturday, Aug. 27, Wednesday, Aug. 17:** Robert Irving conducting a varied program, with dancers Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins. . . . **Thursday, Aug. 18:** Robert Shaw directing a performance of Berlioz' "Requiem," with Jon Humphrey, tenor, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . **Friday, Aug. 19:** Erich Leinsdorf conducting an all-Brahms program, with John Browning, piano. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 20:** Erich Leinsdorf conducting another all-Brahms program, with Dylana Jensen, violin. . . . **[NOTE:** Special concerts will be given by Diana Ross on Sunday, Aug. 21; by Gordon Lightfoot on Monday, Aug. 22; and by James Taylor on Tuesday, Aug. 23.] . . . **Wednesday, Aug. 24:** Franz Allers conducting a Lerner and Loewe concert, with Mary Shearer, soprano; John Walker, tenor; Brent Ellis, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . **Thursday, Aug. 25:** William Smith directing a Moussorgsky-Prokofiev-Tchaikovsky program, with Michael Gurt, piano. . . . **Friday, Aug. 26:** Brock

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McElheran conducting a varied program, with Roberta Peters, soprano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . **Saturday, Aug. 27:** Eugene Ormandy conducting a varied program; no soloists. (Saratoga Springs. Evenings at 8:15. Through Monday, Sept. 5. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

JACOB'S PILLOW DANCE FESTIVAL—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Through **Saturday, Aug. 20:** The Joyce Trisler Dance company and the Calck Hook Dance Theatre. . . . **Tuesday through Saturday, Aug. 23-27:** Ann Marie De Angelo and David Pergrine, Marielena Mencia, Yanis Pikiaris, Laurie Ichino, and others. (Lee, Mass. Tuesdays at 7:30; Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8:30; and Saturdays at 2 and 8:30. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

BASEBALL—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8. . . . **California, Friday and Saturday, Aug. 19-20, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 21, at 2. . . . Oakland, Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 22-23, at 8. . . . Seattle, Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8, and Thursday, Aug. 25, at 2. . . . METS** at Shea Stadium: Vs. San Francisco, Friday, Aug. 26, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 27, at 7:35.

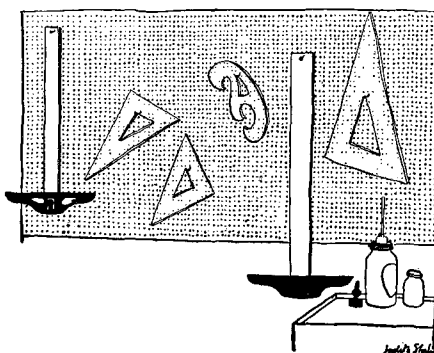
PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Baltimore Colts, Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8. . . . Giants vs. Miami Dolphins, Friday, Aug. 26, at 8.

RACING—At SARATOGA: Weekdays at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 22. The Seneca Handicap, Friday, Aug. 19; the Delaware Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20; the Hopeful, Sunday, Aug. 21; and the Spinaway, Monday, Aug. 22. . . . **BELMONT:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 24, through Monday, Oct. 17. The Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 27. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . **MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 3. The Monmouth Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 20. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:20.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.:** Weeknights at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 24.

SOCCER—Cosmos vs. Chicago. (Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands. Sunday, Aug. 21, at 7. For information about tickets, call 265-8600.)

TROTTING—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 5. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 19. . . . **MEADOWLANDS:** Nightly at 8; through Friday, Aug. 19.

YACHTING—America's Cup at Newport: Chal-



lengers' semifinal trials, through Monday, Aug. 22. . . . Defenders' final trials continue. . . . **Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week.** (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 24-28.)

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

NEW YORK SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL—Free performances of **NON PASQUALE**, a pop opera, based on Donizetti's opera "Don Pasquale," with a libretto by Anthony Giles and Nancy Heikin, and starring Ron Leibman. The second of two productions by the company. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 861-7277.)

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—Concerts in various city parks. Stanislaw Skrowaczewski will conduct the third in a series of four programs: **VAN CORTLANDT PARK, the Bronx, Wednesday, Aug. 17, at 8. . . . MARINE PARK, Brooklyn, Thursday, Aug. 18, at 8. . . . SNUG HARBOR, Staten Island, Friday, Aug. 19, at 8. . . . James Conlon will conduct the fourth program: CUNNINGHAM PARK, Queens, Tuesday, Aug. 23, at 8. . . . PROSPECT PARK, Brooklyn, Wednesday, Aug. 24, at 8.**

MUSIC FESTIVAL ON THE PIER—The Miller beer people's summer upheaval, running through Thursday, Sept. 1. Friday, Aug. 19: Smokey Robinson. . . . Monday, Aug. 22, Madness and Ministry. . . . Wednesday, Aug. 24: New Edition, Afrika Bambaataa & the Soul Sonic Force, Kurtis Blow, and others. . . . Friday, Aug. 26: Jefferson Starship. (Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 45th St. Evenings at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

SOUTH STREET SEAPORT MUSEUM—Free concerts on Pier 16. Friday, Aug. 19, at 8: Joanne Brackeen trio. . . . Saturday, Aug. 20, at 8: Albert Dailey Ensemble. . . . Sunday, Aug. 21, at 6: Mike Morgenstern's Jazzmania All Stars, with Hilton Ruiz. . . . Friday, Aug. 26, at 8: David Eyges trio. (East River at Fulton St.)

LINCOLN CENTER OUT-OF-DOORS—A three-week festival of dance, chamber music, country music, jazz, and street theatre. **LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA:** Wednesday, Aug. 17, the Off Center Theatre's "Frankenstein" (for children) at 11 and the Serena Dance Theatre at 5. . . . Thursday, Aug. 18, a jazz program by the Steve Fishman Group at 12:15, the Black Spectrum Theatre production of "Forget My Shame" at 5, and a chamber-music program by Newband at 6:15. . . . Friday, Aug. 19, the Ron Roach Caribbean Ensemble at 5. . . . Saturday, Aug. 20, mime artists at noon, 2, 4, and 6. . . . Sunday, Aug. 21, clown performers at noon, 1:30 (for children), 3, 4:30, and 6. . . . Monday, Aug. 22, the Theatre Omnibus of Dublin (for children) at 11, dancers Bill T. Jones & Arnie Zane at 5, and String Fever at 6:15. . . . Tuesday, Aug. 23, a jazz program by Groove Directors at 12:15, and the Puerto Rican Travelling Theatre at 5. . . . Wednesday, Aug. 24, drama presentations by Alternate Roots Southern Theatre at 11 (for children), 5, and 6:15. . . . **DAMROSCH PARK:** Thursday, Aug. 18, Bowyer & Bruggeman in a dance program at 8:15. . . . Saturday, Aug. 20, a mime program by the Theatre Omnibus of Limerick at 8:15. . . . Sunday, Aug. 21, Noel Parenti, a clown show, at 8:15. . . . Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 22-24, the Center Stage Community Playhouse production of "Fiddler on the Roof" at 8:15. (Through Monday, Aug. 29. For daily detailed information, call 877-2011.)

BROOKLYN BRIDGE CENTENNIAL—"The Eighth Wonder," a twenty-five-minute *son-et-lumière* show about the planning and building of the bridge, using the recorded voices of Anne Jackson, Farley Granger, and Paul Roebbing. The spectacle may be seen and heard at outdoor theatres on opposite sides of the East River, located in Manhattan at the end of Peck Slip, south of the bridge and north of the South Street Seaport, and in Brooklyn at the Fulton Ferry Landing, at the foot of Cadman Plaza. (Wednesdays through Sundays at 9 and 9:45. Closes Sunday, Sept. 4. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)

"Terminal Station" ("Indiscretion of an American Wife," 1953; directed by Vittorio De Sica), with Montgomery Clift and Jennifer Jones.

R.K.O. CENTURY ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Through Aug. 25: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

From Aug. 26: "A Star Is Born" (†).

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Aug. 18: "Superman III" (†); and "The Outsiders" (Francis Coppola), with Matt Dillon.

Aug. 19-25: "Flashdance" (†) and "An Officer and a Gentleman" (†).

From Aug. 26: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

Through Aug. 18: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

From Aug. 19: "The Ruling Class" (†).

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Zelig" (†).

LOEWS 34TH STREET SHOWPLACE, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall. From Aug. 19: To be announced.

Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

Theatre 3: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

"Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Aug. 25: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck.

From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

"Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.

GOTHAM CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Aug. 25: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).

From Aug. 26: "Mr. Mom" (Stan Dragoti), with Michael Keaton.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"La Passante" (Jacques Rouffio; in French), with Romy Schneider and Michel Piccoli.

MANHATTAN I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Aug. 26: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.

Theatre 2: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.

BARONET AND CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "The Grey Fox" (†). No evening performances on Thursday, Aug. 25. From Aug. 26: "Merry Christmas, Mr. Lawrence" (Nagisa Oshima), with David Bowie.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Valentina" (Antonio Betancor; in Spanish), with Anthony Quinn. From Aug. 26: "Daniel" (Sidney Lumet), with Timothy Hutton.

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

Through Aug. 18: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.

From Aug. 19: "Flashdance" (†).

CINEMA I AND II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Fanny and Alexander" (†).

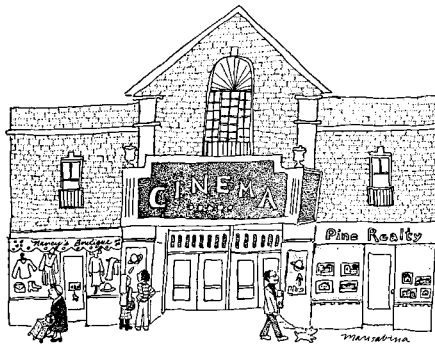
Theatre 2: "The Draughtsman's Contract" (†).

GEMINI I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 19: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell. From Aug. 20: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 16.

BECKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Zelig" (†).

LOEWS NEW YORK TWIN I AND 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th.

(744-7339)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Trading Places" (†). From Aug. 19: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall. From Aug. 19: To be announced.

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"The Return of Martin Guerre" (Daniel Vigne; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nathalie Baye.

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

Through Aug. 18: "The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

From Aug. 19: To be announced.

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

"WarGames" (†).

U. A. 85TH ST. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

"Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.

LOEWS ORPHEUM I AND 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Return of the Jedi" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. In 3-D. From Aug. 19: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

Through Aug. 18: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.

From Aug. 19: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.

R.K.O. CENTURY 86TH ST. TWIN, Lexington at 86th.

(289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Theatre 2: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo.

WEST SIDE

FILM FORUM I AND 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Theatre 1: "The Mirror" (1974; directed by Andrei Tarkovsky; in Russian).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Iracema" (1975; Jorge Bodanzky and Orlando Senna; a Brazilian film in Portuguese); and "The Deceased" (1965; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 19-20: "São Bernardo" (1972; Leon Hirszman; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "The Heirs" (1969; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 21-22: "The Gods and the Dead" (1972; Ruy Guerra; a

Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "The Guns" (1963; Ruy Guerra; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 23: "Summer Showers" (1980; Carlos Diegues; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Jofre Soares and Mirian Pires; and "Lesson of Love" (1975; Eduardo Escorel; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese). Aug. 24-25: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese); and "I Love You" (1982; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian film, in Portuguese), with Sonia Braga. Aug. 26-27: "Antonio Das Mortes" (†); and "How Tasty Was My Little Frenchman" (1971; Nelson Pereira dos Santos; a Brazilian film, in the Tupi language).

WAVERLY I AND 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Theatre 1: "Liquid Sky" (Slava Tsukerman).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Octopussy" (†). From Aug. 19: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

GREENWICH PLAYHOUSE I AND 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass. From Aug. 26: "The Grey Fox" (†).

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong. From Aug. 19: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

Theatre 2: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.

Theatre 3: "Diva" (†).

Theatre 4: "The Night of the Shooting Stars" (†).

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"WarGames" (†).

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

"Staying Alive" (†).

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

"Flashdance" (†).

57TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Kitty and the Bagman" (Donald Crombie; an Australian film), with Liddy Clark.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

"I Married a Shadow" (Robin Davis; in French), with Nathalie Baye and Francis Huster.

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Fanny and Alexander" (†).

LOEWS PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

Through Aug. 18: "The Star Chamber" (Peter Hyams), with Michael Douglas.

From Aug. 19: To be announced.

LINCOLN PLAZA I, 2, AND 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: "La Nuit de Varennes" (†).

Theatre 2: "Berlin Alexanderplatz" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). This fifteen-hour film is being shown in five three-hour segments, changing weekly.

Part II will be shown Aug. 17-23, Part III will be shown starting Aug. 24.

Theatre 3: "Pauline at the Beach" (Eric Rohmer; in French).

CINEMA STUDIO I AND 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "La Traviata" (Franco Zeffirelli; in Italian), with Teresa Stratas and Plácido Domingo.

Theatre 2: "Ways in the Night" (Krzysztof Zanussi; in German).

EMBASSY 72ND ST. I AND 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: "The Twelve Chairs" (†).

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "The First Time" (Charlie Loventhal). From Aug. 19: "L'Etoile du Nord" (Pierre Granier-Deferre; in French), with Simone Signoret and Philippe Noiret.

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass. From Aug. 19: To be announced.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Aug. 19: To be announced.

Theatre 3: Through Aug. 18: "Cujo" (Lewis



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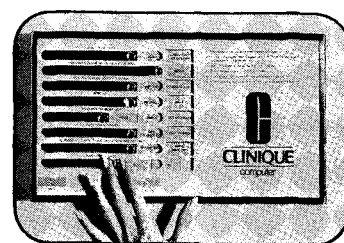
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Teague), with Dee Wallace. From Aug. 19: To be announced.
 Theatre 4: Through Aug. 18: "WarGames" (†). From Aug. 19: To be announced.
NEW YORKER 1 AND 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
 Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Octopussy" (†). From Aug. 19: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.
 Theatre 2: "Zelig" (†).

OLYMPIA QUAD, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
 Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. In 3-D. From Aug. 19: "Flashdance" (†).
 Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Railsback and Michael Beck. From Aug. 19: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†).
 Theatre 3: Through Aug. 18: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong. From Aug. 19: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.
 Theatre 4: Through Aug. 18: "Gandhi" (†). Aug. 19-25: "Yor" (Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown. From Aug. 26 (tentative): "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

CRITERION THEATRES, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
 Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "Porky's II: The Next Day" (directed by Bob Clark), with Dan Monahan. From Aug. 19: "Yor" (Anthony M. Dawson), with Reb Brown.
 Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Twilight Zone—The Movie" (†). From Aug. 19: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell.
 Theatre 3: "Superman III" (†).
 Theatre 4: Through Aug. 25: "Gandhi" (†). From Aug. 26: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong.
 Theatre 5: "Risky Business" (Paul Brickman), with Tom Cruise.
 Theatre 6: "Octopussy" (†).

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
 "Flashdance" (†).

EMBASSY 2, 3, AND 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
 Theatre 2: "WarGames" (†).
 Theatre 3: "Curse of the Pink Panther" (Blake Edwards), with Ted Wass.
 Theatre 4: "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. In 3-D.

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
 "Return of the Jedi" (†).

LOEWS STATE 1 AND 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
 Theatre 1: "Krull" (Peter Yates), with Ken Marshall.
 Theatre 2: "Trading Places" (†).

MOVIELAND, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
 "Class" (Lewis John Carlino), with Jacqueline Bisset and Rob Lowe.

NEW EMBASSY 49TH STREET, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
 "The Man Who Wasn't There" (Bruce Malmuth), with Steve Guttenberg. In 3-D.

RIVOLI 1 AND 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
 Theatre 1: Through Aug. 18: "The Golden Seal" (Frank Zuniga), with Steve Rails-

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back and Michael Beck. From Aug. 19: "Metalstorm: The Destruction of Jared-Syn" (Charles Band), with Jeffrey Byron. In 3-D.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Jaws 3-D" (Joe Alves), with Dennis Quaid and Bess Armstrong. From Aug. 19: "Easy Money" (James Signorelli), with Rodney Dangerfield.

R.K.O. CENTURY NATIONAL TWIN, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)

Theatre 1: "Cujo" (Lewis Teague), with Dee Wallace.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 18: "Private School" (Noel Black), with Phoebe Cates and Betsy Russell. From Aug. 19: "Getting It On."

R.K.O. CENTURY WARNER TWIN, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 25: "Star Wars" (†) and "The Empire Strikes Back" (†). From Aug. 26: "Hercules" (Lewis Coates), with Lou Ferrigno.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 25: "National Lampoon's Vacation" (Harold Ramis), with Chevy Chase and Beverly D'Angelo. From Aug. 26: "Strange Brew" (Dave Thomas and Rick Moranis), with Thomas and Moranis.

REVIVAL HOUSES

AGEE ROOM, 144 Bleecker St. (473-8306; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"Breathless" (1959; directed by Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
 "The Seven Samurai" (1954; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Toshiro Mifune and Takashi Shimura.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)

Aug. 17: "Last Year at Marienbad" (1961; Alain Resnais; in French), with Delphine Seyrig; and "Il Grido" (1957; Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Steve Cochran, Alida Valli, and Betsy Blair.

Aug. 18: "Viva Zapata!" (1952; Elia Kazan), with Marlon Brando, Jean Peters, and Anthony Quinn; and "The Grapes of Wrath" (1940; John Ford), with Henry Fonda and Jane Darwell.

Aug. 19-20: "Yojimbo" (1961) and "Throne of Blood" (1957), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.

Aug. 21-22: "The King and I" (†); and "Carousel" (1956; Henry King), with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones.

Aug. 23: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959; Alain Resnais; in French), with Emmanuèle Rivira and Eiji Okada; and "La Guerre Est Finie" (†).

Aug. 24: "Senso" (†); and "The Stranger" (1967; Luchino Visconti; in French), with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

Aug. 25: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Laura" (1944; Otto Preminger), with Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Vincent Price, Dana Andrews, and Judith Anderson.

Aug. 26-27: "Playtime" (1968) and "Mon Oncle" (1958; in French), both films directed by, and with, Jacques Tati.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through Aug. 18: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; in English and Italian) and "Fellini Satyricon" (1970; in Italian), both films directed by Federico Fellini.

Aug. 19-20: "Sweet Away" (1975; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Mariangela Melato; and "Seven Beauties" (1976; Lina Wertmüller; in Italian), with Giancarlo Giannini and Fernando Rey.

Aug. 21-23: "Manhattan" (1979; Woody Allen), with Allen, Diane Keaton, Michael Murphy, and Meryl Streep; and "Interiors" (1978; Woody Allen), with Diane Keaton, Maureen Stapleton, Geraldine Page, Mary Beth Hurt, Sam Waterston, and E. G. Marshall.

Aug. 24-25: "Making Love" (1982; Arthur Hiller), with Michael Ontkean, Kate Jackson, and Harry Hamlin; and "Score" (1974; Radley Metzger), with Calvin Culver and Gerald Grant.

Aug. 26-27: "Blade Runner" (1982; Ridley Scott), with Harrison Ford and Rutger Hauer; and "The Road Warrior" (1982; George Miller; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Aug. 17: "Frances" (1982; Graeme Clifford), with Jessica Lange and Sam Shepard; and "Come and Get It" (1936; Howard Hawks and William Wyler), with Edward Arnold, Joel McCrea, and Frances Farmer.

Aug. 18: "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest" (1975; Miloš Forman), with Jack Nicholson, Louise Fletcher, and Will Sampson; and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Aug. 19-20: "An Officer and a Gentleman" (1982; Taylor Hackford), with Richard Gere, Debra Winger, and Louis Gossett, Jr.; and "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977; Richard Brooks), with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere.

Aug. 21: "The Seventh Seal" (1956; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow, Gunnar Björnstrand, Bibi Andersson, and Nils Poppe; and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström and Ingrid Thulin.

Aug. 22: "The Last Metro" (1981; François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve, Gérard Philipe, and Jean Poiret; and "Mr. Klein" (1977; Joseph Losey; in French), with Alain Delon, Jeanne Moreau, and Michel Lonsdale.

Aug. 23: "Bob le Flambeur" (1955; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French), with Isabel Corey and Roger Duchesne; and "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo.

Aug. 24: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and "The Missouri Breaks" (1976; Arthur Penn), with Marlon Brando and Jack Nicholson.

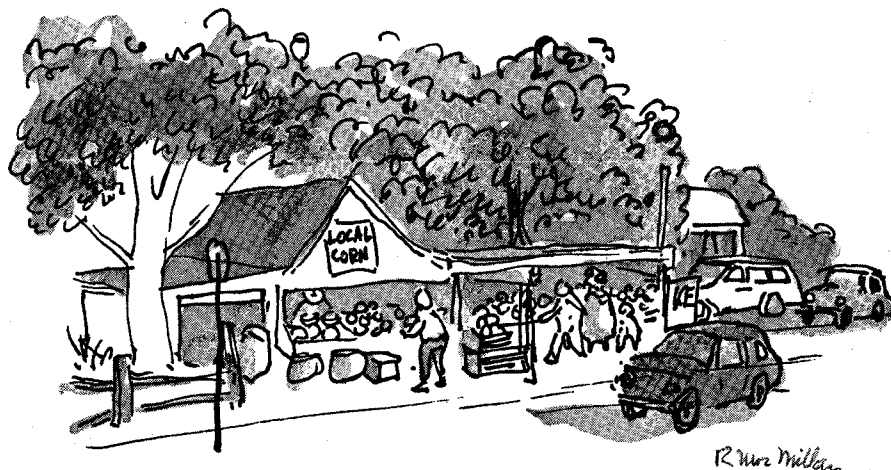
Aug. 25: "Christiane F." (1982; Ulrich Edel; in German), with Natja Brunckhorst; and "The Wicker Man" (1974; Robin Hardy), with Christopher Lee and Britt Ekland.

Aug. 26-27: "The Loved One" (†); and "Dr. Strangelove" (1964; Stanley Kubrick), with Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and Sterling Hayden.

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Aug. 17: "Bang the Drum Slowly" (1973; John Hancock), with Michael Moriarty and Robert De Niro; and "The Pride of the Yankees" (1942; Sam Wood), with Gary Cooper, Teresa Wright, Walter Brennan, and Dan Duryea.

Aug. 18-20: "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey



Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster; and "Mean Streets" (1973; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel.

Aug. 21-22: "55 Days at Peking" (1963; Nicholas Ray), with Charlton Heston, Ava Gardner, and David Niven; and "The Inn of the Sixth Happiness" (1958; Mark Robson), with Ingrid Bergman, Curt Jurgens, and Robert Donat.

Aug. 23-24: "The Magnificent Seven" (†); and "Ride the High Country" (1962; Sam Peckinpah), with Joel McCrea, Randolph Scott, and Mariette Hartley.

Aug. 25-27: "Rocky" (1976; John G. Avildsen), with Sylvester Stallone, Talia Shire, Carl Weathers, Burt Young, and Burgess Meredith; and "Rocky II" (†).

HOLLYWOOD TWIN CINEMA 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)

Through Aug. 18: "Dressed to Kill" (1980; Brian De Palma), with Michael Caine, Angie Dickinson, Nancy Allen, and Keith Gordon; and "Blow Out" (1981; Brian De Palma), with John Travolta, Nancy Allen, and John Lithgow.

Aug. 19-20: "Animal House" (1978; John Landis), with John Belushi, Tim Matheson, and John Vernon; and "The Blues Brothers" (1980; John Landis), with John Belushi and Dan Aykroyd.

Aug. 21: "Woodstock" (†); and "Gimme Shelter" (1970; David and Albert Maysles and Charlotte Zwerin), with the Rolling Stones.

Aug. 22-23: "Pink Flamingos" (1974) and "Female Trouble" (1975), both films directed by John Waters, with Divine.

Aug. 24-25: "An Unmarried Woman" (†); and "Shoot the Moon" (1982; Alan Parker), with Diane Keaton and Albert Finney.

Aug. 26-27: "The Exorcist" (†); and "Friday the 13th" (1980; Sean Cunningham), with Betsy Palmer, Adrienne King, and Harry Lillis Crosby III.

METRO CINEMA, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)

Aug. 17: "Boy" (1970) and "Diary of a Shinjuku Burglar" (1969), both films in Japanese, directed by Nagisa Oshima.

Aug. 18: "Born Yesterday" (1950; George Cukor), with Judy Holliday, William Holden, and Broderick Crawford; and "Les Girls" (1957; George Cukor), with Gene Kelly, Mitzi Gaynor, and Kay Kendall.

Aug. 19: "The Diary of a Chambermaid" (1964; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Death in the Garden" (1956; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Simone Signoret and Georges Marchal.

Aug. 20: "Casablanca" (1942; Michael Curtiz), with Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, and Claude Rains; and "The African Queen" (1951; John Huston), with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn.

Aug. 21: "Lawrence of Arabia" (†); and "Fitzcarraldo" (1982; Werner Herzog; in German), with Klaus Kinski and Claudia Cardinale.

Aug. 23: "Pygmalion" (1938; Anthony Asquith and Leslie Howard), with Howard and Wendy Hiller; and "Summertime" (1955; David Lean), with Katharine Hepburn, Rossano Brazzi, Isa Miranda, and Darren McGavin.

Aug. 24: "Chan Is Missing" (1982; Wayne Wang), with Wood Moy; and "El Super" (†).

Aug. 25: "Gaslight" (1944; George Cukor), with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty; and "Sylvia Scarlett" (1936; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Edmund Gwenn, and Brian Aherne.

Aug. 26: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "The River and Death" (1954; Luis Buñuel; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Aug. 27: "The Godfather" (1972; Francis Ford Coppola), with Marlon Brando and Al Pacino; and "The Godfather, Part II" (1974; Francis Ford Coppola), with Al Pacino, Robert Duvall, Diane Keaton, and Robert De Niro.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

Aug. 17: "Up the Sandbox" (1972; Irvin Kershner), with Barbra Streisand, David Selby, and Paul Benedict; and "The Way We Were" (1973; Sydney Pollack), with Barbra Streisand and Robert Redford.

Aug. 18-20: "Dinner at Eight" (1933; George Cukor), with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore; and "Fashions of 1934" (William Dieterle), with William Powell and Bette Davis.

Aug. 21-22: "Arthur" (1981; Steve Gordon), with Dudley Moore, Liza Minnelli, and John Gielgud; and "My Favorite Year" (1982; Richard Benjamin), with Peter O'Toole, Mark Linn-Baker, Jessica Harper, and Joseph Bologna.

Aug. 23-24: "Black Hand" (1950; Richard Thorpe), with Gene Kelly and J. Carol Naish; and "House of Strangers" (1949; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Edward G. Robinson and Susan Hayward.

Aug. 25-27: "Born to Dance" (1936; Roy Del Ruth), with Eleanor Powell, James Stewart, and Buddy Ebsen; and "Shall We Dance" (1937; Mark Sandrich), with Ginger Rogers, Fred Astaire, Edward Everett Horton, Jerome Cowan, and Eric Blore.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Aug. 17: "Fruits of Passion" (1982; in Japanese); and "Stroller in the Attic" (1976; in Japanese).

Aug. 18: "Traffic" (1971; Jacques Tati); and two short films by Tati.

Aug. 19-20: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Bongo Man" (1982), with Jimmy Cliff.

Aug. 21: "La Strada" (1954; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina; and "Juliet of the Spirits" (1965; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Giulietta Masina.

Aug. 22: A program of Tom & Jerry and Roadrunner cartoons.

Aug. 23: "Pink Flamingos" (1974; John Waters), with Divine; and "Mondo Trasho" (1970; John Waters).

Aug. 24: "Vengeance Is Mine" (1979; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese); and "Eijanaika" (1982; Shohei Imamura; in Japanese), with Shigeru Izumiya.

Aug. 25: "Gunga Din" (1939; George Stevens), with Cary Grant and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.; and "The Man Who Would Be King" (†).

Aug. 26-27: "Dial M for Murder" (1954; Alfred Hitchcock; in 3-D), with Ray Milland, Grace Kelly, Robert Cummings, Anthony Dawson, and John Williams; and "I Confess" (1953; Alfred Hitchcock), with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 17: "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938; Michael Curtiz and William Keighley), with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, and Basil Rathbone; and "The Prince and the Pauper" (1937; William Keighley), with the Mauch Twins and Errol Flynn.

Aug. 18: "Anna Christie" (1930; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.

Aug. 19-20: "The Shanghai Cobra" (1945; Phil Karlson), with Sidney Toler as Charlie Chan; and "Mr. Wong, Detective" (1938; William Nigh), with Boris Karloff.

Aug. 21: "Easy Rider" (†); and "Five Easy Pieces" (1970; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson.

Aug. 22: "Blackmail" (1929; Alfred Hitchcock), with Anny Ondra, Cyril Ritchard, Sara Allgood, and John Longden; and "Sabotage" ("The Woman Alone"; 1936; Alfred Hitchcock), with Sylvia Sydney, Oscar Homolka, and Desmond Tester.

Aug. 23: "Weekend in Havana" (1941; Walter Lang), with Alice Faye, John Payne, and Carmen Miranda; and "That Night in Rio" (1941; Irving Cummings), with Alice Faye, Don Ameche, and Carmen Miranda.

Aug. 24: "Don't Bother to Knock" (1952; Roy Baker), with Richard Widmark, Marilyn Monroe, and Anne Bancroft; and "Niagara" (1953; Henry Hathaway), with Marilyn Monroe, Joseph Cotten, and Jean Peters.

Aug. 25: "Suddenly Last Summer" (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and "Holiday" (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.

Aug. 26-27: "The 39 Steps" (1935; Alfred



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Hitchcock), with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Godfrey Tearle, Peggy Ashcroft, and John Laurie; and "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium II, 18 W. 54th St. (708-9490)—Aug. 18 at 2:30: "Manon" (1949; directed by Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Cécile Aubry, Michel Aulclair, Gabrielle Dorziat, and Serge Reggiani. . . . Aug. 18 at 6: "Falbalas" (1945; Jacques Becker; in French, with no English subtitles), with Raymond Rouleau, Micheline Presle, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . Aug. 19 at 2:30: "Boule de Suif" (1945; Christian-Jaque; in French, with no English subtitles), with Micheline Presle and Louis Salou. . . . Aug. 19 at 6: "Farrebique" (1947; Georges Rouquier; in French, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 20 at noon: "The Three Musketeers" (1921; Fred Niblo; a silent film), with Douglas Fairbanks and Adolphe Menjou. . . . Aug. 20 at 2:30: "Antoine et Antoinette" (1947; Jacques Becker; in French, with no English subtitles), with Roger Pigaut and Claire Mafféi. . . . Aug. 20 at 5: "Monsieur Vincent" (1947; Maurice Cloche; in French, with English subtitles), with Pierre Fresnay, Lise Delamare, and Gabrielle Dorziat. . . . Aug. 21 at noon: "The Three Musketeers." . . . Aug. 21 at 2:30: To be announced. . . . Aug. 21 at 5: "Sylvie et le Fantôme" (1946; Claude Autant-Lara; in French, with English subtitles), with Odette Joyeux, François Périer, Julien Carette, and Jacques Tati. . . . Aug. 22 at 2:30: "Dédée d'Anvers" (1948; Yves Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Marcel Dalio, Marcel Pagliero, and Bernard Blier. . . . Aug. 22 at 6: "Au-delà des Grilles" (1949; René Clément; in French, with English subtitles), with Jean Gabin and Isa Miranda. . . . Aug. 23 at 2:30: "Macadam" (1946; Marcel Blisène; in French, with English subtitles), with Françoise Rosay, Paul Meurisse, Simone Signoret, and Andrée Clément. . . .

Aug. 23 at 6: "Les Amants de Vérone" (1949; André Cayatte; in French, with no English subtitles), with Anouk Aimée, Serge Reggiani, Pierre Brasseur, Martine Carol, and Marcel Dalio. . . . Aug. 25 at 2:30: "Les Portes de la Nuit" (1946; Marcel Carné; in French, with no English subtitles), with Yves Montand, Pierre Brasseur, Nathalie Nattier, and Serge Reggiani. . . . Aug. 25 at 6: "La Beauté du Diable" (1950; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Gérard Philipe, Michel Simon, and Simone Valère. . . . Aug. 26 at 2:30: "Falbalas." . . . Aug. 26 at 6: "Le Silence de la Mer" (1947; Jean-Pierre Melville; in French, with English subtitles), with Nicole Stéphane and Howard Vernon. . . . Aug. 27 at noon: "The Road to Life" (1931; Nikolai Ekk; in Russian, with English subtitles), with Nikolai Batalov. . . . Aug. 27 at 2:30: "L'Ecole Buissonnière" (1949; Jean-Paul Le Chanois; in French, with English subtitles), with Bernard Blier. . . . Aug. 27 at 5: "Le Silence Est d'Or" (1947; René Clair; in French, with English subtitles), with Maurice Chevalier, François Périer, and Dany Robin. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

NEW YORK FILM FESTIVAL RETROSPECTIVE—A series of fifty-two international films originally shown during the first ten years of the Festival (1963-72): Aug. 17 at 6:30: "Shakespeare Wallah" (1965; James Ivory). . . . Aug. 17 at 9: "Mouchette" (1966; Robert Bresson; in French) and "The Wild Child" (1969; François Truffaut; in French). . . . Aug. 18 at 6:30: "Lilith" (1964; Robert Rossen), with Jean Seberg, Warren Beatty, Peter Fonda, and Kim Hunter. . . . Aug. 18 at 9: "Even Dwarfs Started Small" (1970; Werner Herzog; in German). . . . Aug. 19 at 6:30: "Le Boucher" (1969; Claude Chabrol; in French), with Stéphane Audran and Jean Yanne. . . . Aug. 19 at 9: "Barravento" (1962; Glauber Rocha; in Portuguese) and "Mandabi" (1968; Ousmane Sembène; in Wolof). . . . Aug. 20 at noon: "The Sorrow and the Pity" (1970; Marcel Ophüls), a documentary. . . . Aug. 20 at 5: "The Merchant of Four Seasons"

(1971; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German). . . . Aug. 20 at 7:30: "Bad Company" (1972; Robert Benton), with Jeff Bridges and Barry Brown. . . . Aug. 20 at 9:30: "Accattone!" (1961; Pier Paolo Pasolini; in Italian). . . . Aug. 21 at 2: "Shadows of Forgotten Ancestors" (1964; Sergei Paradjanov; in Russian). . . . Aug. 21 at 4:30: "The Rise of Louis XIV" (1966; Roberto Rossellini; in French). . . . Aug. 21 at 6:30: "Kes" (1969; Ken Loach). . . . Aug. 21 at 9: "The Servant" (1963; Joseph Losey), with Dirk Bogarde, James Fox, and Sarah Miles. . . . Aug. 22 at 6:30: "Adalen 31" (1968; Bo Widerberg; in Swedish). . . . Aug. 22 at 9: "The Ritual" (1969; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Ingrid Thulin; and "WR—Mysteries of the Organism" (1971; Dusan Makavejev; a Yugoslavian film). . . . Aug. 23 at 6:30: "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French). . . . Aug. 23 at 9: "The Shop on Main Street" (1964; Ján Kadár; in Czech), with Ida Kaminska. . . . Aug. 24 at 6:30: "Boy" (1969; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese). . . . Aug. 24 at 9: "Last Tango in Paris" (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. . . . Aug. 25 at 6:30: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish). . . . Aug. 25 at 9: "The Battle of Algiers" (1965; Gillo Pontecorvo; in French and Arabic). . . . Aug. 26 at 6:30: "The King of Marvin Gardens" (1972; Bob Rafelson), with Jack Nicholson, Bruce Dern, and Ellen Burstyn. . . . Aug. 26 at 9: "Recruits in Ingolstadt" (1971; Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German); and "Walkover" (1965; Jerzy Skolimowski; in Polish), with Skolimowski. . . . Aug. 27 at noon: "L'Amour Fou" (1968; Jacques Rivette; in French), with Bulle Ogier and Jean-Pierre Kalfon. . . . Aug. 27 at 5: "Zorns Lemma" (1970; Hollis Frampton); and "Not Reconciled" (1965; Jean-Marie Straub; in German). . . . Aug. 27 at 7:30: "Mickey One" (1965; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty, Hurd Hatfield, and Alexandra Stewart. . . . Aug. 27 at 9:30: "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro and Sylvia Miles. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.

IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGUIRRE, THE WRATH OF GOD (1972)—Werner Herzog's fine film about a sixteenth-century quest for a Peruvian El Dorado. Poisoned arrows from Indians are made invisible by the beautiful heavy trees overhanging the Amazon; a raft is caught in a whirlpool; the conquistadors, in cumbersome armor ill-fitted to their trek, start to think of themselves as living a life of fancy. Their leader is Aguirre, blazing-eyed and severe, with demagogic delusions. In German. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 22.)

ANTONIO DAS MORTES (1970)—Glauber Rocha, a leader of Brazil's *cinema-novo* movement, made this explosive, mystical fantasy-melodrama about a killer hired by a tyrant to crush a peasant revolt. In Portuguese. (Film Forum; Aug. 26-27.)

DIVA (1981)—An up-to-the-minute romantic thriller from France, made by a new director, Jean-Jacques Beineix, who has a fabulous camera technique and understands the pleasures to be had from a picture that doesn't take itself too seriously. The diva is an awesomely beautiful black American soprano (Wilhelmenia Fernandez) who refuses to make recordings. Frédéric Andrei is the wide-eyed eighteen-year-old postal messenger who adores her; he sneaks his Nagra tape machine into her concert in Paris so he'll be able to listen to her at home—and all hell breaks loose around him. The unfazable heroine (the fourteen-year-old Thuy An Luu) is a post-Godardian tootsie—in her short-short skirts and transparent plastic coat she's a lollipop wrapped in cellophane. The film may remind you of Welles' "Touch of Evil," it's Welles romanticized, packaged. It's a mixture of style and chic hanky-panky, but it's genuinely sparkling. In French. (Reviewed in our issue of 4/19/82.) (Quad Cinema.)

THE DRAUGHTSMAN'S CONTRACT—With Anthony Higgins and Janet Suzman, directed by Peter Greenaway. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

EASY RIDER (1969)—A ballad about an east-

bound motorcycle odyssey across modern America. The two heroes are played by Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper. The third hero, a middle-aged, highborn Southern liberal lawyer, is brilliantly seen as the hippies' natural blood brother, and is acted with the greatest talent by Jack Nicholson. Directed by Dennis Hopper; his first film. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 21.)

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga (see "Star Wars" and "Return of the Jedi") is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (Gotham Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Aug. 25. . . . Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 19.)

THE EXORCIST (1973)—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in people's faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception. Neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any

feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It would be sheer insanity to take children. With Linda Blair, Ellen Burstyn, Max von Sydow, and Jason Miller. A huge box-office success. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 26-27.)

FANNY AND ALEXANDER—Ingmar Bergman's festive and full-bodied dream play—a vision of family life as a gifted boy might have perfected it—replacing his strict family (Bergman's father was a clergyman) with a generous-hearted theatrical clan. In what Bergman says is his final movie, his obsessions are turned into stories, and he tells them to us—he makes us a beribboned present of his Freudian-gothic dream world. The movie is scaled big; it runs for three hours and ten minutes, and its lovingly placed warm gingerbread is enormously enjoyable. But the conventionality of the thinking in the film is rather shocking. It's as if Bergman's neuroses had been tormenting him for so long that he cut them off and went sprinting back to Victorian health and domesticity. In Swedish. (6/13/83) (Cinema I, and Cinema 3.)

FLASHDANCE—A lulling, narcotizing musical, it sells the kind of romantic story that was laughed off the screen thirty years ago and then made a comeback with "Rocky I, II, and III." The heroine (dewy-eyed face and darling smile by Jennifer Beals, dancing by Marine Jahan) is a welder by day and a dancer in a bar at night. And she has a dream in which she's a ballerina. The music throughout is synthesizer pop; basically the movie is a series of rock videos. The dancing doesn't go the way a body goes; the dancing goes the way an eggbeater goes. With Richard Colon, one of a group of black "breakers" who do the only real dancing in the movie. Directed by Adrian Lyne, from a script by Tom Hedley and Joe Eszterhas. (6/27/83) (Festival, and Embassy 1. . . . St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 19-25. . . . Olympia Quad, and D. W. Griffith; starting Aug. 19.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

GANDHI—A biographical epic, directed by Richard Attenborough, whose sensibility is conventional. Spanning fifty-five years, the picture covers some of the principal events in Gandhi's public life and tidies up his rather kinky domestic relations. Gandhi goes by in a cloud of serenity, and everyone who sees him knuckles under (with the exception of a few misguided fellows, of course). Ben Kingsley, who plays the Mahatma, looks the part, has a fine, quiet presence, and conveys Gandhi's shrewdness. Kingsley is impressive; the picture isn't. The first half builds up considerable interest in Gandhi; the second half is scattered—as if it had been added to or subtracted from at random. From a script by John Briley. (3 hours, 8 minutes.) (12/27/82) (Olympia Quad; through Aug. 18. . . .) Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 25.)

THE GREY FOX—The story of a legendary gentleman bandit, Bill Miner (Richard Farnsworth), who served thirty-three years in San Quentin for robbing stagecoaches and then, when he got out, took up robbing trains. There may never have been photographs of trains more exultant than the shots here of the old Northern Pacific steaming through mountain forests. This first feature directed by the Canadian Phillip Borsos at twenty-seven, after a number of highly regarded documentaries, has spectacular work by the British cinematographer Frank Tidy; the images are tense and ceremonious, and the picture has the most lovingly photographed rain since "McCabe & Mrs. Miller." Farnsworth is a superb camera subject, with a lulling sexual presence, and he and Jackie Burroughs, who plays a red-haired suffragette, do some highly photogenic flirting. The movie is like "Wisconsin Death Trip" with a romantic bandit at its center. Robbery here is the only honorable profession for a man with Bill Miner's courtliness and sense of style. Borsos appears to have a dandy's approach to crime and social injustice, but he's an inspired image-maker, and the film manages to be an art Western without making you hate it. Based on a script by John Hunter that stays fairly close to the historical accounts and leaves a lot of gaps—we never find out how Miner, who'd been in prison most of his life, became a civilized, sensitive man and a lover who admired a flamboyant, free-thinking woman. With Wayne Robson as the little boozer Shorty. (8/8/83) (Baronet; through Aug. 25. No evening performances on Thursday, Aug. 25. . . .) Greenwich Playhouse; starting Aug. 26.)

LA GUERRE EST FINIE (1966)—Yves Montand as the Spaniard Diego, a professional (i.e., paid) revolutionary, a courier in the Communist underground, who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. Alain Resnais directed this attempt at an elegy on the themes of exile and of living on old ideals—living in the past. The courier is like a weary commuter who has been through it all so many times that he can see what's coming; past and future are one. It's easy to satirize force of habit—as W. C. Fields demonstrated when he blew the head off an ice-cream soda. But Resnais, although he allows most of Diego's associates to appear ridiculous, protects Diego very tenderly. He isn't presented as a Party hack or a tool—he's noble. His melancholy is glamorized, and when he goes to bed with his mistress (Ingrid Thulin) he has such high-quality sex that we actually hear the soprano vocalizing of a heavenly choir. The film, from a script by Jorge Semprun, is ambivalent and smooth and chic, with an overexposed semi-abstract sex scene between Diego and a pouting kitten (Geneviève Bujold) and anticipatory flash-forwards. The political material has been subjected to the French equivalent of Hollywoodization; it's soaked in romantic defeatism, in existentialism used decoratively to make a hero of a numb, apathetic man. With Michel Piccoli, Jean Dasté, Bernard Fresson, and Jean Bouise. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 23.)

THE KING AND I (1956)—Dopey but musically invigorating film version of the dopey musical about a king of Siam and a prissy English widow who finds the number of his wives and children amazing. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr play the dopes. The music is by Rodgers

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Hammerstein, as if you didn't know. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 21-22.)

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962)—If you went to see it under the delusion that it was going to be about T. E. Lawrence, you probably stayed to enjoy the vastness of the desert and the pleasures of the senses that a huge movie epic can provide. Directed by David Lean, from a script by Robert Bolt, loosely based on Lawrence's "Seven Pillars of Wisdom," this picture fails to give an acceptable interpretation of Lawrence, or to keep its action intelligible, but it is one of the most literate and tasteful and exciting of expensive spectacles. The central figure is played quite stunningly by Peter O'Toole, though he seems to be doing Lord Jim—which he was cast in a couple of years later (and then it looked as if he were doing Lawrence all over again). Bolt and Lean turn the hero into such a flamboyant poetic enigma that he is displaced in the film by a simpler hero—Omar Sharif's Ali, a handsome sheik with liquid brown eyes and conventionally sympathetic lines to speak. Ali, an old-fashioned movie hero, was more at home in what, despite the literacy, was a big action movie. And as it became apparent that most people in the audience hadn't the remotest idea of what the Arabs and the Turks were doing in the First World War, or which was which, or why the English cared, the question raised by the movie was: Can complicated historical events and a complex hero really get across in a spectacle? Fortunately for this particular spectacle, audiences seemed to be satisfied with the explanation that the Turks were more cruel than the Arabs, and although the movie's Lawrence became cruel, too, there was warmhearted Ali to take over. (When Bolt and Lean cast Sharif as their poetic enigma in their next film, "Dr. Zhivago," they forgot to provide a simpler fellow as a standby.) With Alec Guinness, José Ferrer, Anthony Quinn, Arthur Kennedy, Jack Hawkins, Claude Rains, Anthony Quayle, and Donald Wolfit. Cinematography by Freddie Young; music by Maurice Jarre. (221 minutes.) (Metro Cinema; Aug. 21.)

THE LOVED ONE (1965)—In 1947, Evelyn Waugh went to Hollywood to clear up censorial objections to the script for his "Brideshead Revisited;" after seven weeks he simply withdrew the book and went back to England. Out of his experiences he wrote the essay "Death in Hollywood" on Forest Lawn Memorial Park and, in 1948, "The Loved One," a short satirical novel about one of the last outposts of empire—the British colony in the movie business and its renegade poet who goes to work in a cemetery for pets. Bought for the movies, the novel became a Hollywood legend through the efforts of various writers (including Luis Buñuel and Elaine May) to get an acceptable film script out of material that was considered too naughty and macabre for the screen. By the time Tony Richardson was signed to direct the film, from Christopher Isherwood's script, movies had changed so much that Terry Southern was brought in to juice the material up. (Waugh tried but was unable to withdraw "The Loved One.") From the look of the film, Richardson shot every plausible idea that came to him, and then, as the footage had no flow, no development, he chopped it up and slapped it together hard, trying to use overlapping sound to plug up the holes. But it's funny anyway. Although the picture has lost its center (the poet—played by Robert Morse—has become as quirky and crazy as everybody else), some of the fragments are good and jagged. This botched picture is a triumphant disaster—a sinking ship that makes it to port because everybody on board is too giddy to panic. Milton Berle and Margaret Leighton—who might seem the world's most unlikely married couple—are quite amazing together; Rod Steiger is an embalmer; Aylene Gibbons is his bedridden fat mother (who has orgasms from looking at the food in TV commercials); Jonathan Winters is a charlatan; and Liberace is a casket salesman. Also with James Coburn, John Gielgud, Robert Morley, Roddy McDowall, Anjanette Comer, Tab Hunter, Lionel Stander, and Paul Williams, as a child scientist. Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. ("Brideshead Revisited" was, of course, finally turned in to an eleven-part TV series in England,



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in 1981.) (8th St. Playhouse; Aug. 26-27.)

THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN (1960)—The first of three Westerns based on Kurosawa's "The Seven Samurai," and fairly rousing for about two-thirds of the way. The setting is now Mexico. John Sturges directed a good cast: Yul Brynner in the lead, with Steve McQueen, James Coburn, Horst Buchholz, Charles Bronson, Eli Wallach, Robert Vaughn, and Vladimir Sokoloff. Ragged when it tries for philosophical importance, but it's fun to see so many stars in an early stage in their careers. You can certainly see why they became stars. Written by William Roberts; music by Elmer Bernstein. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 23-24.)

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE KING (1975)—John Huston's exhilarating, farfetched adventure fantasy, based on the Rudyard Kipling short story, is about two roughneck con men, Danny and Peachy (Sean Connery and Michael Caine), in Victoria's England, who decide to conquer a barbarous land for themselves, and set out for Kafiristan, a region that was once ruled by Alexander the Great. This ironic fable about imperialism has some of the pleasures of "Gunga Din;" it's a wonderfully full and satisfying movie, with superb performances by Connery and Caine and also by Saeed Jaffrey, who plays Billy Fish. The role of Kipling is played by Christopher Plummer, and Roxanne is played by Shakira Caine. The script is by Huston and Gladys Hill; the cinematographer was Oswald Morris; the music is by Maurice Jarre; the production design is by Alexander Trauner. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

THE NIGHT OF THE SHOOTING STARS—In its feeling and completeness, this film by Paolo and Vittorio Taviani may rank close to Jean Renoir's bafflingly beautiful "Grand Illusion." The story is a woman's memories of her adventures as a six-year-old in a Tuscan village and its environs during the summer of 1944, when the American troops were rumored only days away, and the Germans who had held the area under occupation were preparing to clear out—preparations that included mining the houses so they could blow them up. Yet this setting is magical, like a Shakespearean forest, and the woman's account has the quality of folklore and legend, and even its most tragic moments can be dizzyingly comic. With Omero Antonutti as the leader of the group of two or three dozen villagers who sneak away in the night to find the Americans. The script is by the Tavianis and the producer, Giuliani G. De Negri, with the collaboration of Tonino Guerra; the score is by Nicola Piovani; cinematography is by Franco di Giacomo. In Italian. (2/7/83) (Quad Cinema.)

LA NUIT DE VARENNES—Descended from a long line of "Gallic romps," this is a creakingly cultured historical pageant set in the time of Louis XVI. As the decaying Casanova, Marcello Mastroianni (who is made to look toweringly tall) has a couple of superb moments—one with Laura Betti as a jolly touring opera singer, and one with Andrea Ferreol as a wealthy woman who declares her passion for him. Jean-Louis Barrault looks great as the scandalously popular, often pornographic writer Restif de la Bretonne, but the role has

been written to make Restif a darling old reprobate, and Barrault just keeps smiling. Also with Hanna Schygulla as a royalist countess; Jean-Claude Brialy, who is almost a comic archetype as her devoted hairdresser; Harvey Keitel as Thomas Paine; and Daniel Gelin and Jean-Louis Trintignant. Written by Sergio Amidei and the director, Ettore Scola. A French-Italian co-production, in French. (3/21/83) (Lincoln Plaza.)

OCTOPUSSY—This is probably the most casual of the James Bond series, and in some ways it's more like the Bob Hope and Bing Crosby "Road" comedies than it is like the Bonds. Bond—Roger Moore—gets most of his effects here by the spark in his worried, squinted-up eyes; he may not be heroic, but he's game. This fourteenth in the Bond series (or thirteenth, if you don't include the spoof "Casino Royale") is set against a tourist-paradise India. It rattles along agreeably, even though the director, John Glen, seems to lose track of the story, and neither he nor the writers (George MacDonald Fraser, with Richard Maibaum and Michael G. Wilson) appear to have thought out the women's roles. The picture doesn't deliver on the chic perversities suggested by the inelegant title (and some of the décor). As Octopussy, the beautiful amazon Maud Adams is disappointingly warm and maternal. With Kristina Wayborn as the tall greasy-lipped blonde, and Louis Jourdan, Kabir Bedi, Steven Berkoff, Vijay Amritraj, and David and Tony Meyer as the knife-throwing twins. (6/27/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . Waverly, and New Yorker; through Aug. 18.)

AN OFFICER AND A GENTLEMAN (1982)—This formula romantic melodrama seems to come out of a time warp, but the director, Taylor Hackford, has done a smashing job of making the retrograde love story whiz by. Richard Gere is the tightly wound-up loner who is determined to become a flier; the movie centers on his thirteen-week basic-training ordeal at Naval Aviation Officer Candidate School. Gere has a striking moment when the character cracks, after the tough drill sergeant (Louis Gossett, Jr.) has caught him in some petty chiselling and punished him. But after he has broken down he's still Richard Gere, lost in his own placid beauty. As the millworker heroine, Debra Winger brings the film sultriness; you pull for this heroine because her tough-chick little-girl insolence plays off the avid look in her eyes that tells you she longs to make human contact. Gossett plays the sergeant bone hard; it's a beautifully hammy austere performance. There are also impressive characterizations by David Keith and Robert Loggia. With Tony Plana as an officer candidate with a Mohawk haircut and Lisa Eilbacher as a woman candidate. The script is by Douglas Day Stewart. (8/23/82) (St. Marks Cinema; Aug. 19-25.)

RETURN OF THE JEDI—Some of the trick effects in this concluding film of the "Star Wars" trilogy (see "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Star Wars") might seem miraculous if the imagery had any lustre, but this is an impersonal and rather junky piece of moviemaking. And every time there's a possibility of a dramatic climax, the director, Richard Marquand, trashes it. But children who have lived their imaginative lives with the Star Wars characters for six years may be so eager to get the payoffs to the story that they'll hardly notice. (5/30/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

ROCKY II (1979)—As the ads say, "the story continues . . ." Practically repeats itself, in fact. Rocky Balboa retires from boxing after going the distance against the heavyweight champion, marries, becomes a father, loses a couple of jobs, and, finally, agrees to a rematch with Apollo Creed. Sylvester Stallone is the writer, director, and star, and he seems to be the best man for the jobs. Same basic cast: Talia Shire, Burgess Meredith, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers. Same location (Philadelphia). Different ending. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 1; Aug. 25-27.)

THE RULING CLASS (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavish-

ly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in stereotypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points (Gramercy; starting Aug. 19.)

SENSO (1955)—Luchino Visconti on the Risorgimento. Farley Granger gives a wet performance in a part that Visconti wanted Marlon Brando to play, but Alida Valli has languorous splendor, and the intellectual spread of the film is very fine. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

A STAR IS BORN (1954)—Grandiose, emotionally charged musical version of the 1937 tear-jerker about Hollywood, which featured Janet Gaynor as the fresh young star and Fredric March as the washed-up star she marries. This time, Judy Garland and James Mason are the leads (although she looks tired and worn, and he gives such a remarkable performance as the decaying actor that he brings a bloom to the movie). This updated version is a terrible, fascinating orgy of self-pity and cynicism and mythmaking. Garland's jagged, tremulous performance is nakedly intense; her (overproduced) musical numbers include the capering "Born in a Trunk" and the dark, heavy torch song "The Man That Got Away." With Charles Bickford, Jack Carson, and Tommy Noonan. George Cukor directed, from Moss Hart's acerbic rewrite of the original (which Dorothy Parker had worked on). George Hoynningen-Huene served as color consultant, and the strikingly sumptuous color design gives the film deep, neurotic, emotional tones. (The 1976 remake, with Streisand and Kris- tofferson, switched the milieu to the rock world.) (R.K.O. Century Art; starting Aug. 26.)

STAR WARS (1977)—One of the two or three biggest box-office successes in movie history—probably because for young audiences it's like getting a box of Cracker Jack that is all prizes. Written and directed by George Lucas, the film is enjoyable in its own terms, but it's exhausting, too—like taking a pack of kids to the circus. There's no breather in the picture, no lyricism; the only attempt at beauty is in the image of a double sunset. The loudness, the smash-and-grab editing, and the relentless pacing drive every idea from your head, and even if you've been entertained, you may feel cheated of some dimension—a sense of wonder, perhaps. It's an epic without a dream. Maybe the only real inspiration involved was to set its sci-fi galaxy in the pop-culture past, and to turn old-movie ineptness into conscious Pop Art. And maybe there's a touch of genius in keeping the film so consistently what it is, even if this is the genius of the plodding. Lucas has got the tone of bad movies down pat: you never catch the actors deliberately acting badly; they just seem to be bad actors, on contract to Monogram or Republic, their klunky enthusiasm polished at the Ricky Nelson school of acting. In a gesture toward equality of the sexes, the high-school-cheerleader princess-in-distress (played by Carrie Fisher) talks tomboy-tough—Terry Moore with spunk. (Is it because the picture is synthesized from the mythology of serials and old comic books that it didn't occur to anybody that *she* could get the Force?) With Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker, Harrison Ford as Han Solo, and Alec Guinness as Ben Kenobi. (See "The Empire Strikes Back" and "Return of the Jedi.") (Gotham Cinema, and R.K.O. Century Warner Twin; through Aug. 25. . . . Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 19.)

STAYING ALIVE—With John Travolta, directed by Sylvester Stallone. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Ziegfeld.)

EL SUPER (1979)—A modest, non-polemical film about the adaptation of a small group of Cuban expatriates to life in New York. The main character is Roberto (Raymundo Hidalgo-Gato), a building superintendent beset by cold weather, the English language, and middle age, who decides to move with his wife and daughter to Miami. Directed by León Ichaso and Orlando Jiménez-Leal, and based on a play by Ivan Acosta. In Spanish. (Metro Cinema; Aug. 24.)

SUPERMAN III—Gus Gorman (Richard Pryor), a computer wizard, is ordered by his boss

(Robert Vaughn), the slimy-suave head of a conglomerate, to work out the elements of kryptonite, the only substance that can destroy Superman (Christopher Reeve). Gus takes one element, and his near-kryptonite doesn't kill Superman; it demoralizes him, and he begins to perform dirty deeds. Richard Lester, who directed (he also did "Superman II"), provides agreeable visual humor, and the film begins promisingly, but Lester wants us to see Superman as a virtuous clod, and this drains the mythic life out of the movie. As Lana Lang, the girl from Smallville who has had a crush on Clark Kent since high school, Annette O'Toole is the only member of the cast who appears to believe in her role yet stays in a comic-book frame. Also with Gavan O'Herlihy, Pamela Stephenson, Annie Ross, and—fleetingly—Margot Kidder as Lois Lane, Jackie Cooper, and Marc McClure. The script is by David and Leslie Newman. (7/11/83) (Criterion Theatres. . . . St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 18.)

TRADING PLACES—Dan Aykroyd plays a snooty young blueblood and Eddie Murphy plays a con man-beggar. The two don't exactly trade places; they're traded, by a pair of heartless, rich old brothers (Ralph Bellamy and Don Ameche) who have made a heredity-versus-environment bet—something we've been spared in movies of the past few decades. John Landis has directed this comedy in a mock-thirties formal style; it's eerily arch and static. But the picture has its big, chugging structure working for it; the whole apparatus picks up speed toward the end and comes to a rousing, slapstick finish. With Denholm Elliott, Jamie Lee Curtis, Paul Gleason, and Kristin Holby. From a script by Timothy Harris and Herschel Weingrod. (7/11/83) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, and Loews State. . . . Loews New York Twin; through Aug. 18.)

THE TWELVE CHAIRS (1970)—Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed this comedy-fable, has given himself only a small role at the beginning, and the picture never quite recovers from the loss of him. The plot, which is about three men hunting for a fortune stuffed into one of twelve chairs, is set in pre-revolutionary Russia. This gives Brooks an opportunity to show his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods—such as burlesque and the mad Russian accents of early radio—but, gifted as he is, he still doesn't go beyond gag comedy. The exteriors, which were shot in Yugoslavia, have a sprightly, picturesque Grandma Moses atmosphere; the whole enterprise is a little forlorn, though. Not bad, really—just so-so. The three leads are Ron Moody, who has a great moment toward the end clutching a piece of chair; Dom DeLuise; and Frank Langella, who comes across as supercilious in the witlessly written role of the handsome juvenile. Based on the same Ilf-and-Petrov novel as the 1945 Fred Allen picture "It's in the Bag." (Embassy 72nd St.)

TWILIGHT ZONE—THE MOVIE—Four young directors—John Landis, Steven Spielberg, Joe Dante, and the Australian George Miller—pay homage to the Rod Serling TV series "The Twilight Zone." It's disappointing that they didn't attempt to engineer more modern and artful macabre games than the ones on the old shows; what they've given us is an overproduced remake, but with some redeeming elements. The prologue, written and directed by John Landis, and featuring Dan Aykroyd as a hitchhiker and Albert Brooks as a driver, is a beauty, but the happy rush of fright we get from it has to sustain us for a long stretch, because the first two episodes are embarrassments. The third, directed by Joe Dante, is a risky attempt at using a style

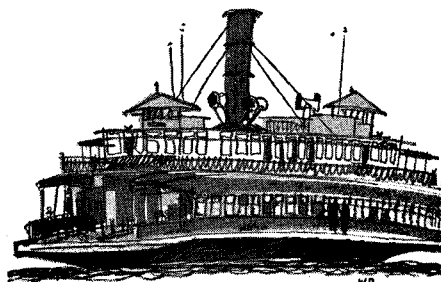
derived from animated cartoons for an insidious, expressionist effect. The subject—how horrible life might be if a ten-year-old boy (Jeremy Licht) could run everything just as he liked, on the basis of what he has learned from TV—may be too fertile for the half-hour form. The fourth episode, directed by Miller, from a script by Richard Matheson, is the best reason to see the movie; it's a classic shocker of the short form. Almost all the action takes place in the confines of an airliner during a storm, where a passenger, played by John Lithgow, is seated, squirming and thrashing about, sick with fear. Miller builds the kind of immediacy and intensity that the high points of "Jaws" had. The images rush at you; they're fast and energizing. And Lithgow does something that's tough for an actor to do: he shows fear without parodying it and yet makes it horrifyingly funny. (7/25/83) (Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 18.)

AN UNMARRIED WOMAN (1978)—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant, enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. What may be disappointing to those who love Mazursky's earlier work is that in trying to identify with Erica and tell the story from a woman's point of view he shies away from having her look foolish; in crucial parts he suppresses his sense of satire, and the picture becomes virtuous. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. Saul is such a rich, loamy Father Earth figure that when Erica resists him in order to satisfy her yearnings for independence she seems puny and a bit of an idiot. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 24-25.)

WAR GAMES—The film begins as a comedy about a teen-age boy in Seattle who is caught up in the fascination of computers and video games; he has all this miracle-working technology and not a thought in the world about what to do with it. Matthew Broderick plays the role with great charm, but when this boy accidentally plugs into the Defense Department's war-games system and gets into what he thinks is just another video game—Global Thermo-nuclear War—the machines take over. There's also the noise of speechmakers—the director, John Badham, loses his easy touch, and the picture goes floozy. It's at its worst when John Wood is on screen as a saintly computer scientist who's so brainy and bitter that he rolls his eyes from side to side and wears his hair in bangs. With Ally Sheedy, Dabney Coleman, Barry Corbin, and Eddie Deezen as Mr. Potato Head. From a script by Lawrence Lasker and Walter F. Parkes. (6/13/83) (72nd Street East, Guild, and Embassy. . . . Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 18. . . . Greenwich Playhouse; through Aug. 25.)

WOODSTOCK (1970)—Michael Wadleigh's three-hour account of the Woodstock Festival, with half a million good-humored kids up there on screen. Wadleigh has a kind eye and an exuberant style; the triple-image editing is particularly effective on such groups as The Who. Jimi Hendrix makes "The Star-Spangled Banner" sound like an air raid. (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 21.)

ZELIG—Woody Allen's intricately layered parody: a mock documentary about a celebrity of the twenties, the Human Chameleon, who takes on the characteristics of whatever strong personalities he comes in contact with. The film seems small, and there's a reason: there aren't any characters in it, not even Zelig. Allen shafts the almost universally accepted idea that everyone is someone. This is a fantasy about being famous for being nobody. The whole movie is an ingenious stunt: it has been thought out in terms of the film image, turning the American history we know from newsreels into slapstick by inserting the little lost sheep Zelig in a corner of the frame. Zelig's story couldn't have been told any other way—the pathos would have been crushing. The documentary fakery dries it out and keeps it light. Zelig is always just glimpsed and the movie darts on. It's made up of artful little touches. With Mia Farrow as Zelig's analyst. (8/8/83) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and New Yorker.)





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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

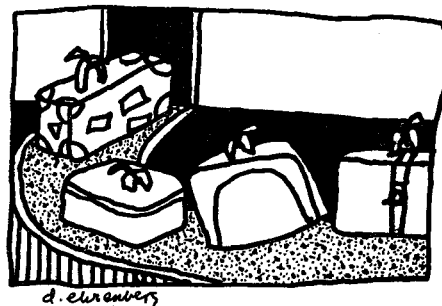
Notes and Comment

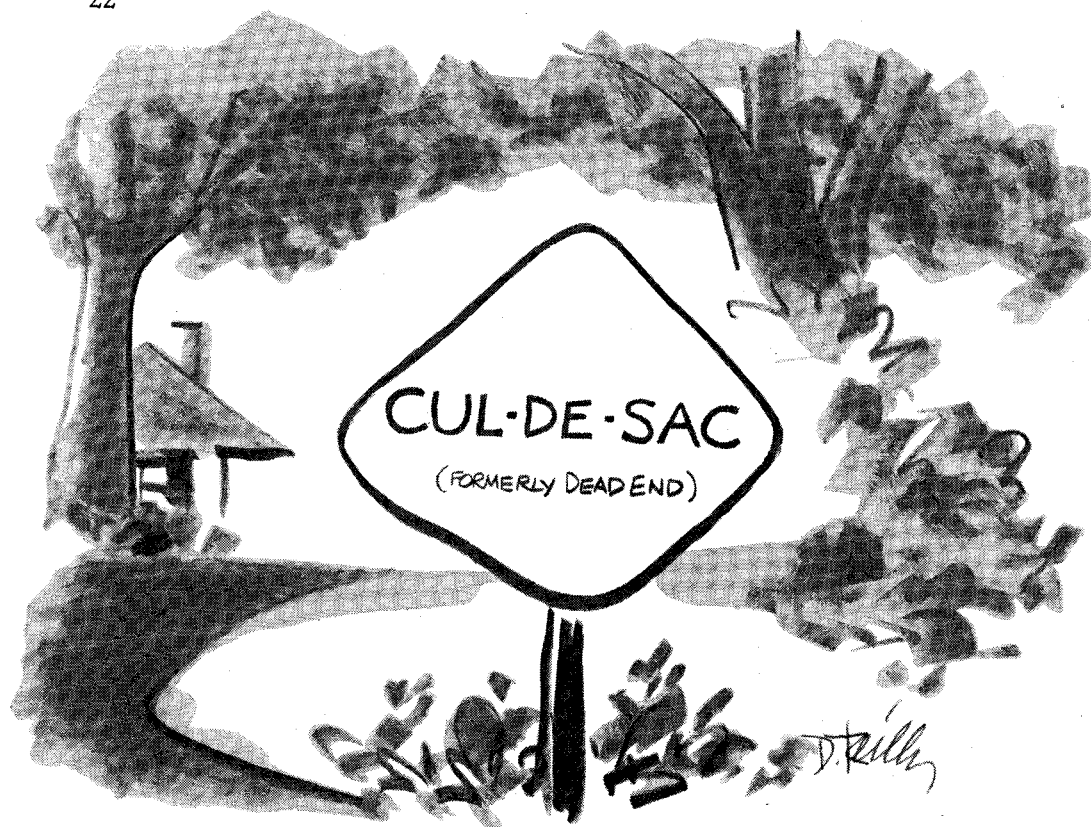
BECAUSE there are people without enough to eat, there are food stamps, and because there are people who don't get enough food stamps, or any at all, there are soup kitchens all over the city, and because the demand for free hot soup in white plastic bowls has tripled or better in the last couple of years a lot of those soup kitchens are almost out of money for buying food, and because of that the Food for Survival Food Bank is about to lease a huge warehouse at the Hunts Point Market. Companies that make, say, English muffins often make way too many, and when that happens either they can let them rot or they can donate them to the Food Bank, and if they choose the second path the Internal Revenue Service will give them a whopping tax break. Once the English muffins get to the Food Bank, people who run soup kitchens and day-care centers and senior-citizen programs and shelters for the homeless will be able to drive out to Hunts Point and load up on what they want, and the only cost to them will be about twelve cents a pound to underwrite the Food Bank's expenses. "We know of fifty-four soup kitchens and over a hundred food pantries in New York City. Those are the sizable operations—the ones that are willing to have people referred to them," Kathy Goldman, one of the organizers of the Food Bank, told us as we stood in the cavernous, empty warehouse, which has truck bays and a train siding and other such stuff. (It is hard to imagine what it will look like when the cornflakes and canned peaches are stacked to the ceiling.) Miss Goldman, who already runs a nonprofit advocacy program, the Community Food Resource Center, has worked very hard with a few other people to set up the Food Bank—she believes in it, but when she thinks

much about it she gets miserable and angry. "There are more than a million people in the city who have serious trouble getting enough food on a consistent basis. A lot of folks seem to think the trouble comes only from Reagan's cutbacks in food stamps, but the problem goes deeper than that. So what if we restored the cuts? So what? It would still not be enough. Maybe people would get five bucks a week more. So what?" Miss Goldman, a savvy, funny woman, looked around at the warehouse. She has spent almost a year midwifing the Food Bank, and she will spend more years helping to nurture it. She went on to say, "If we could close it down the same day we opened it, that would be the happiest thing in the world."

A few weeks ago, Agriculture Secretary John R. Block, a millionaire, and his wife, Sue, decided to feed themselves, their daughter, and a friend for a week on fifty-eight dollars—the maximum amount of money the food-stamp program allots a family of four. Following the menu plans in "Making Food Dollars Count," a United States Department of Agriculture pamphlet, the Blocks dined on dried milk, noodles, grits, beef liver, chili macaroni, peanut-butter-and-apple sandwiches, and some other foods. At the end of the week, Block announced that the regimen was "quite adequate." No one in the family had lost or gained weight. "I report that it is enough food," Secretary Block

said. He added that the family's dog, Shadow, ate better than his masters, downing biscuits baked for Sunday's dinner while the family settled for plain old bread. Lay aside for a moment the practical quibbles that come to mind: How much further does fifty-eight dollars go in a suburban Bethesda Safeway than in a bodega on 138th Street? What if the bodega does not carry generic products, and is out of some of the items the home economists recommend? What if the welfare mother has things to do—like keeping her welfare appointments or learning English—that prevent her from putting in the substantial amount of time in the kitchen that the U.S.D.A. recipes require? What if the gas bill doesn't get paid, so the stove doesn't light? Forget all that, and concentrate only on the implied belief that Secretary Block—and, indeed, the rest of us—hold, which is that poor people shouldn't starve but they shouldn't have a very nice life, either: certainly not anything resembling the kind of life the rest of us want. An adequate life. When his experiment was over, Secretary Block said that what he had "missed most" was his weekly ice-cream sundae, and that he would have enjoyed a beer on several humid Washington nights. Such things make up life; small joys and treats and freedoms can make it good, and the lack of them can make it hard. For most of us, there are plenty of treats—riding home from work in a nice car with the radio blasting, watering the lawn at night, going to the movies, playing a set of tennis, getting out to the mountains for a weekend of hiking, buying some new clothes. But if you're living on food stamps you're not doing those things—the only joy anywhere near your price range might be a can of Pepsi. It might be some of those Twinkies, or maybe Chicken McNug-





gets. If your food budget for the week amounts to fifty-eight dollars for four people, one dinner at McDonald's puts a hole in it and means that come the end of the month you will likely be eating nothing, or maybe macaroni and cheese four nights in a row. Poor people are just as susceptible to advertising as the rest of us, but if they buy one six-pack of Dr Pepper, or a big bag of Fritos, there go one person's food stamps for one day. The ability of people to live on that sort of budget year in and year out is awesome and scary. People on food stamps, if you've ever watched them shop, spend a good deal of time taking things out of their cart and putting them back on the shelf—and that's a lot to ask of an American.

Earlier this month, President Reagan, saying he was perplexed by reports of people going hungry in America, appointed a task force and charged it with bringing him a "no holds barred" report on hunger at home. A day later, federal officials announced that the distribution of free government-surplus cheese would resume full speed; it had slowed last spring, after complaints that it was hurting retail sales. Ronald Reagan appears to mean it when he says he doesn't want people to starve, even though his very large cuts in food-aid programs have done more

than anything else except, perhaps, the recession to boost soup-kitchen attendance. No one, in fact, wants people to starve, and that indicates some progress from the days when the very existence of the dole provoked hot debate. But starvation is simply the space below the bottom rung of a very long ladder. In African deserts, people starve. In Manhattan, men and women sleep on the I.R.T., but there are, for the moment, enough churches and city shelters to feed them, and only the badly confused or the very tired die of starvation. Above them are the people who get public assistance—a check every two weeks and food stamps each month, except when the computer hiccups or they miss an appointment and are cut off for thirty days. Above *them* are the just plain poor, who hang on. The poverty rate during 1982 was fifteen per cent, the Census Bureau reported this month. That means thirty-four and a half million people. A family of four was given the designation "poor" if its members earned less than nine thousand eight hundred and sixty-two dollars a year all told. (That's a hundred and eighty-nine dollars a week. Or less.) And clustered above these people are a lot who are earning just enough to boost them above the poverty line: people who are in no danger of bumping their heads against

the bottom of the middle class; people who do not go away on vacations. If the no-holds-barred report presents American poverty for what it is, it will conclude that Americans care enough about their poor to keep them from starving but not nearly enough to want to make their lives comfortable, or even add a few flashes of color and joy. Early this year, several bakeries in the New York area pleaded *nolo contendere* to charges of price-fixing, and a thoughtful judge ordered them to give away pastries to soup kitchens and food pantries and other charitable organizations for the next twelve months. These are cheap pastries (three dollars and five cents a dozen, some of them) and really not so tasty, but they are sweet, and the expressions that

unfold across people's faces when they eat one of the pastries—quickly, sometimes, in a church hallway before they carry the rest of their charity groceries home—make one turn away in shame.

Brig o'Turk

A FRIEND of ours who used to live in New York but now lives in the village of Brig o'Turk, in Scotland, writes as follows:

It's still hard to believe that someone has published a book—a whole book—about Brig o'Turk. There are only something like twenty-five houses in our village, and hardly twice that many people. Of course, we *are* in the heart of the Trossachs, and no place in Scotland is more celebrated for its beauty. Sir Walter Scott made the region famous with his novel "Rob Roy" and his poem "The Lady of the Lake," and soon after their publication tourist coaches began streaming here. Our village is a cross between the most romantic of glens—lofty evergreens, swaying birches, wild honeysuckle, gentle hills—and Appalachia. Houses are higgledy-piggledy: lovely white cottages, sturdy old gray stone cottages, and tipsy shacks that seem ready to topple in the lightest breeze. The roe deer laugh at

fences and picnic on our choicest shrubs. This summer, our family had a flock of sheep camping in our back garden, and highly offended they appeared whenever we urged them to graze elsewhere. A frog has established its beachhead in our garage, atop a pile of newspapers. And now here—without benefit of Scott, who wrote screeds on the flimsiest pretext—is “Rainy Days at Brig o’ Turk.” It isn’t exactly the title that chauvinistic Brigands (we can hardly call ourselves Turks) would have chosen, but then the book does have a subtitle: “The Highland Sketchbooks of John Everett Millais 1853.”

In July of 1853, John Ruskin, the art critic, and his wife, Effie, came to Brig o’ Turk with their friend Millais. Millais, then well on the way to fame, was a founder of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and he eventually became president of the Royal Academy. At Brig o’ Turk, the Ruskins and Millais first stayed at the New Hotel (which later burned down and was replaced by a private house called Burnt Inn). The distinguished visitors soon moved to the schoolteacher’s cottage, where the Ruskins and Millais got room and board for one pound a week each instead of thirteen pounds, which they’d been paying at the hotel. Effie slept in what her husband called “a little cupboard . . . five feet broad by seven long,” and Millais described his bedroom as “not much larger than a snuffbox,” noting, “I can open the window, shut the door, and *shave* all without getting out of bed.”

Millais began a portrait of Ruskin standing beside the Glenfinlas waterfall, but the weather *was* a wee bit trying. Of July 4th, Ruskin wrote in a letter to his father, “Another pouring wet day but we went out for an hour nevertheless.” Of July 5th, “We have had another pouring day but got out in the afternoon.” Of July 14th, “Wet weather again.” On July 17th, Millais wrote to his artist friend Holman Hunt, “The last

four days we have had incessant rain . . . ankle deep. . . . The dreariness of mountainous country in wet weather is beyond everything.” And, in a later letter, “The horror of this climate is, you start off in the morning (which is fine) of course expecting a continuance after a months pelting, but no such thing, directly the palette is in readiness clouds come over and down it comes again.” On July 27th, Effie wrote to a friend, “The rain is really dreadful. We are obliged to have recourse to Battledore and Shuttlecock in a Barn place redolent of Peat reek and where a school of Gaelic bairns is held every morning.”

One Millais sketch shows Millais himself and Effie miserable in the rain while an open coach passes—the tourists sheltering under umbrellas. In another sketch, Millais and Effie find cozy protection together under a plaid. At the time, Ruskin was busy compiling the index to his “Stones of Venice,” and he was also wielding a spade to divert the Glenfinlas from its course. (What he began was finished in 1965, with the completion of a large

dam and reservoir from which water flows to nearby Loch Katrine and on to Glasgow.) Ruskin encouraged his wife to spend her time with Millais, and Millais gave her art lessons and found her astonishingly gifted and thoroughly captivating. Teacher and pupil fell hopelessly—or so it seemed—in love. Millais called her the Countess. “We give ourselves titles here as there are no people to dispute them,” he wrote. “I am a Duke.” (There are still only common folk in our village, and no one who lives here has given himself a title.) One sketch in “Rainy Days at Brig o’ Turk” has a caption inscribed by Millais: “The Countess As Barber.” Effie is shown shearing the golden locks of the artist and carefully placing the hair on a newspaper. Millais portrays himself with a bruised nose and a bandaged left hand. He had hit his nose against a rock while bathing (“The blow was so violent that I thought the outline was gone forever”), then crushed his thumb placing stepping stones for Effie to cross a stream.

As the Duke’s passion for his



“I’ve been a Roman slave, an Egyptian scribe, a Chinese philosopher, and a Medici prince. Currently, I’m in picture research at J. Walter Thompson.”



"Come on in. Nobody seems to be having a good time, but that's O.K."

Countess grew, so did his disenchantment with Ruskin, no longer "sweet and benign," as his friend had once called him, but a creature whose "wickedness must be without parallel." In 1854, the Ruskin marriage—never consummated—was annulled, and the next year the Countess married the Duke. They had eight children. At some stage, Effie appears to have wreaked vengeance on Ruskin, snipping him right out of some of the Highland sketches, and these are now reproduced in truncated form. When Millais lay dying, Queen Victoria sent to ask if there was something she could do. Her Majesty, who was as strongly opposed to annulment as she was to divorce, had refused to have anything to do with Effie. Millais asked the Queen to receive his wife, and the next day Effie was summoned to a private audience.

The biographer Mary Lutyens and the art historian Malcolm Warner edited "Rainy Days at Brig o'Turk," and it is the third book published by the Dalrymple Press, in Westerham, Kent. The publisher, Robert Hamilton Dalrymple, who is twenty-four—the same age Millais was when

he met Effie—runs a one-man enterprise, and during the day works for a commercial printer. He has had four hundred and seventy-five numbered copies (eighty-two dollars a copy) bound in Stewart tartan. "I think the title of the book sums it up," Dalrymple says. "So many of the drawings seem to have rain written on them." To celebrate the publication, the Fine Art Society in Edinburgh held a three-week exhibition featuring originals of the drawings for inspection and piles of the book for sale. Three of us from Brig o'Turk attended the opening, and Dalrymple seemed happy to have us there, along with art critics and his mother, to whom he introduced visitors.

"Mother," we heard Dalrymple say, "you know Derek—he's the man who broke the knife buttering the scone."

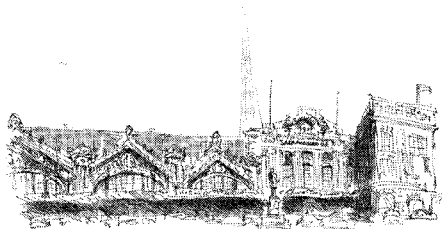
"Doesn't say much for my scones," said Mother.

Hoboken Terminal

IF you happen to be in Hoboken at six in the morning, you can stand on a broad wharf made of cobblestone and concrete, part of which is collaps-

ing into the Hudson River, and look across three-quarters of a mile of open water at Manhattan, a blue silhouette against a sickly-pink sky, and see to your right the World Trade Center, then Brooklyn and, dimly, the Verrazano Bridge; to your left you can see all the way to the George Washington Bridge. Presently, Manhattan will begin to fill like a sponge with color, as the sky turns blue and the metallic river lightens. One morning when we were there, a grizzled man in a red baseball cap arrived, wrapped in a green blanket—a good breeze was coming off the water, and the air was cool and damp. When we asked him about the fishing (he was there to fish), he said, "I'm hoping for stripers. Yesterday, I caught twenty crabs for bait. They're catching bluefish up that way." He pointed north. We asked him if he was familiar with the place where the ferryboats from Manhattan used to land. He laughed, and shrugged. "You're talking about a long time ago," he said. He baited his line, propped his fishing rod against a beam, gathered his blanket around his shoulders, and stared out at the river.

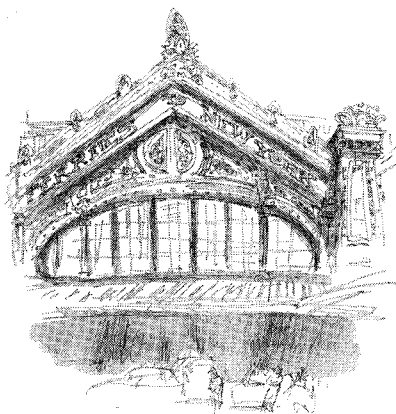
We walked south along River Street, past gray hulks of abandoned wooden ships, half-sunk barges, a solitary chimney, fenced-in areas—mostly weeds and rubble, with a couple of dazed-looking stray dogs standing there—and some big brick buildings, and then, suddenly, there it was: the Hoboken Terminal (*Illus. A*), a



Illus. A

magnificent copper-green Beaux Arts railroad station and ferry landing that looked like a cousin of the Paris Opéra.

The terminal was designed by Kenneth Murchison and built in 1907, and featured a two-hundred-and-twenty-five-foot-high clock tower, a six-hundred-foot-long waiting room for ferry passengers, and six active ferry slips (*Illus. B*), and also the

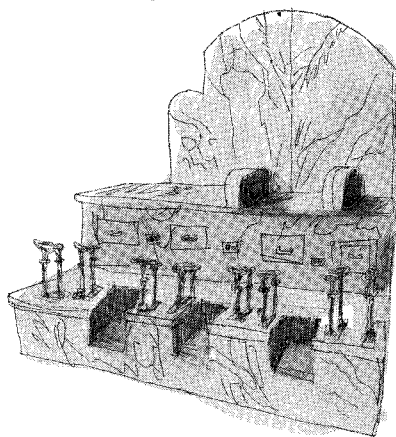


Illus. B

facilities of the Lackawanna Railroad. The clock tower was dismantled in the nineteen-forties, and the last ferry run was in November, 1967, but the great terminal still serves New Jersey commuters: they arrive there on one of its seventeen active tracks or by bus and then take PATH under the Hudson to Manhattan. (Penn Station is only twelve minutes away.) The Hoboken Environment Committee helped to save the terminal from destruction in 1973, and it is now an official landmark.

In the Lackawanna waiting room, a splendid double staircase swoops up from either side of the room and joins above a baggage checkroom. Fifty-five

feet overhead is an enormous and exquisite Tiffany skylight. There is a black marble Art Deco shoeshine stand (*Illus. C*) against a wall nearby;



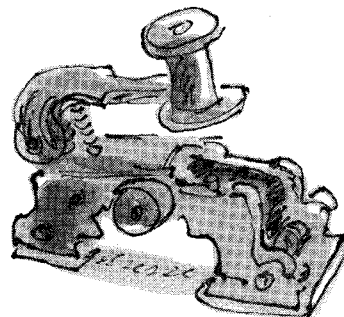
Illus. C

and across the mosaic floor, past rows of tall, heavy wooden benches, is a stone lion's-head fountain with the words "ICE WATER" above it in metal letters. There are soaring clerestory windows on three sides, florid Louis XVI lamps on the walls below, and stained-glass panels over doorways and alcoves saying "TICKETS," "LUNCHROOM," and the like, in blue letters.

On another day, we joined a large crowd that was on hand to see a commemorative exhibition and auction put on by New Jersey Transit and the City of Hoboken. A loudspeaker urged visitors to look at "the greatest display of railroad equipment ever held in the metropolitan area." A variety of old coaches, locomotives, cabooses, and other vehicles were lined up on the tracks, while along the platforms in between were at least seventy exhibitors offering "railroadiana" (timetables, postcards, photographs, slides, books, magazines, lanterns, hats, buttons, model trains, T-shirts) and also zeppole, calzone, trivets, cacti, baseball cards, tree ornaments, maps, oil paintings, French-fried vegetables, and other essentials. "Authentic Lackawanna Coat & Vest Buttons on Sale at the Jelly Apple Stand near the Main Entrance," a sign said. Jerome Kretchmer, a former New York City official of the Lindsay era, stood by a display of architectural drawings of the ferry slips, explaining that his firm—Hoboken Stages—hoped to convert the slips into film-production studios.

The crowd swelled; it was elbow to elbow, cheerful and noisy. People had to shout. (Man: "Hi!" Woman: "How are you?" Man: "I just got married!"

Woman: "The woman you were living with?" Man: "No, a different one!") On a ramp leading up to the old ferry waiting room (now offices of NJ Transit Rail) were items to be auctioned: conductors' punches, roll-top desks, benches, clocks, luggage racks, woven wicker seats (the shiny kind that could face in either direction), stools, railings, track-indicator boards, passenger counters, gold-lettered signs ("NEWARK," "EAST ORANGE"), light fixtures, a mallet for hitting railroad spikes, and five heavy iron ticket validators (*Illus. D*)—the



Illus. D

sort that the ticket agent used to whack with the palm of his hand. The validators once served in the Morris & Essex Division station, and had wide purple-ink ribbons on rollers.

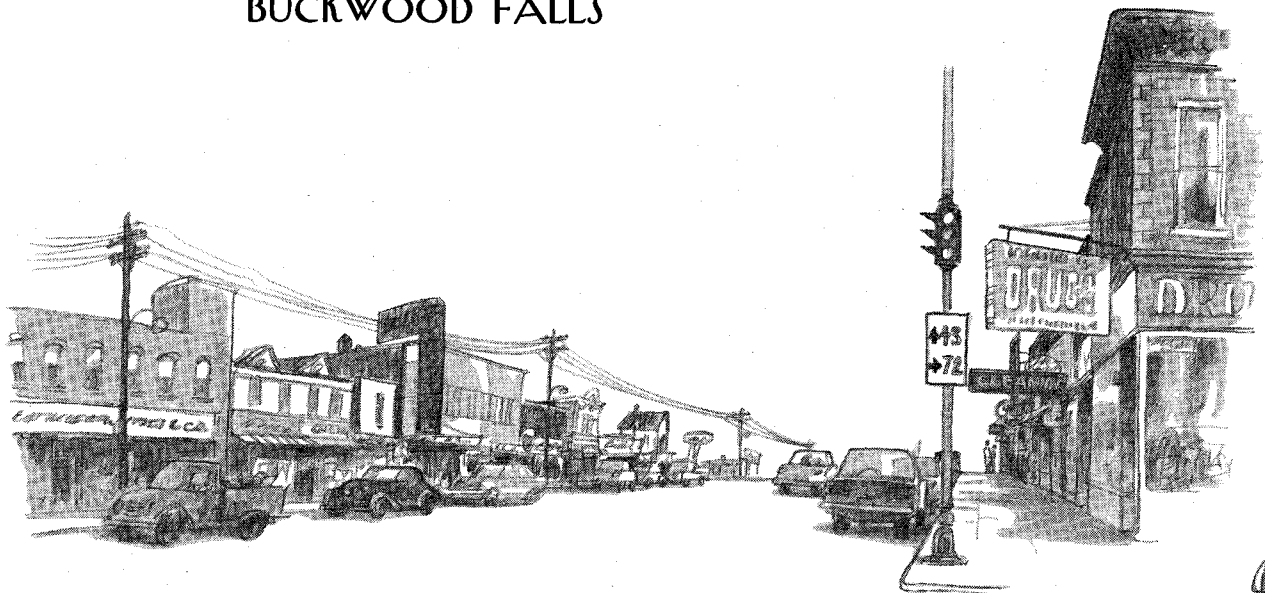
We went down to the tracks again and explored a blue caboose—surely an enviable way to travel, if it were not for a sign that said, "Operating Employees Prohibited Under All Conditions from Occupying the Roof of This Caboose."

"There is a riveting display on Track 18!" blared the loudspeaker. We headed past exhibits of signal lights and cable sections (a 13,200-volt transmission cable, a 2,300-volt three-phase signal cable, a 3,000-volt direct-current traction-feeder cable, all of them good, in our opinion) toward a rapid, ear-splitting *DA-DA-DA-DA* noise. Two men were holding a steel girder upright while a third man was riveting: *DA-DA-DA-DA!* Nearby, a young man in a hard hat was keeping an eye on a fiery apparatus that was attached to a section of rail. Flames were shooting out. "Orgotherm Welding Display," said a sign. The riveting stopped. In the sudden silence, we asked the young man, "What's orgotherm welding?"

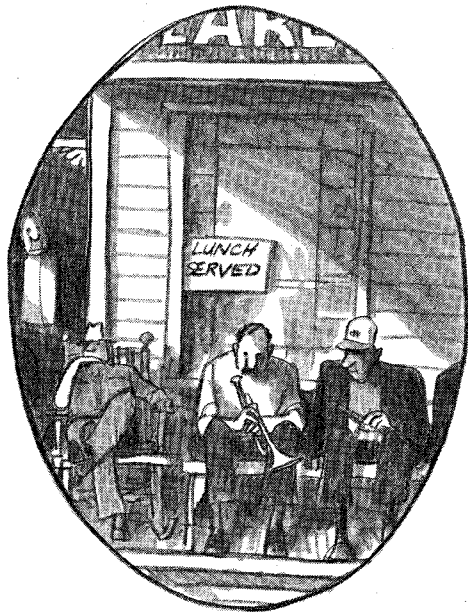
"Orgotherm welding," he replied, "is—"

DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA-DA!

BUCKWOOD FALLS



It was just as I remembered it. Little had changed since last I walked these familiar streets and heard for the first time the kick-step music born in Buckwood Falls so many years ago.



The old bunch was there on the green bench at Pearl's—Leroy (Tater) Bagwald, fingering his cornet; Big Freddie Dilberg, his fiddle cradled under his arm; Jim Toller, surrounded by his drums; Uncle Luke Vergus with his sliphorn; and the rest.

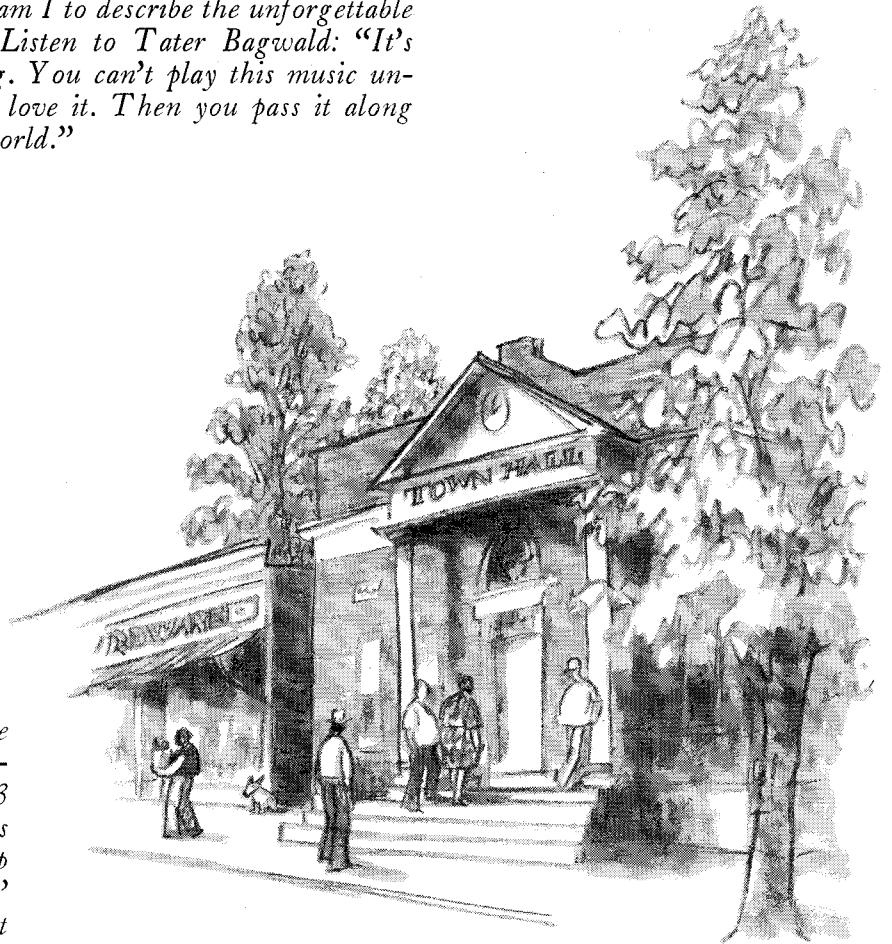
There, behind the bull fiddle, was Kerwin (Ol' Kicks) Massie, the leader himself. "Still at it," he said, and grinned. "Still pump-in'." The legend lives!



Softly, privately, Fred Dilberg picked at his fiddle. I recognized the opening strains of the traditional "Rinse Your Wash in the River." Jim Toller closed his eyes and took up the beat. They were playing! Playing for me!



How am I to describe the unforgettable sound? Listen to Tater Bagwald: "It's a feeling. You can't play this music unless you love it. Then you pass it along to the world."



The old kick-step might have faded into obscurity when McDonald's opened on the Route 43 bypass, but loyal Buckwood Falls aficionados rose en masse to keep Pearl's open. "Music's got roots," said Uncle Luke. "It don't just blow away."



Now it was Friday. People were gathering at the pine tables behind the Coke machine. As Bobby Apdorf loosened his fingers at the battered upright, you could feel the tension rise. It was time for me to leave. The ensemble lit into a pounding chorus of everybody's favorite, "Curds and Biscuits." I closed the door reluctantly and walked away into the humid night.

A RECOLLECTION

I MARRIED Magdalena here, in Paris, more than forty years ago.

It was at the time when anti-Jewish thoughts and feelings had suddenly hardened into laws, and she had to be protected. She was a devout, light-hearted, probably wayward Catholic convert, of the sort Dominicans like to have tea with, but she was also Jewish and foreign—to be precise, born in Budapest, in 1904. A Frenchman who had grown rich manufacturing and exporting fine china brought her to Paris—oh, a long time ago, even before the Popular Front. He gave her up for the daughter of a count, and for his new career in right-wing politics, preaching moral austerity and the restoration of Christian values. Whenever Magdalena opened *Le Temps* and saw his name, she would burst out laughing. (I never noticed Magdalena actually *reading* a newspaper. She subscribed to a great many, but I think it was just to see what her friends and former friends were up to.) He let her keep the apartment on Quai Voltaire and the van Dongen portraits he'd bought because they looked like her—the same pert face and slender throat.

I never lived with Magdalena. After our wedding we spent part of a week together (to calm my parents down, I went home to sleep) and a

night sitting up in a train. I never imagined sharing an address, my name over the doorbell, friends calling me at Magdalena's number, myself any more than a guest in the black-red-and-white-lacquered apartment on Quai Voltaire. The whole place smelled of gardenias. Along the hall hung stills from films she had worked in, in Vienna, Berlin—silent, minor, forgotten pictures, probably all destroyed. (The apartment was looted during the Occupation. When Magdalena came back, she had to sleep on the floor.) Her two pug dogs yapped and wore little chimes. The constant jangling drove them crazy. She washed them with scented soap and fed them at table, sitting on her lap. They had rashes all over their bodies, and were always throwing up.

I was twenty-two, still a student. My parents, both teachers in the lower grades, had made great sacrifices so that I could sit reading books into early manhood. The only home I could have offered Magdalena was a corner of their flat, in the Rue des Solitaires, up in the Nineteenth Arrondissement. Arabs and Africans live there now. In those days, it was the kind of district Jean Renoir and René Clair liked to use for those films that show chimney pots, and people walking around with loaves of bread, and

gentle young couples that find and lose a winning lottery ticket. Until she met me, Magdalena had never heard of the Rue des Solitaires, or of my Métro stop, Place des Fêtes. The names sounded so charming that she thought I'd made them up. I begged her to believe that I never invented anything.

She was fair and slight, like all the women in Paris. In my view of the past, the streets are filled with blond-haired women, wearing absurd little hats, walking miniature dogs. (Wait, my memory tells me; not all women—not my mother.) Why had she given up acting? "Because I wasn't much good," she told me once. "And I was so lazy. I could work, really work, for a man in love with me—to do him a favor. That was all." From her sitting room, everything in it white, you saw across the Seine to the Place du Carrousel and part of the Tuileries. Between five and eight, men used to drop in, stand about with their backs to the view, lean down to scratch the ears of the pugs. Raymonde, the maid, knew everyone by name. They treated me kindly, though nobody ever went so far as to scratch my ears.

My parents were anticlerical and republican. In their conversation, Church and Republic locked horns like a couple of battling rams. I was never baptized. It broke their hearts that my marriage to Magdalena had to be blessed, at her insistence. The blessing was given in the church of Saint-Thomas-d'Aquin, in deep shadow, somewhere behind the altar. I had never been in a church before, except to admire windows or paintings; art belonged to the people, whatever the Vatican claimed. The ceremony was quick, almost furtive, but not because of Magdalena: I was the outsider, the pagan, unbaptized, unsaved.

My father and mother stayed home that day, eating the most solid lunch they could scrape together, to steady their nerves. They would have saved Magdalena, if only someone had asked—gladly, bravely, and without ruining my life. (That was how they saw it.) I suppose they could have locked her up in the broom closet. She could have stood in the dark, for years and years—as many as she needed. They could only hope, since they never prayed, that there would be no children.

I had already signed our children over to Rome a few days before the wedding, one afternoon just after



The Eternal Sea

lunch. Bargaining for their souls, uncreated, most certainly unwished for (I did not separate soul from body, since the first did not exist), went on in the white sitting room. Magdalena, as ever blithe and lighthearted, repeated whatever she'd been told to tell me, and I said yes, and signed. I can still hear the sound of her voice, though not the words she used; it was lower in pitch than a Frenchwoman's, alien to the ear because of its rhythm. It was a voice that sang a foreign song. Did she really expect to have children? She must have been thirty-six, and we were about to be separated for as long as the war might last. My signature was part of an elaborate ritual, in which she seemed to take immense delight. She had never been married before.

She had on a soft navy-blue dress, which had only that morning been brought to the door. This in war, in defeat. There were dressmakers and deliverymen. There was Chanel's Gardenia. There was coffee and sugar, there were polished silver trays and thin coffee cups. There was Raymonde, in black with white organdie, and Magdalena, with her sunny hair, her deep-red nails, to pour.

I looked over at the far side of the Place du Carrousel, to some of the windows of the Ministry of Finance. Until just a few months ago, Magdalena had been invited to private Ministry apartments to lunch. The tables were set with the beautiful glass and china that belonged to the people. Steadfast, uncomplaining men and women like my father and mother had paid their taxes so that Magdalena could lunch off plates they would never see—unless some further revolution took place, after which they might be able to view the plates in a museum.

I felt no anger thinking this. It was Magdalena I intended to save. As my wife, she would have an identity card

with a French name. She would never have to baste a yellow star on her coat. She would line up for potatoes at a decent hour once France had run out of everything else.

Actually, Magdalena never lined up for anything. On the day when the Jews of Paris stood in long queues outside police stations, without pushing and shoving, and spelled their names and addresses clearly, so that the men coming to arrest them later on would not make a mistake, Magdalena went back to bed and read magazines. Nobody ever offered her a yellow star, but she found one for herself. It was lying on the ground, in front of the entrance to the Hôtel Meurice—so she said.

Walking the pugs in the rain, Magdalena had looked back to wave at Raymonde, polishing a window. (A publisher of comic books has the place now.) She crossed the Tuileries, then the Rue de Rivoli, and, stepping under the arcades, furling her silk umbrella. Rain had driven in; she skirted puddles in her thin shoes. Just level with the Meurice, where there were so many German officers that some people were afraid to walk there, or scorned to, she stopped to examine a star—soiled, trodden on. She moved it like a wet

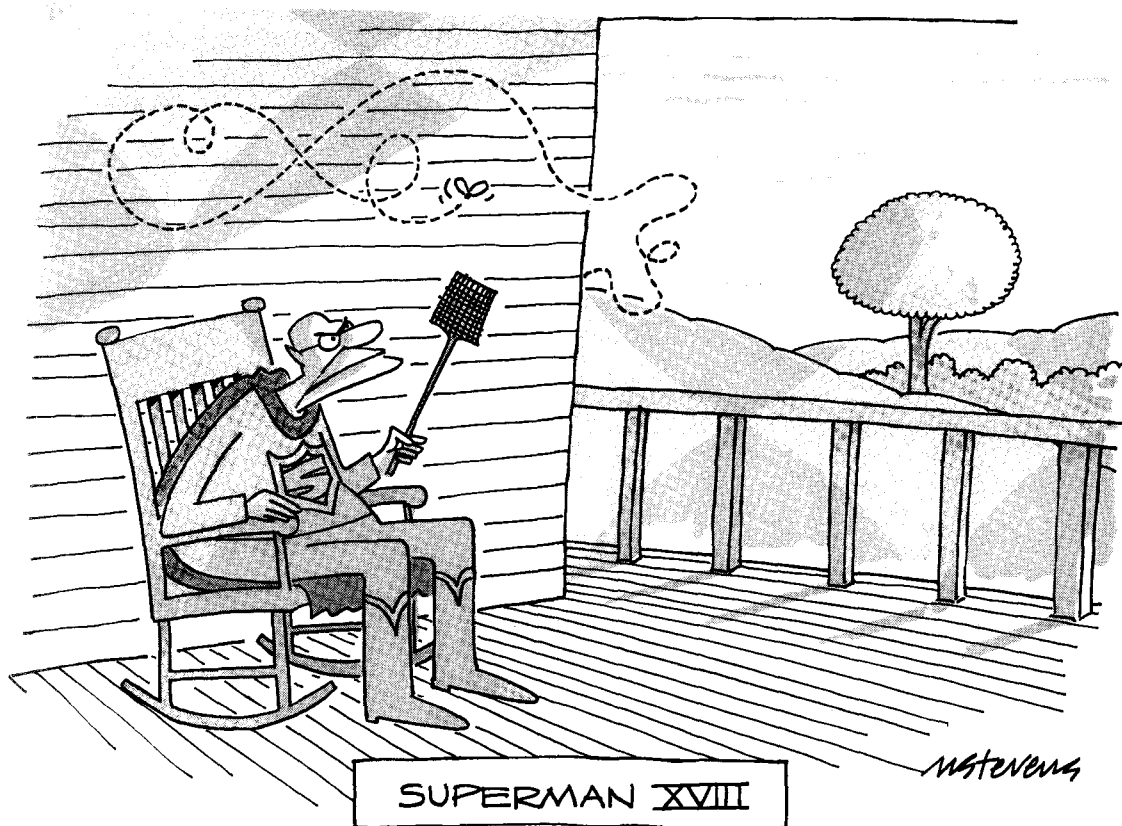
leaf with the point of her umbrella, bent, picked it up, dropped it in her purse.

"Why?" I had good reason to ask, soon after.

"To keep as a souvenir, a curiosity. To show my friends in Cannes, so that they can see what things are like in Paris."

I didn't like that. I had wanted to pull her across to my side, not to be dragged over to hers.

A DAY later we set off by train for the South, which was still a free zone. The only Nazis she would be likely to encounter there would be French; I gave Magdalena a lecture on how to recognize and avoid them. We sat side by side in a second-class compartment, in the near dark. (Much greater suspicion attended passengers in first; besides that, I could not afford it.) Magdalena, unfortunately, was dressed for tea at the Ritz. She would have retorted that nothing could be plainer than a Molyneux suit and a diamond pin. The other passengers, three generations of a single family, seemed to be asleep. On the new, unnatural frontier dividing France North from South, the train came to a halt. We heard German soldiers com-



ing on board, to examine our papers. Trying not to glance at Magdalena, I fixed my eyes on the small overnight case she had just got down from the rack and sat holding on her lap. When the train stopped, all the lights suddenly blazed—seemed to blaze; they were dull and brown. Magdalena at once stood up, got her case down without help, removed a novel (it was “Bella,” by Jean Giraudoux), and began to read.

I thought that she had done the very thing bound to make her seem suspect. Her past, intricate and inscrutable, was summed up by the rich leather of the case and the gold initials on the lid and the tiny gold padlock and key, in itself a piece of jewelry. That woman could not possibly be the wife of that young man, with his rolled-up canvas holdall with the cracked leather straps. The bag was not even mine; it had belonged to my mother, or an aunt. I reached over and turned her case around, so that I could open it, as if I were anxious to cooperate, to get things ready for inspection. The truth was, I did not want the German peasants in uniform to read her initials, to ask what her maiden name was, or to have cause for envy; the shut case might have been offered for sale in a window along the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, at extortionate cost. I thought that if those peasants, now approaching our compartment, had not been armed, booted, temporarily privileged, they might have served a different apprenticeship—learned to man mirror-walled elevators, carry trays at shoulder level, show an underling’s gratitude for Magdalena’s escort’s tip. I flung the lid back, against her jacket of thin wool; and there, inside, on top of some folded silk things the color of the palest edge of sunrise, lay a harsh star. I smoothed the silken stuff and palmed the star and got it up my sleeve.

In my terrible fright my mind caught on something incidental—that Magdalena had never owned anything else so coarse to the touch. She had never been a child, had never played with sand and mud. She had been set down in a large European city, smart hat tilted, rings swivelled so that she could pull her gloves on, knowing all there is about gold padlocks and keys. “Cosmopolitan,” an incendiary word now, flared in my mind. In the quiet train (no train is so still as one under search), its light seemed to seek out

MY DREAM BY HENRY JAMES

In my dream by Henry James there is a sentence: “Stay and comfort your sea companion for a while,” spoken by an aging man to a young one as they dawdle on the terrace of a beachfront hotel. The young man doesn’t know how to feel—which is often the problem in James, which may have been the problem *with* James, living, as he said, *in* the work (“—this is the only thing . . .”), shaping his late concerti of almost inaudible ephemerae on the emotional scale. By 1980, when this dream came to me, the line spoken takes on sexual overtones, especially since as the aging man says it he earnestly presses the young man’s forearm, and in James no exchange between people is simple, but the young man turns without answering to gaze over the balustrade at the ocean, over the pastel textures of beach umbrellas and scalloped dresses whose hems brush the sand, without guessing the aging man’s loneliness and desire for him. He sees only monotony as he watches waves coming in, and this odd old man who shared his parents’ table on the ship seems the merest disturbance of the air, a mayfly at such distance he does not quite hear. *Why should I talk to anyone?* glides over his mind like a cloud above a pond that mirrors what passes over and does not remember. But I remember this cloud and this pond from a midweek picnic with my mother when I was still too little for school and we were alone together darkened by shadows of pines when with both hands she turned my face toward the cloud captured in the water and everything I felt in the world was love for her.

—MICHAEL RYAN

crude editorials, offensive cartoons, repulsive graffiti.

The peasants in uniform—they were two—slid open the compartment door. They asked no more than any frontier inspector, but the reply came under the heading of life and death. “Cosmopolitan” had flared like a star; it dissolved into a dirty little puddle. Its new, political meaning seeped into my brain and ran past my beliefs and

convictions, and everything my parents stood for. I felt it inside my skull, and I wondered if it would ever evaporate.

One of the peasants spoke, and Magdalena smiled. She told me later that he had the accent said to have been Wagner’s. Seeing the open case, he plunged his hand under the silks and struck a hairbrush. He shut the lid and stared dumbly at the initials. The other one in the meanwhile frowned at our papers. Then the pair of them stumbled out.

Our fellow-passengers looked away, as people do when someone with the wrong ticket is caught in first class. I put the case back on the rack and muttered an order. Magdalena obediently followed me out to the corridor. It may have looked as if we were just standing, smoking, but I was trying to



STUART LEEDS

find out how she, who had never owned anything ugly, had come into possession of this thing. She told me about the Rue de Rivoli, and that she had thought the star would interest her friends in Cannes: they would be able to see how things were now up in Paris. If she had buried it next to her hairbrush, it would have seemed as though she had something to hide. She said she had nothing to hide; absolutely nothing.

I had been running with sweat; now I felt cold. I asked her if she was crazy. She took this for the anxious inquiry of a young man deeply in love. Her nature was sunny, and as good as gold. She laughed and told me she had been called different things but never crazy. She started to repeat some of them, and I kissed her to shut her up. The corridor was jammed with people lying sprawled or sitting on their luggage, and she sounded demented and foreign.

I wondered what she meant by "friends in Cannes." To women

of her sort, "friend" is often used as a vague substitute for "lover." (Notice how soon after thinking "cosmopolitan" I thought "of her sort.") She had mentioned the name of the people who were offering her shelter in Cannes; it was a French name but perhaps an alias. I had a right to know more. She was my wife. For the first and the last time I considered things in that particular way: After all, she *is* my wife. I was leaving the train at Marseilles, though my ticket read Cannes. From Marseilles, I would try to get to North Africa, then to England. Magdalena would sit the war out in an airy villa—the kind aliens can afford.

When I next said something—about getting back to our seats—my



"I admire your honesty and integrity, Wilson, but I have no room for them in my firm."

voice was too high. It still rises and thins when I feel under strain. (In the nineteen-fifties, when I was often heard over the radio, interviewing celebrated men about their early struggles and further ambitions, I would get about two letters a year from women saying they envied my mother.)

It was probably just as well that we were spending our last night among strangers. After our wedding we had almost ceased to be lovers. I had to keep the peace at home, and Magdalena to prepare to leave without showing haste. I thought she was tense and tired; but I appreciate now that Magdalena was never fatigued or wrought up, and I can only guess she had to say goodbye to someone else. She sent

the dogs away to Raymonde's native town in Normandy, mentioning to the concierge that it was for the sake of their health and for a few days only. At the first sign of fright, of hurry, or of furniture removed to storage, the concierge might have been halfway to the police station to report on the tenant who had so many good friends, and whose voice sang a foreign tune.

In the compartment, I tried to finish the thoughts begun in the corridor. I had married her to do the right thing; that was established. Other men have behaved well in the past, and will continue to do so. It comforted me to know I was not the only one with a safe conscience. Thinking this in



"It's your home computer. It wants to know why you're not home."

the darkened, swaying compartment meant that I was lucid and generous, and also something of a louse. I whispered to Magdalena, "What is bad behavior? What is the worst?" The question did not seem to astonish her. Our union was blessed, and she was my wife forevermore, and she could fall back on considerable jurisprudence from the ledgers of Heaven to prove it; but I was still the student who had brought his books to Quai Voltaire, who had looked up to make sure she was still in the room, and asked some question from beyond his experience. She took my hand and said the worst *she* remembered was the Viennese novelist who had taken some of her jewelry (she meant "stolen") and pawned it and kept all the money.

WE said goodbye in Marseilles, on the station platform. In the southern morning light her eyes were pale blue. There were armed men in uniform everywhere. She wore a white suit and a thin blouse and a white hat I had never seen before. She had taken a suitcase into the filthy toilet and emerged immaculate. I had the feeling that she could hardly wait to get back on the train and roll on to new adventures.

"And now I am down here, away from all my friends in Paris," she had the gall to say, shading her eyes. It was a way of showing spirit, but I had never known anyone remotely like her, and I probably thought she should be tight-lipped. By "all my friends" she must have meant men who had said, "If you ever need help," knowing she would never ask; who might have said, "Wasn't it awful, tragic, about Magdalen?" if she had never been seen again.

She had left her luggage and jewelry untended in the compartment. I was glad to see she wore just her wedding ring; otherwise, she might have looked too actressy, and drawn attention. (I had no idea how actresses were supposed to look.) Sometimes she used an amber cigarette holder with a swirl of diamond dust like the tail of a comet. She must have sold it during the war; or perhaps lost it, or given it away.

"You look like a youth leader," she said. I was Paris-pale, but healthy. My hair was clipped short. I might have been about to lead police and passengers in patriotic singsong. I was patriotic, but not as the new regime expected its young to be; I was on my way to be useful to General de Gaulle,

if he would have me. I saw myself floating over the map of France, harnessed to a dazzling parachute, with a gun under my arm.

We had agreed not to stare at each other once we'd said goodbye. Magdalena kissed me and turned and pulled herself up the high steps of the train. I got a soft, bent book out of my canvas holdall and began to read something that spoke only to me. So the young think, and I was still that young: poetry is meant for one reader only. Magdalena, gazing tenderly down from the compartment window, must have seen just the shape of the poem on the page. I turned away from the slant of morning sunlight—not away from her. When the train started to move, she reached down to me, but I was too far to touch.

A small crucifix on a chain slipped free of her blouse. I stuck to our promise and never once raised my eyes. At the same time, I saw everything—the shade of her white hatbrim aslant on her face, her hand with the wedding ring.

I put the star in my book, to mark the place: I figured that if I was caught I was done for anyway. When my adventures were over, I would show it to my children; I did not for a second see Magdalena as their mother. They were real children, not souls to be bargained. So it seems to me now. It shows how far into the future I thought you could safely carry a piece of the past. Long after the war, I found the star, still in the same book, and I offered to give it back to Magdalena, but she said she knew what it was like.

—MAVIS GALLANT

There is something special about Viennese music.

It's a combination of the sound of the Grand Canal and the paddling of the gondoliers, the majesty of the Palace of the Doges, the richness and sweetness of the pastries that come from the same country. —*Stephani Keer in the Calgary (Alta.) Sunday Sun.*

What country is that?

PERSONAL HISTORY

LEARNING—I

THE TWO LAHORES

In Lahore, we discovered almost as soon as we settled into our own house there that everyone we knew went to the pictures all the time. Daddyji, both as our father and as a public-health officer, didn't like us children to go to them. "Pictures ruin the eyes and the mind," he used to say. He restricted my three big sisters and my big brother to one picture a month. Quite often, the picture they chose was in English, and since I was blind and knew little English it would have been pointless for me to try to go with them. But sometimes they chose an Indian picture, and then I would beg to be taken along. At the cinema, I would frequently lose the thread of the story and ask whomever I was sitting next to, "What's happening? . . . What's happening?" Even Sister Nimi, who was usually very patient with me, would try to put me off, saying, "Nothing. . . . Don't talk. . . . We won't bring you again." I would agitate, and talk louder and louder—I didn't want to make trouble; it was just that I didn't want to miss any part of the story—until I was told or I caught on. Then the story would often turn out to be really sad, and I would sob and blow my nose. "If you don't stop blubbering, we won't bring you again," Sister Umi would say. But I could no more control my tears than I could control the course of the story, though I was nearly twelve years old. Moreover, before coming I had promised Sister Pom that I would be a good boy—that I wouldn't disturb anyone in the middle of the picture—and so I would try to hold off asking to be taken to the bathroom. But the need would build up and become so urgent that I could scarcely sit still. Yet I would have difficulty rousing even Sister Nimi. No matter how much I tugged at her arm, she would say, "Oof! He's about to die," or "Just a minute," or "Don't be a nuisance," or "Wait, there's a song coming." The song was usually the part I liked best.

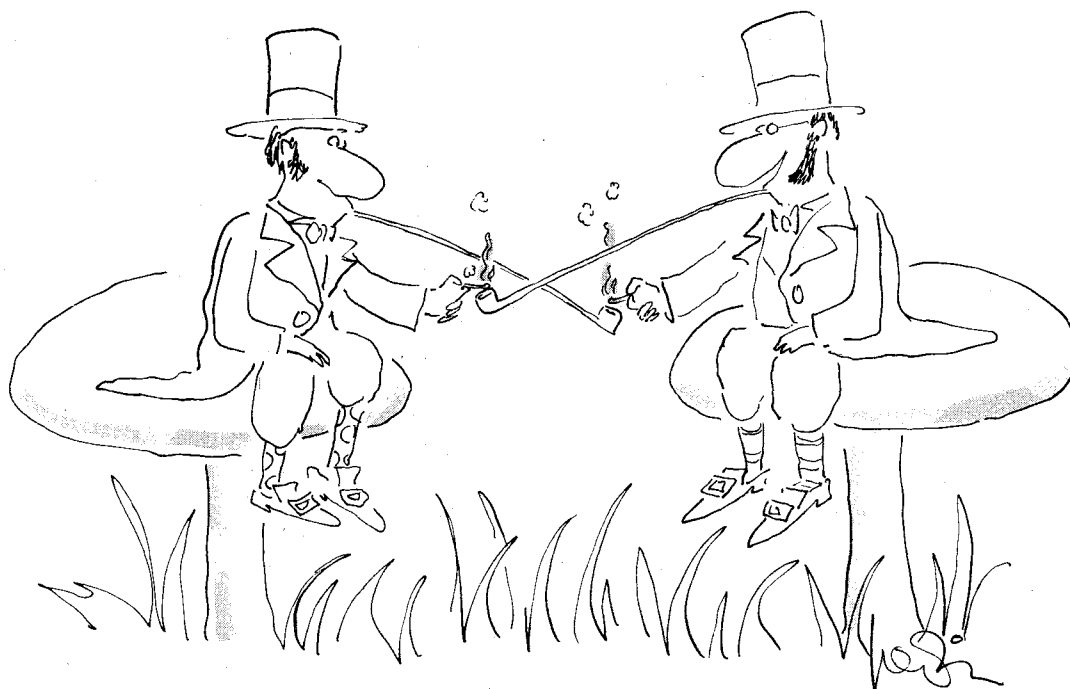
In Lahore, I remember, I was once taken to "Zeenat," a picture in Urdu, featuring the Muslim actress called Baby Noor Jehan, the most loved actress of the time. In the picture, Noor Jehan plays a fifteen-year-old Muslim girl, Zeenat. Her parents betroth her

to Sharafat, whose parents are dead and who has been brought up by his elder brother, Fajahat. Zeenat is delirious with joy. Sharafat is her first cousin, and they have grown up playing together. (Among Muslims, first cousins can marry.) On the day of the wedding, as Zeenat's parents are receiving Sharafat on his wedding horse, merry-makers set off firecrackers. A firecracker explodes near the horse. The horse rears back. Sharafat is thrown—he falls on his head. There can be no wedding. But in the middle of the night Zeenat looks in on him. Sharafat insists that she come to his bedside. They rejoice. The next morning, Sharafat's condition worsens, and he dies. He is buried, amid the crying and wailing of women. A few months after his death, it becomes known that Zeenat is pregnant. She insists that it is Sharafat's baby, but Fajahat and his

wife accuse her of being a loose woman and turn her out. She goes to her parents, but they don't believe her, either. She is delivered of a daughter, Saeeda. When the taunts are directed against the daughter, too, Zeenat leaves with Saeeda—condemned and penniless. She goes to her only refuge—Sharafat's grave—and pours out her sorrows in song. By a turn of fate, Saeeda is given for adoption to a well-to-do childless couple, and Zeenat becomes a maid in the couple's house. At fifteen, Saeeda falls in love with Akhtar, a son of Fajahat. Their marriage is arranged, and it is now Saeeda's wedding day. In the middle of the ceremony, Saeeda's identity is discovered. Fajahat and his wife immediately call off the wedding. But then Sharafat's younger brother Liakat produces a diary in Sharafat's hand, which he has kept as a memento. The diary leaves no doubt that



"Not everybody could pull it off, but you can."



Saeeda is Sharafat's child. The wedding ceremony goes forward. But the discovery of the diary comes too late for Zeenat. She has taken poison and is violently ill. She is told that she has been vindicated and that Saeeda's wedding has been solemnized. She thanks Allah and dies.

I don't think I ever cried more than I did during "Zeenat." I think everyone cried except Daddyji, who had come along, for once, because the picture was famous for its Urdu poetry and Urdu songs. He was sitting next to me, and tried to make me stop crying by saying, "It's just a set of curtains and backdrops," and "It's just a story," and "Can you imagine anyone turned out by her own parents going to a grave site and singing such a beautiful song?" But I was so involved in the picture that I didn't want him to talk, and once even told him to be quiet. I went to "Zeenat" six times—we children all did—and, after "Zeenat," went to all Noor Jehan's pictures and got all her records. I couldn't play them often enough on our wind-up gramophone. Her voice had the shrill lilt of a bagpipe, and her songs were frequently tragic—so full of longing, sadness, and goodness that I often imagined her as a nightingale without a tree or a nest, crying to the unfeeling sky. I used to go around saying, "She has pathos in her throat." I would sing along with her records. I would wake up thinking about her, I would go to sleep thinking about her. Every time any of my sisters mentioned Noor Jehan's name,

I would blush. I would be asked to sing her songs at gatherings of family and friends, and I would sing with tears trickling down my cheeks. My favorite was one from "Zeenat," and when I sang it there was hardly a dry eye in the room. It went:

Storms of sorrow swept along in such a way

The garden was left uprooted.
One who was my prop,
He, too, was torn away.
Don't ask me the story of my sorrow,
How I have been uprooted.
The light of the house was put out,
The house itself was uprooted.
Spring had come my way, too,
But for a very short while.
Just on laughing, tears came,
And everything lost its color.

We children thought of Lahore as two distinct cities: one, which we associated with Daddyji, was the new, clearly demarcated British city, with its Mall Road, its Lawrence Gardens, its Queen Victoria statue, its King Edward Medical College; the other, which we associated with Mamaji, was the old, unplanned, chaotic Indian city, with its narrow *gullis* and mean bazaars, its dilapidated Mogul gates and arches, its beehives of cloth peddlers, carters, smiths, ironmongers, cobblers, grain sellers, colliers. In actuality, the two cities had long overlapped—much as Mamaji's family had settled into a British-style bungalow, and Daddyji's family into an Indian *gulli*. Everywhere—whether on the Mall Road or in the *gullis*—we heard dirty words shouted, from shops and stalls, from vehicles, by passersby; the

obscenities were graphic and made us burn with shame. Everywhere, there was traffic and noise, ditches and open drains. Technically, we lived in the British city, and yet I couldn't even go out into our *gulli* by myself. Everywhere, the *gullis'* stones seemed waterworn and slippery; the *gullis'* houses were constantly belching coal smoke through their chimneys; the *gullis'* walls seemed to trap the smell of refuse and rubbish. There were no mountain winds to carry away the smells, as there had been in Rawalpindi, and no Civil Lines, like the exclusive lane there, that we could escape to. For the first time, I appreciated what Daddyji

had meant when he inveighed against the Lahore *gullis* in which Mamaji spent her childhood.

When we were younger and merely visited Lahore, it seemed that the brothers and sisters and cousins had all been more or less one large family group, and had done things together, perhaps because everyone had been on holiday. We boys might go out into Mehta Gulli to play, or climb up to the terraced roofs to wage battles with our kites, and our sisters and cousins might sit in the shade of the veranda to knit or sew, but we would all come together two or three times a day, to share a meal, or to listen to Bhabiji (our grandmother) tell stories, or to walk with her to the statue of Queen Victoria. But now everyone—aside from me—was at school or, if not at school, busy with homework. Everyone, it seemed, had a special group of school friends for playing volleyball, tennis, hockey, or cricket, or even for studying. Indeed, during the day Mehta Gulli and nearby Mozang Road, where Mamaji's family lived, resembled women's quarters or the domain of servants. Moreover, I felt that some of my cousins were too small for me to play with, while other cousins felt that they were too grown-up to play with me.

After the Rawalpindi government office-residence, our Lahore house seemed small. It had no grounds, no detached kitchen, no detached quarters for the servants. Instead of occupying an independent compound in a row of compounds, the house was one of a

series of houses with common walls, and stood near the bottom of a *gulli* off Temple Road. (Although our address was 11 Temple Road, our house actually faced on a nameless *gulli*—a cul-de-sac, little wider than a driveway, that ran perpendicular to Temple Road—and so did nine other houses.) Instead of being a one-story bungalow with big verandas, it was a typical two-and-a-half-story Lahore house with a terraced roof, built on a small plot of land, with a little garden and a veranda in front, and a smaller veranda, which gave onto an inner courtyard, at the back. The main part of the house consisted of four rooms: a corner room, where Daddyji slept (it had been made by cutting off part of the front veranda); a big bedroom behind it, where Mamaji slept, and which had a bay window that looked out on the driveway and the garage; a drawing room; and a dining room. Along the back of the inner courtyard were a kitchen, a small storeroom, and the servants' quarters, and to the left side of the courtyard were a couple of rooms that Brother Om and I occupied. (To the right side of the courtyard was the wall that we shared with the last house in the *gulli*.) There was a staircase going up from the back veranda to my big sisters' rooms and, above them, to the terraced roof, where we slept in the summer. It had a rain shelter at one end, and whenever it rained in the middle of the night we would scoot our cots into it.

At our Lahore house, in contrast to the house in Rawalpindi, there was no place for me to bicycle. There were no office clerks and no peons for me to talk to, no pets for me to play with. I had nothing to do all day. I would go from room to room, sitting now on one cot, now on another, or go round and round the inner courtyard, the way a pet myna I once had used to go round and round her cage.

At first, of course, we were excited and thrilled to be in our own house, after years of lending

or renting it while Daddyji was posted outside Lahore in one city after another; and it was pleasant that there was a newly distempered room for each one of us older children, with each room now called after one of us. But for me the new arrangements had their disadvantages. Our night suits no longer hung from one clothes peg, and my little sister Usha and I could no longer have fun burrowing ourselves into a collection of satin and linen pajamas and pajama coats, salwars and kemises, looking for our night suits. Now each one of us was in charge of his or her own night suit. Now that we children no longer all slept in one room, or shared one bathroom, doors to rooms were no longer left open; in fact, the doors to the separate rooms seemed always to be shut and bolted from inside. Friends were no longer entertained by the family as a group in the drawing room or on the veranda. And I was no longer the "baby brother," who could come and go as he pleased; Ashok was nearly two now, and had taken that place.

Brother Om and I shared a bathroom, but he didn't like my coming

into his room uninvited. "I have all kinds of friends coming and going," he protested when Daddyji tried to intervene on my behalf. "We talk about all kinds of things."

"Let him sit and listen," Daddyji said. "He'll learn something."

"My friends feel awkward," Brother Om said. "They don't feel free in front of him. He's in the way."

"But he's your brother."

"But they're my friends."

Daddyji acknowledged that Brother Om had a point. After that, I stayed clear of Brother Om's room whether he was in it or not.

Everyone suddenly seemed grown-up and difficult. I, too, didn't feel like a child anymore—I was now taller than Mamaji—and I became subject to all kinds of new worries. I would continually touch my elbows and get worked up about how rough they seemed under my fingers. I felt that my arms were too long. My knees felt exposed below my knickers. I didn't know what to do with my hands. They felt strange whether they were in or out of my pockets, whether they were behind me or in front of me. I would walk around clasping them be-



"Our group used to go up to Walden to pay homage to Thoreau every year at this time, but now we just gather at Tavern-on-the-Green."

hind my head, with my elbows sticking out. Or I would sit down in a chair and clutch one knee, but then my foot would be off the ground, sticking out in midair like a displaced limb. I also began to worry about my eyes—whether they looked closed or open.

Then I woke up one day and found that my voice sounded like a half croak coming out of someone else's throat. I tried to recover my old voice by pitching it higher, only to find that I sounded like a girl. For weeks—or maybe it was for months—my voice would shift unexpectedly, as if I were condemned to groan and squeak. "Commander Sahib, it's the heat of Lahore," our cook, Gian Chand, told me. "Everything gets cooked here. Your voice is being cooked." But my voice did not improve with the relief in the weather. It continued to crack uncontrollably, going up and down like the hee-haw of a jackass. It grated on everyone's nerves. Yet I had an overwhelming urge to talk non-stop—to interrupt, to shout, to be heard. I became truculent; I would talk back to everyone and pick fights with everyone.

When Mamaji complained to Daddyji about me, he said, "Leave him alone. He'll be all right. His age is the most difficult for boys, Tagore says." I didn't know who Tagore was, but I felt he must understand why I was the way I was. I certainly didn't. Inside, I felt like a child who should obey, but outside I felt like a man—at the edge of another world, which was full of embarrassment and danger but also of adventure and discovery.

Daddyji continued to counsel me to look to music for solace, but with the coming of the hee-haw I had lost my singing voice. Besides, in my view nothing could take the place of studying—of reading and writing and taking examinations, of learning English, of progressing from standard to standard, like my sisters and my big brother and my cousins. I had the helpless feeling of falling behind. Because my health had broken down at Dadar School for the Blind, in Bombay, which I attended off and on for four years, Daddyji wouldn't hear of sending me away to another such school.

"I will retire from service in five years, and then we'll all go to America and I'll enter you in Perkins," Daddyji said. Perkins, in Massachusetts, was considered to be the best institution for the blind in America, and Daddyji had

CONNECTIONS IN A FIELD

O.K., so the heart breaks. What fills the gap may not be sadness or joy, or the more elusive understanding, but a scary and lucid acceptance—scary because there it and you are, lucid

because it is not of this time or another, particularly. An overlay, pervading, transparent, it's like the *literal* of what we mean when we say that a scene had tragic dimensions. And so,

much of the day the rain beat with tinny exuberance on a shed with a rusty car. Thunder rattled the hours, and what they were they were—the cries of distant hounds, or birds startled from brush. A goatlike smell when the septic tank backed up.

Of course, the question became: Where is such clarity, if one cannot say when? A hunter stood in the field as the day went brown-edged. He walked off with the rain, his arm crooked at the gun barrel pointing the way home. A local, uninvolved scene,

and still the feeling stuck with me that had they cast ballots or thrown dice to see if Lot's wife lived the result would have been the same: not the end, necessarily, but the way

a clod crumbles beneath the heel, part of a journey feet are busied with, that *will* be undergone. The rain seemed to whisper, What you needed to know became a bad debt, in time. Earlier, the goddess of grain

gave a passing look, moving unencumbered through the lea, which slowly, during the afternoon, changed to a lake of mud.

—ALEX STEVENS

been trying since I was seven to get me admitted there.

"But Perkins has refused to accept me."

"I'm sure that when the Perkins people meet you and see the whole family they will change their minds and accept you."

"But by that time I'll be an old man."

He laughed. "Don't be silly."

ONE evening when Daddyji came home, he told me, "Believe it or not, I've learned that there is a school for the blind in Lahore. It is named the Emerson Institute for the Blind, after Sir Herbert William Emerson, an ex-governor of ours. But it's in

such a poor locality that I'm not even sure it can be reached by motorcar. I've given my clerk tomorrow off to go there and look at it."

"What did the clerk say?" I asked Daddyji the moment he got home the next day.

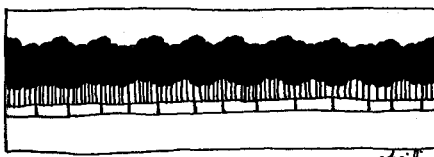
"Just as I feared, it's a wretched place. It's simply a few rooms in the old city, inside Sheranwala Gate. They have only boys and men, and mostly teach them trades, like caning and weaving."

"I'd still like to give it a try."

"But it doesn't even have a teacher or a principal who's a college graduate," he said, and he continued, almost to himself, "And yet it seems that it is the best school for the blind in the whole of the Punjab, and there are pending petitions for admission there from all over the province."

"What do you mean?"

"In a village, whenever someone goes blind he becomes a charge on his relatives. They try to palm him off



onto the government—all government institutions are free. There are apparently so many petitioners for the Emerson Institute that the government has a strict quota system for the admission of various communities and religious groups."

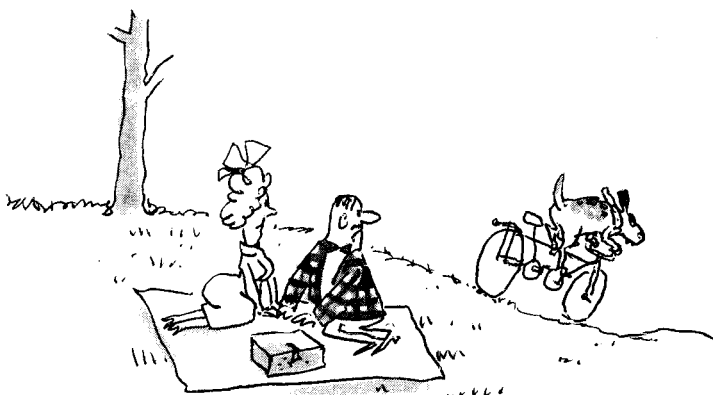
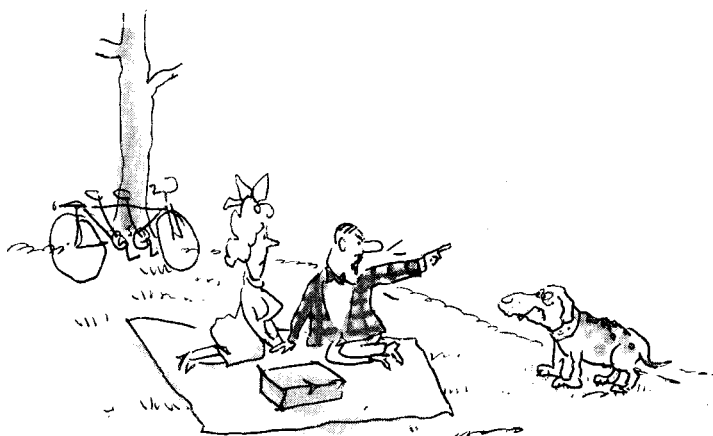
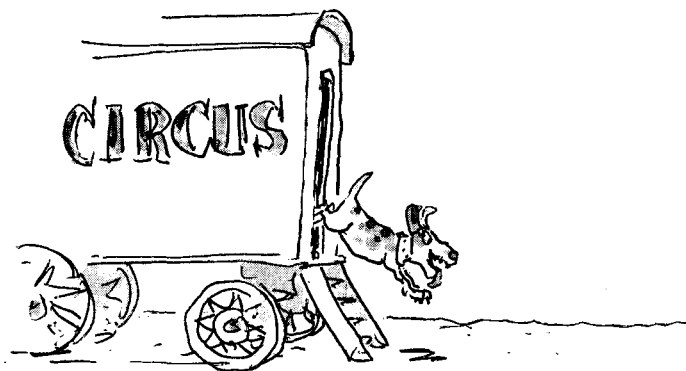
I kept asking Daddyji when I could at least go and visit the school. He kept putting me off with plans for our going to America, but then one day he told me, "I've been talking to our Finance Minister, Sir Manohar Lal, about you and the Emerson Institute, and he's made a grant that will enable the school to appoint a sighted college graduate as its principal. Let's wait until the principal is selected."

Within a few days, Ram Gopal Khanna, a recent college graduate, was selected, and we drove out to see him. It took us more than half an hour to reach the place, even though we went along modern, paved roads that skirted the old city. Daddyji parked the motorcar on a dirt road, and we got out.

The sun was hot, the air sluggish. The place smelled of rotting refuse. All around were the sounds of crows cawing and kites shrieking.

At the edge of the dirt road, there was a big old tree with a cleft in it, and Daddyji stopped to show it to me. "It looks like two trees, but here, feel the trunk—it's actually one tree," he said.

The trunk was flaky and worm-eaten; jagged slabs of bark seemed to drop off al-



BOOTH

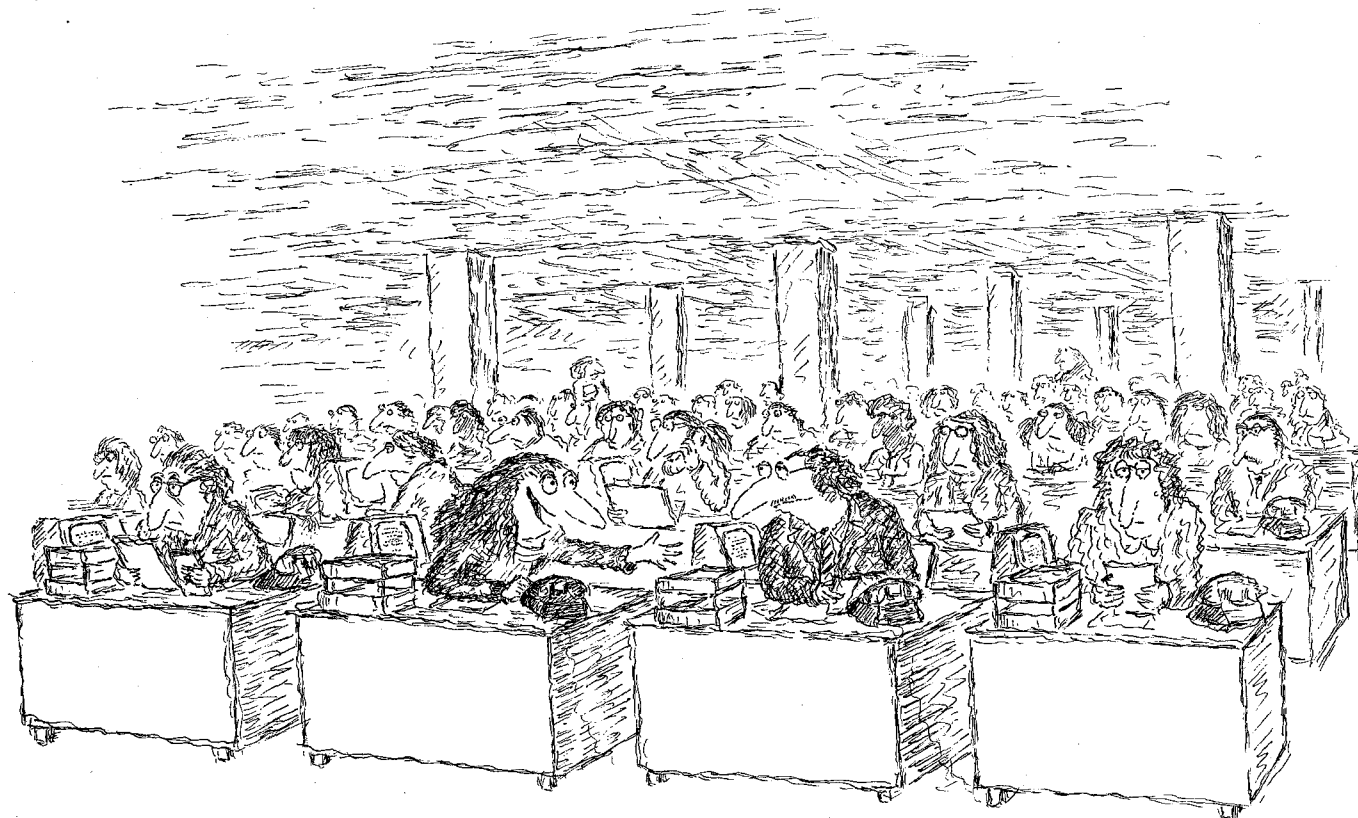
most at my touch. But there was something magical about the cleft—round and smooth, it was indented like the space between two fingers, reminding me of the V sign I had been taught to make during the war. It had a faint smell of moss and resin. While I was examining the cleft, we were surrounded by Mr. Khanna and his few teachers—all men, and all blind or partially sighted.

"Khanna Sahib, why does the school building face away from the road?" Daddyji asked. "From a sanitation point of view, it's always better for a building to face the road, so that people don't trek filth into it from the surrounding area." He was speaking English, and he sounded as if he were on an official inspection.

Mr. Khanna didn't know the reason, and he asked the teachers. There was a heated discussion, in a mixture of Punjabi and English, from which it emerged that the reason had to do with the cleft tree. It was a stopping place for the procession celebrating an annual festival called Step by Step, which was based on the notion that good children walk in the footsteps of their fathers. For decades, those taking part had camped under the tree, so when it came time to put up the school building it had had to be constructed around the tree in a sort of half U, with all the doors facing away from the road.

"How old is the school?" I asked.

At first, none of the



"Let's flee!"

men seemed to know the answer, but then one of them came forward and gripped my hands between his callused ones and shouted at me, as if I were deaf, "Welcome, Boy Sahib, welcome, with your question! This is the sighted weaving teacher talking. I am the longest resident of the Emerson Institute for the Blind." His fingers were short and thick, like sausages. He had overpowering breath, and I tried to step back, but he held me fast. He had been speaking Punjabi but now he switched to English, and said, "This is one of the oldest blind institutes being in the country. It getting its start in 1933." I reflected that the school was a year older than I was.

Daddyji asked him if there was any written record of the date.

"They must having records in official buildings," the weaving teacher said. "But I'm not able to be learning to be reading. I know Emerson Institute was four years old when I came, and that was two years before the big war."

With all the teachers trooping behind, we walked through the school. It consisted of a half-dozen bare rooms, which were along an open veranda and were screened off with bamboo chicks.

"Where are the students?" I asked.

We hadn't met a single boy since we got there.

"We cleared the school for your tour," Mr. Khanna said. "The boys have gone for their food." It seemed that the boys lived in quarters some distance away, like servants.

As we were driving home, Daddyji said, "Khanna looks to be a nice young man." Then he exclaimed, "Oh, my God! I just thought, I didn't see any books there. We should have asked about it."

"I would like to go there," I said.

"You can try it if you like," he said. "It might be a good experience for you."

GETTING to the Emerson Institute and back every day in a tonga was prohibitively expensive, to say nothing of going by motorcar. Anyway, Daddyji needed his motorcar to get to and from the office, and we couldn't afford to keep a driver. It was arranged, therefore, that Gian Chand would take me to school on his bicycle in the morning and pick me up in the afternoon. (There was no way, of course, that I could negotiate the Lahore streets on a bicycle myself.) It took him a couple of days to work out a short, safe bicycle route. Then a carrier was fitted onto the back of his bicycle for me to sit on. But when I

tried it out I discovered that my legs were too long—they touched the ground.

"For years, Sahib has been too big to ride on the bar of my bicycle," Gian Chand said. "Now Sahib is too big to ride on the carrier. What to do?"

Daddyji was consulted, and we improvised a solution. We arranged for a bicycle shop to fit a spindly metal peg on each side of the rear axle as a sort of foot support. The peg had to be specially designed, with treads, so that my foot wouldn't slip off it. When it was finished, I was finally ready to go to school.

The school hours were from eight to four, and on the first morning I set out with Gian Chand at about seven-twenty. I sat straddled behind him with my feet on the pegs, holding on to the seat with one hand and clutching some cucumber-and-tomato sandwiches for lunch with the other. I had to be mindful not to put too much weight on the pegs, and to keep my legs out of the way of the pedals.

The sun was already hot, and the heat seemed to push us down against the road. From every side came the deafening sounds of passing tongas, cars, lorries, and motorcycles, along with the shouts of bicyclists and pedestrians. On the Mall Road, Gian

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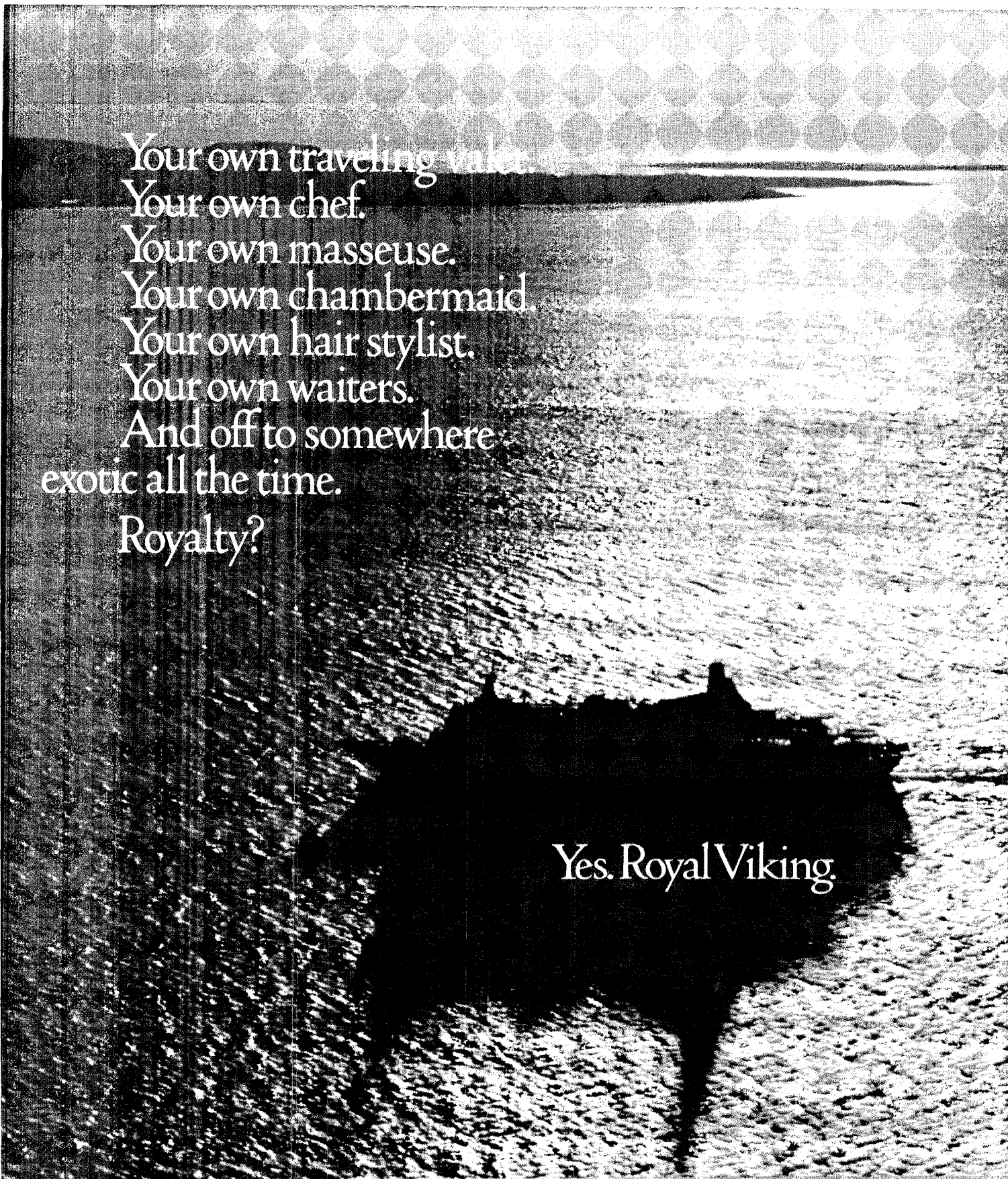
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Chand tried to gain some time, pedaling hard and ringing his bell furiously, the seat creaking under him with the effort, and the bicycle swinging from side to side as he wove in and out of the traffic. I kept my legs up and close to the bicycle, out of harm's way, only to discover that this gave me cramps in my calves.

Gian Chand's route was about three miles long. Most of it was in the old city, through a maze of narrow, stifling *gullis* and bazaars. Sometimes the route became so congested that Gian Chand couldn't pedal at all. He had to dismount and walk the bicycle, while I hung on as best I could. But whenever there was a clear stretch he would jump back onto the bicycle and race ahead, sometimes lifting himself off the seat and hunching over the handlebars in order to pedal harder and faster, his back smelling of sweat.

Now we passed a vender hawking cloth, now shops loud with the clatter of metal and tin, now some stalls giving off the stale smell of leather and rubber. In the distance, I heard the beating of carding bows. I had been inside several of the gates and *gullis* of the old city before, but mostly in a tonga with my family—never through so much of it at such close quarters. I thought of Mamaji going to school here, and of how the old city had cut short her education at the fourth standard. For some years now, I had been fighting to break one bond between her and me—the bond of little schooling—and here I was going into the same old city in search of education. I felt nearer to her even as I felt repelled, and therefore happy even as I felt discouraged.

By the time we reached the school, the traffic noise, the kilnlike heat, and the choking bazaars, together with the bumps, jolts, and turns and the grit and grime, had left me feeling dizzy and tired.

My first class was in Braille, English, local history, folklore, and general knowledge, and it was with Mr. Baqir. "Welcome, welcome!" he said, in Punjabi, leading me to a cane-bottomed chair against a long table. Then he told the class, "We have a new, well-to-do lad—a day scholar."

I remembered that at Dadar School we had once had a day scholar, and how strange his coming and going every day had seemed to us boarders. Mr. Baqir introduced the rest of the class to me—three boys sitting around the table. "This is Roshan Jah, Hindu agri. This is Muhammad Bashir,

Muslim agri. This is Semual, Christian non-agri."

I was puzzled by the mention of their religions and couldn't understand what "agri" and "non-agri" were, and said as much.

"The well-to-do day scholar doesn't know the difference between Hindu and Muslim, Muslim and Christian, Christian and Hindu!" Mr. Baqir roared. He had a very loud voice.

"But I do," I said. "I don't know what 'agri' and 'non-agri' are."

"Listen, boys, the well-to-do day scholar doesn't know 'agri' and 'non-agri.' Roshan Jah, tell him."

"Baqir Sahib, 'agri' is agriculture, 'non-agri' is non-agriculture," said a boy across from me, in a very rustic accent.

"Semual, how many kinds of peti-

tions are there for blind schools?"

"Two, Baqir Sahib," a boy at the end of the table said.

"And what are they called?"

"Agri and non-agri, Baqir Sahib," he said.

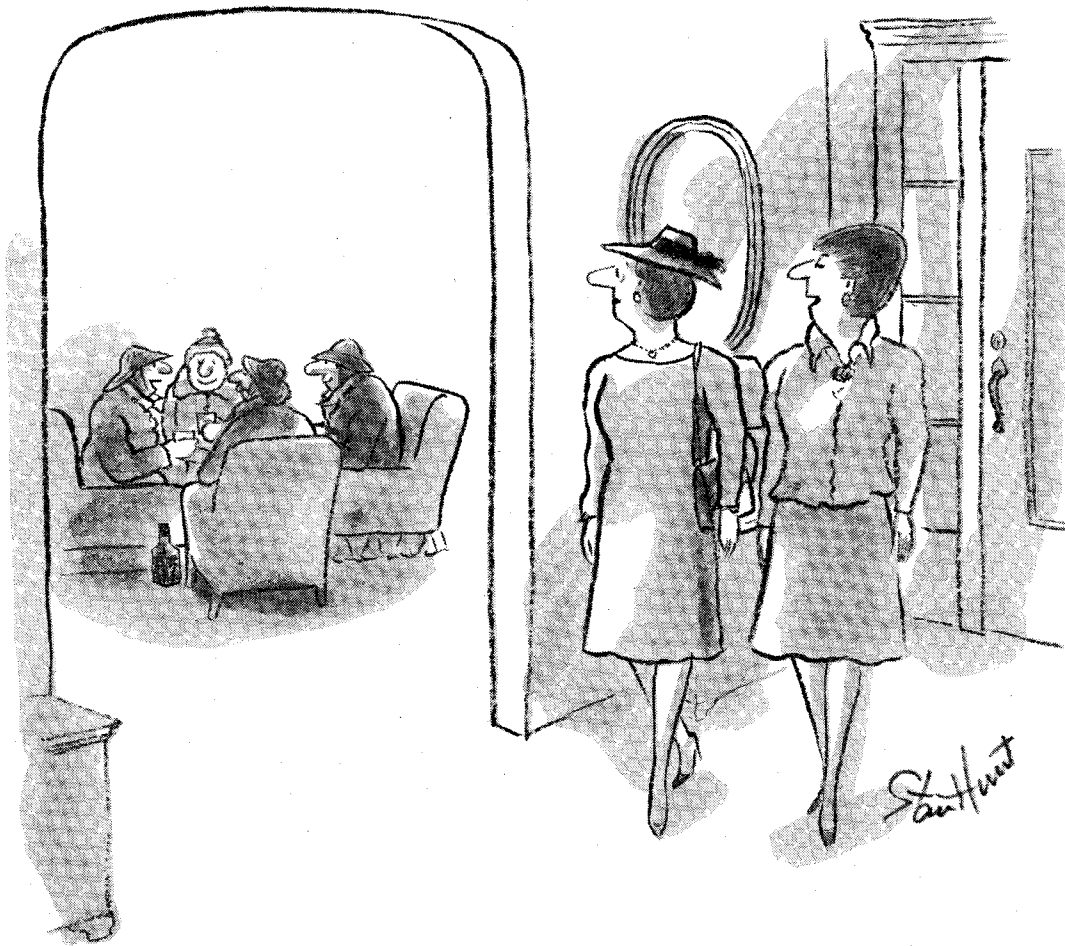
"Now, well-to-do day scholar, you can tell your doctor father that you've had your first lesson in general knowledge."

The boys laughed and shifted their bare feet under the table. In spite of myself, I felt at home; at Dadar School, I had been the only one except Mr. Ras Mohun, the principal, who had shoes.

The classroom was perhaps twice the size of a servant's quarters and was stuffy. From the center of the ceiling hung a common variety of manual fan, which I could reach up and touch. It was made out of bamboo strips with a



"Accepted for many years as a work of Angelo Carlo Rutenna, of Vignale. It is now believed that the museum really got taken on this one."



"Some of Winthrop's foul-weather friends."

cloth backing, and was worked by a boy posted at the door. He pulled and relaxed the rope in a deliberate manner, making the fan groan and slightly stir the sluggish air over our heads. Mr. Baqir, who sat at the head of the table, facing the doorway, was smoking a *biri*, chewing *pan* and smacking his lips, and tapping a cane on the table. The smell of pungent, cheap tobacco, the noise of his chewing, and the rat-a-tat of his cane gave the place the dissolute atmosphere of a streetside stall.

"We in this room are all totally blind—that is, except for the sleepy fanwallah, and he might as well be blind," Mr. Baqir said. "So be on the alert. Prick up your ears, and the moment you hear the clicking heels of Mr. Khanna clear your throat, for the doorway is Mr. Khanna's eyes."

"What will Mr. Khanna do?" I asked.

"Do?" Mr. Baqir bellowed. "The well-to-do day scholar doesn't know! Mr. Khanna walks up and down the veranda looking into the doorways. He can lift back the chick so silently that even a dog can't hear it. If he

sees or hears unseemly things, he will file a bad report on us to the government."

Mr. Baqir didn't explain what unseemly things he had in mind, but I recalled that at Dadar School the sound of Mr. Ras Mohun's shoes would make us straighten ourselves or raise our heads or put our hands under the table. This, too, made me feel at home. It became apparent, however, that Emerson was unlike Dadar School in that there was no bell, no clock, no set hour for doing anything. Roshan Jah, Muhammad Bashir, and Semual stepped out onto the veranda to take the air or smoke a *biri* whenever they liked. All of them were older than I was. Semual was nineteen, Muhammad Bashir was sixteen, and Roshan Jah was fifteen. We had one Braille book among us, which we passed along the table like a basket of sweetmeats, each reading a word or two in English while Mr. Baqir kept up a vague patter in Punjabi about the benefits of being able to read English Braille and knowing at least a few English words. He would stop now and again to shout "A little harder,

my boy!" and for a time the irritating noise of the swinging fan would become fast and ragged. Every few minutes, one or another of us would ask the boy what time it was. He alone had a watch. The time at school seemed to pass almost as slowly as the time at home. I felt the walls of the room closing in, crushing my ambition to go to school and to be like others—I longed for four o'clock.

After a couple of hours or so, Mr. Baqir sent Roshan Jah to the weaving class and me to the singing class; he kept back Semual and Muhammad Bashir for more teaching. The singing class was with Mr. Chander, who was so mild-mannered that he could almost have been taken for a servant. Anyway, he couldn't have copied Mr. Baqir's lazy ways if he'd wanted to. "Mr. Khanna doesn't even have to step out of his room at the end of the veranda to know that I'm doing my job," Mr. Chander told me. "He

has only to listen for the continuous sound of harmonium and tabla and singing."

Even though I didn't like my singing voice anymore, the music calmed my disturbed spirit.

Then it was lunchtime. The whole school—half a dozen teachers and about fifteen students—milled around the cleft tree, under the hot sun, crunching bark and twigs underfoot and eating parathas with strong-smelling pickles while I tried to swallow a cucumber-and-tomato sandwich. I gave away the rest of my sandwiches to a few boys standing around me. They had never had sandwiches before, and they ate them with exclamations of wonder.

The people around me acted and talked like servants, addressing one another by name but addressing me by honorifics like "sahib" and "huzoor." I imagined that they all regarded me somewhat the way they regarded Mr. Khanna—as a new person who might report on them to the government—for everyone seemed to know that Daddyji was an important official and that it was because of him that Mr.

Khanna had been hired in the first place.

When Mamaji became exasperated with my sisters and brother because they gave themselves college airs and were difficult to manage, she would say things like "I know I'm only an unlettered servant in your father's house." When I was a little younger, I would run up to her and embrace her and say, "Don't say things like that. You're our dear mother." At the same time, I felt like a servant myself—in fact, less than a servant, for I had a servant's disability of lack of education but did not have a servant's abilities, such as cooking and shopping, cleaning and serving. Now here I was going to what seemed like a school of blind servants.

I spent the afternoon with the weaving teacher, learning about yarn and a loom. Finally, Gian Chand arrived to collect me. All the way back home on the bicycle, I thought of the sedate nuns who taught my sisters and cousin-sisters in convents in the new city, and of the sedate monks who taught my big brother and many of my cousin-brothers in monastic schools in the modern city, and I felt ashamed. Later on, at home, I felt too ashamed to relate my school experiences, and no one pressed me. It was as if everyone had guessed what the school was like, and didn't want to know about it any more than I wanted to tell about it.

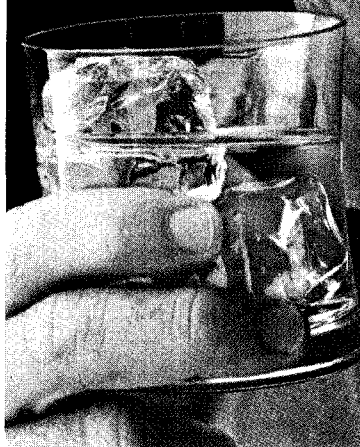
"**C**ONFORM" can be written in Braille with only three Braille signs," Mr. Baqir said one morning. "You use the contraction for 'c-o-n,' the contraction for 'f-o-r,' and then the letter 'm.' 'Conform' with three Braille signs is easier to read with fingers than 'conform' with seven Braille signs."

I asked, "What is the contraction for 'c-o-n'?"

"Day scholar, do not interrupt," Mr. Baqir said, tapping his cane on the table. "Interruption is one of the failings of Hindus. Hindus will interrupt even a prayer." Mr. Baqir was a Muslim.

I didn't learn that day or the day after or the day after that what the contraction sign for 'c-o-n' was—or, for that matter, what the contraction sign for any other set of letters was. I stopped asking after a while, however, because I realized that Mr. Baqir was not interested in teaching. Yet if any of us made a mistake in reading Braille or in answering a question he would let fly a torrent of abuse. In my

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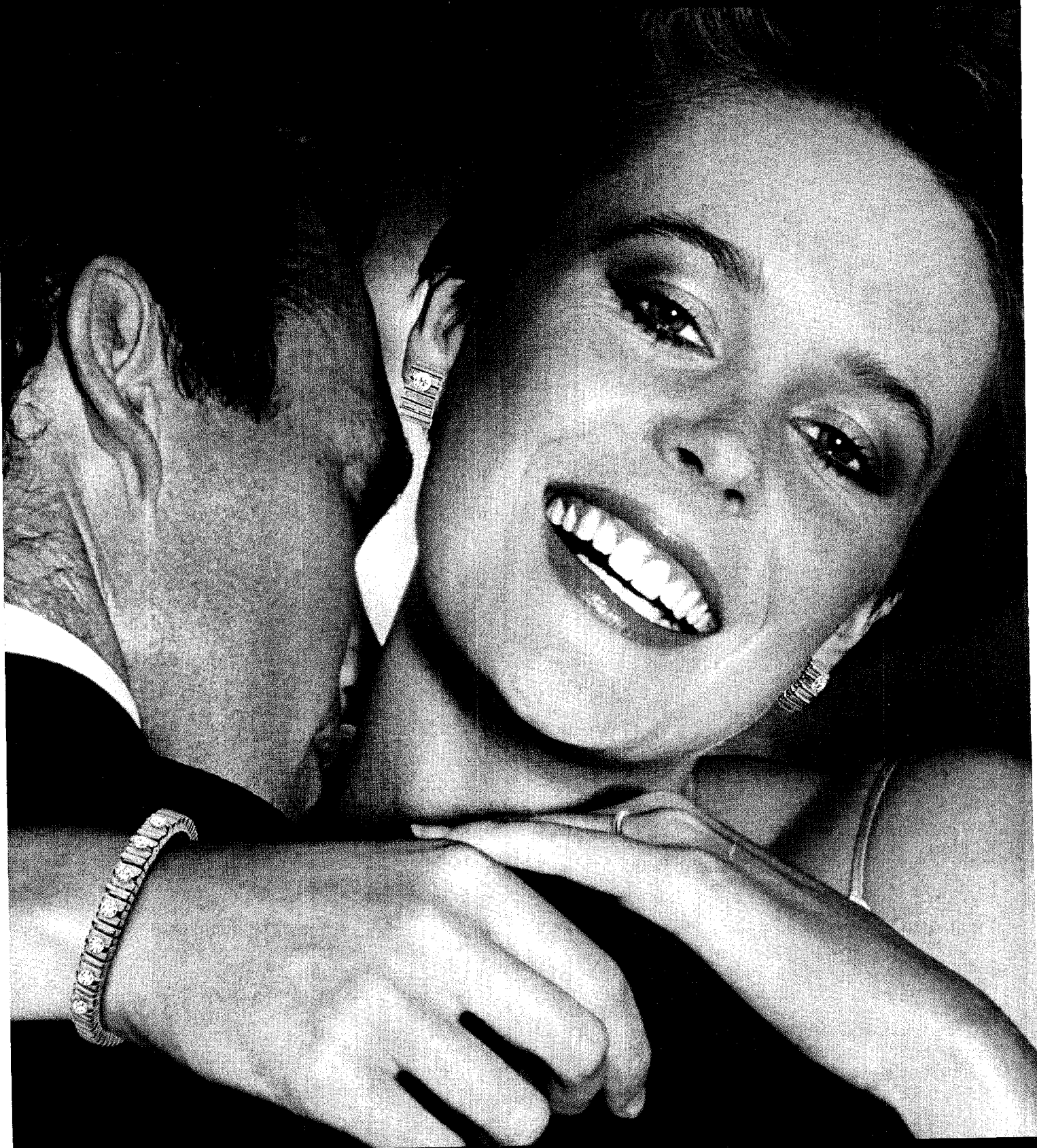
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family, we were not allowed to use even ordinary words of abuse, like "idiot." The words of abuse that Mr. Baqir used I had heard only in the bazaars, and then only in bad bazaars.

All the same, I enjoyed being at school. I found the students very friendly. Having my own private world made me feel independent. From seven-twenty in the morning, when I left home, till five, when I got back, I was busy.

MOST of Mr. Baqir's class time was spent talking about the Hira Mandi. ("Hira Mandi" means "gem market.") As he never tired of repeating, no blind person could ever go there, because its sighted inhabitants imagined that their rubies, emeralds, sapphires, diamonds, pearls were all so many rocks to blind people. Mr. Baqir would add, "In fact, blindness is considered the curse of the place—the darkness that robs the gems of their lustre, the dreaded fate buried in the stones of pleasure, the rank weed in the pleasure garden." He would not explain but would go on, mysteriously, "It's a reminder that disease and death stalk all those who seek pleasure."

"I will slip in there in the cover of night," Muhammad Bashir once said. "If our prophet doesn't deny us the houris, how can Hira Mandi deny us its gems?"

"Ah, you can go, you can go there," Mr. Baqir said. "You can gain entrance, you can be received, under the cloak of darkness. But when, Muhammad Bashir, they find out you are blind they will cast you out like a common stone, for the disease that causes blindness they dread above all." He beat the table with his cane to emphasize his words. "That disease is the fate worse than death."

"What disease?" I asked. "What is it called?"

"Sh-h-h. It's the disease of diseases," he said. He couldn't be coaxed to say more. But after a while he did say, without clearing up matters very much, "Your affliction, our affliction, calls for only pity, not pleasure."

Yet among us we thought that Mr. Baqir himself must once have lived in Hira Mandi, for his talk had the electricity of firsthand experience. "Perhaps he was sighted once, and that's why he was able to go there and enjoy himself," Semual said.

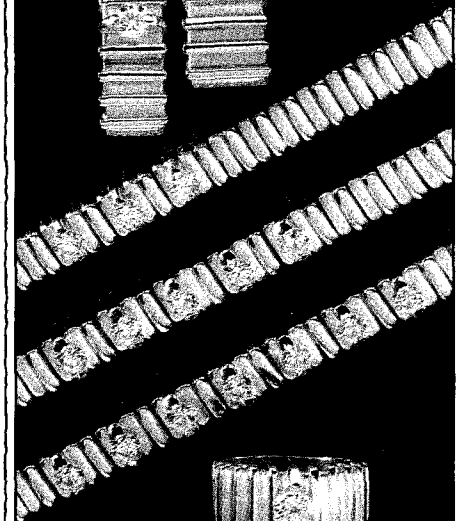
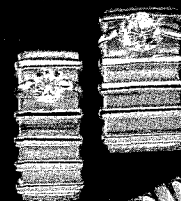
"Go on!" Muhammad Bashir said. "If he had been, he would have told us." He thought for a moment, and then added, "Maybe he caught the dreaded disease there and went blind because of it."

We knew nothing of Mr. Baqir's life—how he went blind, where he was born, where he came from, how he first came to the school, where he went when the school closed in the afternoon. All we knew was that he and the partially sighted weaving teacher left the school together every day. We felt as shut out from his past as he said we were shut out from Hira Mandi.

And Hira Mandi, from his description, sounded so dangerous and alluring that we could scarcely sit still in our chairs. He talked about it the way musicians sing a raga—with plenty of repetition and improvisation. "Hira Mandi is a whole city within the old city," he would say, "with its own bazaars and *gullis*, its own squares and drains, asleep during the day when we are at the Emerson Institute, alive at dusk with courtesans, more various than the jewels in a jeweller's shop, than the fruit in a fruit shop: some of them wandering in their pajamas in the bazaars, hair uncombed, sleep still in their eyes, taking air, looking for sighted men; some lowly pearls among them standing in front of *pan-biri* shops smoking and sucking betel nut, their lips hot, wet, and red; some rubies and sapphires among them walking and shopping with their accompanists—harmonium players, tabla players, sarangi players—buzzing about them like bees, now settling on this flower, now settling on that flower, bantering, making rude remarks and being told off, passing the time until the evening hour arrives to tune up and play. Upstairs, the choicest rubies and emeralds spend a long time getting ready—scrubbing and bathing, sometimes shaving the whole body and making it as smooth as a whistle, applying powder to the neck, rouge to the cheeks, kohl to the eyelids, henna to the hands and feet, combing and plaiting the hair, choosing saris or salwars, kemises, and veils, looking in the mirror, being inspected by the mother, receiving final instructions. As it gets dark, the balconies and windows are lighted up. The choicest rubies and emeralds take their places. Mu-



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sicians strike up. Nautch girls warm up, little bells jingling around their ankles. Sighted men walk the *gullis*, looking up hungrily. This house is bathed in jasmine and that house in sweet pea. Here and there, there is the scented air of the queen of the night."

Mr. Baqir's talk about Hira Mandi tantalized us, making us feel helpless, as if we were all standing at the gates of Hira Mandi with the sign "Abandon hope all ye blind who enter here."

"From the lighted balconies and windows, they call out in as many tongues as there are sighted men walking below. And the sighted men wonder: Is it to be the Kashmiran with the fair skin in that window? The wheat-complexioned Punjaban in that window? The gray-eyed hill girl standing over there in the corner of that balcony? The blue-eyed Afghani glowering from that doorway? Suddenly, a sighted man darts into a dark doorway and runs up the stairs. He has seen the woman of his heart's desire. He has made up his mind. Upstairs, he sits with her—maybe it's on a divan, maybe it's on a cot, maybe it's on the floor. But they're next to each other, their knees touching. They bargain under the watchful eye of the mother. She asks him for his horoscope. They are superstitious, very superstitious. The best houses shelter the same rubies we blind people hear on the radio and on records. What did you ask? Noor Jehan? Most certainly. Not one Noor Jehan but a hundred Noor Jehans. They are unattainable, like queens. More money than any blind person ever earned is required just to sit with one of them. He leans against a velvet bolster. She makes *pan* with her own hands, and serves it to him on a silver tray with balls of cotton wool dabbed in musky scent. She brings him his own spittoon. She sits at his feet and serenades him with a song, conducting her accompanists with her outstretched hand. The harmonium sounds a note, the tabla whispers, the sarangi and she begin a lively dialogue. She and the sarangi float up to the sighted man on a cushion of sound, surround him, caress him, bathe him, tease him. She sets him on fire. For her song is a dream thought, a personal address, a birdcall. The man against the velvet bolster dreams; he goes with his fancies, her fancies. The tabla starts up, races after her, catches her. She signals to the sarangi to retreat, and the tabla brings her back to earth. Melody gives way to rhythm, and a

new dialogue begins, between the pitter-patter of the tabla and her:

"Pitter-pitter."

"No, no."

"Patter-patter."

"Not yet."

"Patter-pitter, pitter-patter."

"Leave be. I'm destined only for the king against the velvet bolster."

"The king leaning against the velvet bolster hears her song—tremulous, joyous, tripping, beckoning, sweet, adoring. Men materialize from the nooks and crannies, for the song knows no walls and no boundaries—except the wall of blindness. She finishes, and the dreamers wake with 'wah-wah' on their lips. They make offerings of coins and notes. She sits panting. People around her repeat their favorite lyric, debating and interpreting it. She takes the man against the velvet bolster inside and serves him sherbet, cool and misty in a tall colored glass, and a thimble of a delicious liqueur of saffron and spices, pigeon blood and partridge blood. Later on, there are requests for more songs, more ragas. This request and that request and arguments about requests—each sighted man vying to have his song on her lips. All argument comes to an end as she waves her hand. Perhaps the song is an answer to a request, perhaps not. She is the mistress. She can sing what she likes."

I would be transported, imagining that Mr. Baqir went to Hira Mandi every evening—indeed, there were days when it seemed to me that the scent of jasmine or sweet peas emanated from his clothes—and imagining myself in Hira Mandi, roaming, listening, smoking, being serenaded by Noor Jehan, being served sherbet and liqueur by her.

But then Muhammad Bashir would say something like "There is no Hira Mandi on earth. That's our paradise. Hindus are not permitted there."

I had grown up hearing that Muslims were great sensualists, that they made the best cooks, the best butchers, and the best husbands, and that their holy book was full of sensual images. I had grown up hearing Urdu verses by Muslim poets, which extolled the joys of drink and love, of women's lips and hair, of moonlight and sunset. I even preferred my father's Muslim friends to his Hindu friends, because they radiated charm, warmth, and good manners, and were physical. They touched everyone and everything freely. I felt at one with them. Sometimes Muhammad Bashir, too, was persuaded that

Hira Mandi was a real place, an earthly mirror of the pleasure garden in Paradise. Then he couldn't understand why, if houris would receive him up there, their earthly sisters would spurn him. But Muhammad Bashir never discussed the question with Mr. Baqir, a fellow-Muslim, because any time Mr. Baqir was challenged or contradicted the cane in his hand would fidget, its rat-a-tat becoming faster, the swish of its swing shorter, as if he were in a rage at a particularly recalcitrant dog and were whacking it.

We would be lost in the thought of houris and singing girls, but then Mr. Baqir would rudely bring us back to the school—to the cane-bottomed chairs, the sluggish fan overhead, the indolent boy at the door. "The end of pleasure in Hira Mandi is ravaging disease," he would say. "Anywhere on the body, boils break out, the flesh burns, ear, nose, and chin get charred. They crumble and fall off like a burnt coal. Hira Mandi is littered with them, with charred fingers and toes, too, and other things of diseased men and women."

ONE morning, Daddyji casually said to me while he was shaving, "Perhaps you can become a teacher at the Emerson Institute one day. You could even become its principal."

I was taken aback. It was one thing to go there because I had nothing better to do, quite another thing to think of making my life there. "It's a disgusting hole," I found myself saying. "They teach you dirty things there."

The even sound of Daddyji's safety razor against his cheek stopped. He hummed to himself and slowly shook his safety razor in the glass of water—the way he often did when he was thinking. "Disgusting hole!" he repeated, and he continued, "I didn't

like the atmosphere of the place when I went there, but I had no idea that you felt so strongly against it. Would you like to stop going there?" It was quite common for him to reverse himself in this way at the first sign that we children weren't happy in something we were doing.

I found my cheeks getting prickly and hot. I feared he might find out the kind of things Mr. Baqir talked about, and take me out of the school just when I had begun to feel comfortable there, in a way I no longer did at home. At school, I felt I could look any way I wanted to. I could relax the muscles of my face, look as expressionless and stony as I liked. There was no one to watch and scrutinize. I quickly reversed myself. "It's not disgusting," I said. "I just mean it needs improvements."

"Maybe I can work for some improvements," he said.

After that, I would often ask Daddyji what he had done about the improvements. One evening, he came home from the office and told me, "I spoke to Sir Manohar Lal about you and the institute again, and he has agreed to make an additional forty-five-thousand-rupee grant to it. It's a single-time grant, and it is not much money, but it will enable your institute to add a wing to its building."

ONE day, Mr. Khanna summoned me to his room. I wondered what I had done wrong. Had he somehow found out my secret—that Mr. Baqir's talk of Hira Mandi excited me, suffused me with longing even as it filled me with terror?

Mr. Khanna couldn't have been much older than Cousin Yog, who was about eighteen, but I dreamed of him as a giant with eyes the size of windows. The door of his room was open. I went in and sat down in a cane-bottomed chair placed across the table from him. I was exposed to the draft of his gaze and felt small and frightened. I arranged and rearranged my hands under the table and put an interested expression on my face.

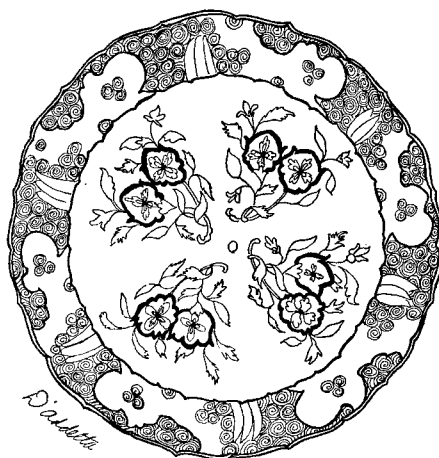
"You've been at the Emerson Institute for some time now," he said. "How do you like it, my boy?"

Being called a boy made me feel, if possible, smaller still, and when I answered him my voice cracked even more than usual.

"I like it, sir."

"Do you like your teachers here? Are you learning something?"

I couldn't shake the feeling that we



had an audience—that whatever I said would soon be all over the school. For outside there was the sound of someone pacing up and down the veranda, barefoot. Sometimes the footsteps sounded like those of Mr. Baqir, sometimes like those of Mr. Chander. It could have been just a ghost, for the sound was as light as an apparition walking to and fro on its feathered feet.

"I am learning, sir."

"I told your father I wasn't sure that it would be helpful for you to come here. But he said you were determined. It's a long time since you attended school, isn't it, my boy?"

"Yes, sir. Over three years."

"How did you like Dadar School?"

"I was happy there, sir. But the Bombay climate didn't suit me, so I was sick a lot of the time."

"You were exposed, then, quite young, to what schools for the blind were like, and you still wanted to come to the Emerson Institute?"

"Well, sir, my brother and all my sisters go to school, and I admire my father, who is very well educated and has travelled a lot. He always wanted me to have the same education as my brother and sisters. He even tried to send me to Perkins, in America."

"Your father told me about that. Why didn't Perkins take you?"

"They said, sir, I was too young, and should know more about my country before coming there."

"That's true enough. Well, then, what have you been doing about it—what have you been learning about your country?"

My hands kept circling each other involuntarily under the table, as if I were washing something. "Until we came to Lahore, I had to stay at home, because there was no school for me to go to."

"But didn't you know that if you wanted to go to America you would need a lot of preparation?"

"But, as I said, sir, there was no school for me to go to."

"You could have been tutored at home."

"I was, in music."

"But why not in arithmetic, or English? What good would tuition in Indian music be to you at Perkins?"

"No one at home knew how to teach me—no one knew Braille."

"Teaching a blind child is not so very different from teaching a sighted child. Until I became principal here, I'd never known anyone who was blind. If each of your sisters had

helped you an hour a day, you might have learned as much as you would have learned at school."

This was the first time that anyone had ever suggested such an idea, and I couldn't understand why my sisters hadn't thought of it. I couldn't find my voice. Finally, I was able to say, "I don't know why, sir. Perhaps everyone was too busy."

"Too busy to teach you? That's not my impression of your father—of your family."

"I can't think why else, then."

"Maybe they never stopped to consider your special problems."

"My father always said that I would one day go to America and learn everything there."

"But they took your going to America too much for granted. You may never get there. I don't mind telling you that you and your father have left everything to America, and used going there someday as an excuse for not facing up to things here. You've just believed that going there would solve everything for you. You have to prepare yourself here for many years before you can go to America. Even if you should get to America someday, who knows how much they could teach you by then?"

I told him about Daddyji's plan to take me to America in five years, after he retired. "My father says an education is a lifelong asset, like a house or a motorcar."

"So far, you have an education up to the third or fourth standard, which normal children finish by the time they're eight. You're twelve. When your father retires, you'll be seventeen or so. For a boy, seventeen is a big age. Boys of that age go and fight wars."

"I'm going to study in America no matter what."

"I know you and your father, and can sympathize with your ambitions,

but I don't think the authorities in America will. Those who don't know you will consider you very foolish."

"I want an education so that I'll be normal—like everyone else."

"Whatever you do, you'll never convince people that you're normal. Anyway, supposing you do get to study in America, what would you like to do in life? Would you be interested in coming back to India and helping the blind people here?"

I knew I didn't want to become a music teacher, like temperamental Masterji, who had taught me in Rawalpindi. I knew I didn't want to teach in a school for the blind, like Mr. Baqir. I knew I didn't want to sit idle and live upstairs off the rent from the downstairs of our house, as Daddyji had sometimes suggested. But I didn't have the slightest idea what I wanted to do—what I could do. "If I could see, I would be a doctor, like my father."

"But you can't see. What else but teaching the blind is there for you to do?"

"What am I to do?" I cried, shivering under the cold draft of his gaze. I wanted to get out and run back to Mr. Baqir's class.

"Maybe I can help you," Mr. Khanna said, suddenly sounding friendly. "You spend two hours with Baqir Sahib, don't you? Say you come into my room instead for one of those hours. Would you like that, my boy?"

I wasn't sure, but I said, "Yes, sir." Then—feeling hopeful in a surge—"I'd like it very much, sir."

"Well, you do just that." For the first time, he fumbled for words. "Well, we'll see. You can go now."

MR. KHANNA started taking me for an hour a day. I had hoped that he would teach me more arithmetic, for instance, but instead he whiled away the hour talking about the British suppression of India, about the bitter differences between Hindus and Muslims, about the lack of facilities for the blind in India. Once or twice a week, however, he did give me a few English words to memorize. Then, one day, he gave me some knitting needles and a ball of yarn, and said, "While we talk, you can knit. That way, you will know at least one handicraft, and knitting is one handicraft that won't ruin your fingers for reading Braille."

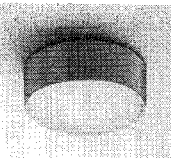
I protested. I associated the clicking sound of knitting needles and the bounce of a ball of yarn with Mamaji



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and my sisters, aunts, and cousins. I didn't like sitting across from his desk clicking my needles, feeling the ball of yarn dance in my lap. Every day, I decided to tell him right out that I wasn't going to knit anymore, but every day, in his presence, I was tongue-tied. For days, purposely, I would not hold the knitting needles the way he showed me, would drop stitches, and would get knots in the yarn.

One morning, as I walked to his room for my hour I kept repeating to myself, "I'm not going to knit, I'm not going to knit, I'm not going to knit," and the moment I walked into his room I blurted out, "I'm not going to knit."

"Oh, why not?" he asked, with some surprise. "People from good families knit."

"I'd rather cane chairs and weave than knit."

"Those are low-caste occupations."

I objected, I tried to argue, I sulked, but he kept me at knitting. I was careful to leave the knitting, like Mr. Baqir's girl talk, at school. I do remember, however, that I once asked Mr. Khanna to read me something in a book, and he said to me, cryptically, "I have not been able to overcome my dyslexia completely." (It was years before I learned what "dyslexia" meant.)

ONE day, I picked up one of Sister Nimi's books from a table beside her pillow, where she kept them. Sister Nimi was always reading a "storybook." The storybook was small and compact compared with a clumsy Braille book, which, when it was open, was almost as large as a pillow and was heavy enough to tip a night table over. Also, Sister Nimi's book had a cloth cover, smooth and satiny, like Mamaji's sari, and an irresistible smell of fresh ink and new paper. I took it to Sister Nimi, my heart racing.

"What is it called?" I asked.

"'Gone with the Wind.'"

I imagined that the book was about a small boy who had been pulled aloft by a kite and carried all the way to England, where he joined a Gurkha regiment and fought Hitler, and that the regiment won and the small boy was paraded all over London, riding on the shoulders of Churchill.

"Read me a few sentences," I said.

"It's in English, crazy," she said.

My English was so meagre that I couldn't even understand an occasion-

al sentence that Daddyji read from a newspaper to the family gathered around him in the morning.

"Just a few sentences," I said. "You can translate them for me."

"That'll take a lot of time," she said. "Besides, this book is not for children."

That could mean only one thing, I decided—it was not about war and Churchill but about girls and love. My heart raced even faster. "Please," I begged.

"Don't be a nuisance," she said. "Be a good boy. Go and put it back."

That night, when everybody was asleep, I propped myself on my bed with "Gone with the Wind" in front of my face and turned its pages fast, the way Sister Nimi did, imagining a Hira Mandi in America, and thought how strange it was that both Mamaji and Daddyji, in their different ways, often tried to stop my sisters from reading.

Whenever one of my sisters sat down with a book, Mamaji would say, "Put it away. You'll ruin your eyes. Then you'll have to wear spectacles, and no one will marry you. There are lots of girls who wear spectacles, and their prospective husbands are never told about it until the knot is tied. But you are your father's daughter. We can't play such tricks. Remember, Babuji took your Auntie Vimla out of college when it looked as if she would have to wear spectacles." (Babuji was Mamaji's father.) And Daddyji often lectured my sisters about saving their eyes by not reading books with small print, and instructed them to develop good reading habits—to keep the book a foot away from the face, to read in the daylight as much as possible, to sit in such a way that the light fell on the book from the left, in order to avoid any shadow on the page. At night, the lights were turned out at exactly ten-thirty, regardless of how much Sister Nimi protested that she had a few

more pages left to finish in her storybook. Here was I, who would have given anything to read—night or day—or, at least, have someone read aloud to me, but, try as I might, that day, the day after, or the day after that, whenever I asked anyone to read something aloud to me there was always some excuse. There wasn't the right light or the right chair, or it wasn't the right time. If the book wasn't in English, it was in Hindi or Urdu, and my sisters and brother, educated in Western schools, had trouble reading those scripts. I soon forgot that it was possible for someone to read aloud to me; after all, the idea was new, having just been planted by Mr. Khanna. I soon forgot even that there were people at home who could read aloud. I was lost. So it was that when I felt glimmerings of a new way of learning, that way was quickly closed.

Years later, I asked my sisters and brother why they hadn't helped to educate me. They gave different answers:

"We always thought you were going to be a music master."

"We took it for granted that you would live upstairs at 11 Temple Road and rent the downstairs and eat and drink and be happy."

"We thought educating you required special training, special equipment."

"Like Daddyji, we pinned all our hopes on Perkins."

"We all remembered what Shambhu Pandit had said: 'There is not a shadow in the boy's horoscope. His blindness is only temporary.'" Shambhu Pandit was our family Brahman.

PICTURES OF MARRIAGE

MY sisters were growing big, and even though they protested, and said they would never get married, there was constant talk of finding husbands for them. I could no longer go up to them, squeeze their small breasts, and say "Ponk, ponk," pretending that they were Klaxons on a motorcar. Now even hugging made me shy.

I remember that when I had just gone blind Daddyji put me in his motorcar and we went for a long ride. Then we were in a completely new place. There some cousin-brothers dressed me in a long, heavy coat and tight shoes with curled-up toes. The coat and shoes had thin wire woven in all over and felt shiny. I picked at a bit of the wire on the sleeve. "Don't,"



they said. "It's real gold." They put a silk turban on my head, and I pulled at the free end, which hung way down my back, like a veil. "Don't," they said. "The turban will come off."

They carried me into a strange room filled with familiar voices, and everyone clapped. "A perfect child bridegroom!" they cried. "You would think he was getting married instead of Cousin Dharam Bir."

"What's a child bridegroom?" I asked.

Everyone laughed.

We went outside. I was lifted onto a horse jingling with all sorts of things and was made to sit on something still and slippery in front of Cousin Dharam Bir. The horse snorted and shook as if it were getting ready to run.

"Get me down!" I cried.

Many hands reached up and patted me. Cousin Dharam Bir slipped my hand under a little hollow in front of me and told me to hold tight. He put his arms around me. Horns sounded, drums rolled, firecrackers went off, and the horse started walking slowly.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To the wedding, child bridegroom," the horsewallah said. "To get a new lady relative for you. There will be a Brahman, a fire, incense, and ghi." He clicked his tongue and urged the horse forward.

"Will the new lady relative have a horse, too?" I asked, pulling at the coat of the horse with my free hand—the hair was matted but bouncy.

"Oh, no," the horsewallah said. "Only the bridegroom and the child bridegroom ride on the horse. She sits and weeps."

Cousin Dharam Bir said something over my head. The band got really loud. Then I was lifted off the horse, passed from hand to hand, and carried into another strange room. I felt restless and fidgety. A strange lady embraced me and said, "You think you're going to get married. Marriage is not for you." I slept.

When I awoke, my turban had fallen off, and unfamiliar hands were taking off my coat and shoes. Once more, I was in the motorcar. There were the familiar voices of Daddyji beside me in the driver's seat and Cousin Dharam Bir in the back. The voices were droning over the murmur of the motor. Someone rustled in the back seat. "Who's that?" I asked.

"She's your cousin-brother's wife, Satya," Daddyji said.

She leaned forward and put her

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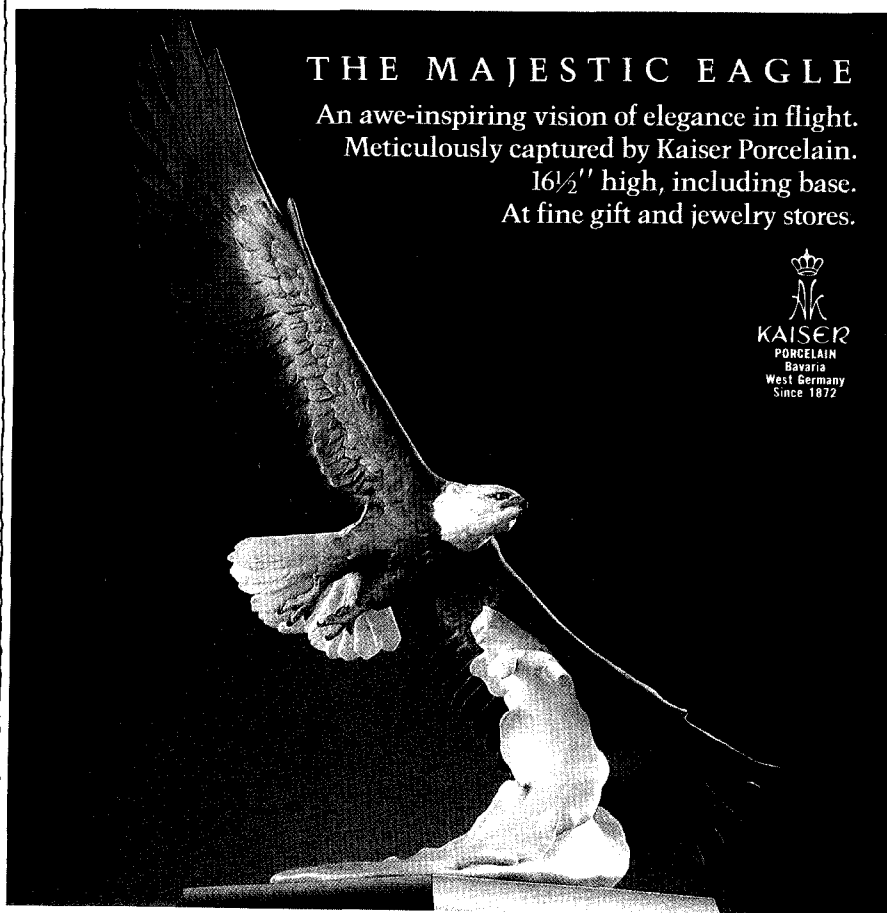
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arms around me. "Come to me," she said, her voice jingling like the things on the wedding horse. I climbed over the back of the front seat and sat with her and Cousin Dharam Bir.

When I was about eight, a cousin-sister from Mehta Gulli came to stay with us in Rawalpindi. She brought us the news that Daulat Ram Chachaji—one of my father's brothers—had broken off Cousin Sheila's engagement. "You all heard that Sheila was marrying a very rich boy," she said. "On the day of the engagement, he arrived with some coolies carrying his engagement present. And what a present it was! A teakwood dressing table complete with a stool, a mirror, a cosmetic box, and hairbrushes. The hairbrushes had silver backs with Sheila's initials on them. Daulat Ram Chachaji liked the dressing table, but later he began worrying about the young man's big girth. He said, 'A rich son-in-law is all well and good, but from the health point of view his being fat is a distinct handicap, especially since he could not be a hair taller than five feet four.' Subhadran Chachaji"—Cousin Sheila's mother—"who has recently become very plump herself, tried to minimize the issue. She said that to her the fellow looked just healthy. The two argued for some days. Then Daulat Ram Chachaji had a brilliant idea. He knew that every morning the young man walked past the door of the chemist's on the Mall Road. He posted himself there. When he caught sight of the young man coming along, he stepped on the weighing machine that, you remember, stands just outside the chemist's, and quickly inserted an anna. He was studying the card giving his weight and fortune when the young man came abreast. Before the fellow knew what was happening, Daulat Ram Chachaji had maneuvered him onto the weighing machine. And practically before the card dropped out of the slot Daulat Ram Chachaji had read the weight—fourteen stone. They looked at each other, and both knew that the engagement was off. The dressing table, hairbrushes and all, had to be returned. Sheila has now been engaged to a boy from a professional family, and that means no showy, extravagant presents but probably a healthy, long-lived husband."

A year or so later, we went to Kashmir and stayed with some relatives in Srinagar for a couple of days. For long stretches, Daddyji would disappear into the house across the road. "We

don't see any more of you here than we did in Rawalpindi!" we children complained. "What's the point of being on a holiday in Kashmir?"

Daddyji wouldn't explain.

"It must be either a card game or a girl for Cousin Prakash," Sister Umi said. Prakash Anand was Dharam Bir's younger brother, and Daddyji's nephew. Since Daddyji was the most successful member of the family and was considered to have the best eye for feminine beauty, Prakash looked to Daddyji to help him find a wife.

Daddyji laughed, and admitted that he was indeed looking over a girl for Cousin Prakash. "She has large eyes and long, thick hair. Her height is good, and she has a very fair complexion. Her father assures me that she doesn't wear lipstick or fingernail polish. Her family is here from Lahore on holiday. She is affectionately called Rani."

Then, a few months later, when we were visiting Lahore, Cousin Prakash came to Daddyji while I was playing within earshot.

"She wears slacks!" he said.

"Who does?"

"Rani!"

"So? When? Where—on the Mall Road?"

"No, no, in her father's house. Sister Vidya went to visit, and Rani was sitting in the garden in slacks. That's worse than wearing rouge. She's too fashionable, too Westernized, to fit into our family pattern."

There was silence, and then Daddyji asked, "What would you like me to do?"

"Tell them that the engagement is off."

"It will be done."

For a long time, I thought about Rani's slacks and about Cousin Vidya, who was the elder sister of Cousin Prakash. Daddyji used to say that he really admired Cousin Vidya for wearing homespun clothes and living simply on her small salary, and for being one of the first women in the Punjab to do an M.A. in economics and to make a career of teaching in a college—for living by her principles and being self-reliant. Yet it was clear to us children that while people respected her and made a fuss over her they also pitied her, because she had missed out on love and marriage.

"Why is Cousin Vidya a spinster?" I asked Mamaji one day.

"Why? No one would marry a girl with misshapen hands. Poor Vidya—her marriage train pulled out of the

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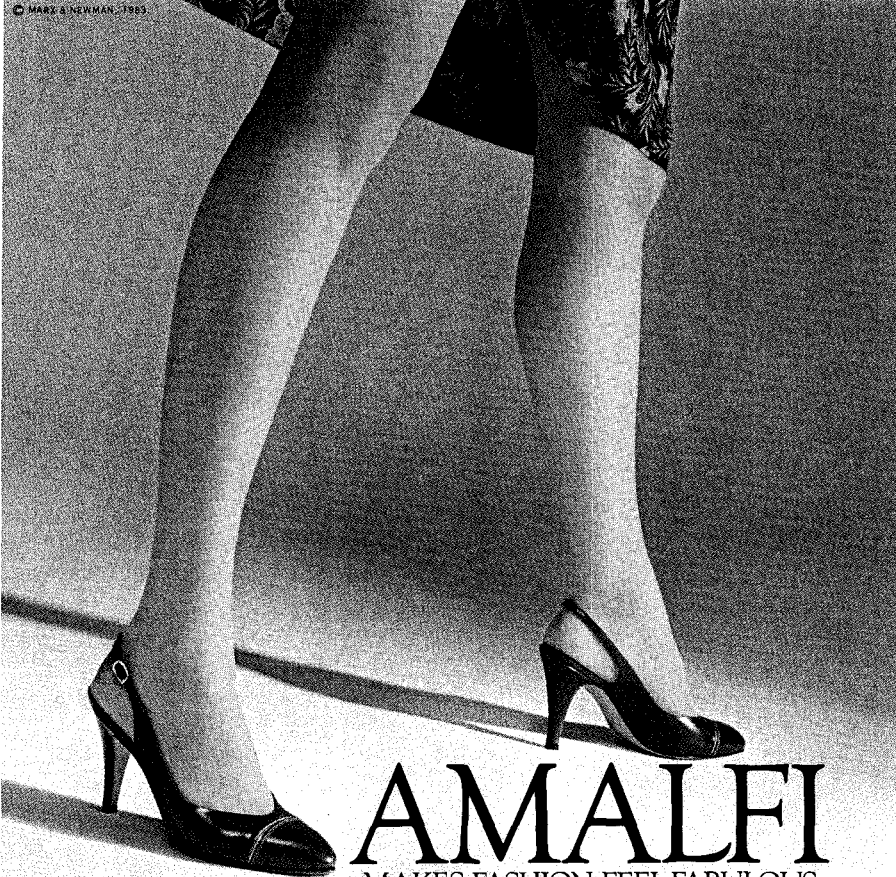


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station before she was twelve, when she got the sickness in her wrists. After that, she never had a chance to wear good clothes, to have a man and a house, to bear children. Marriage was not in her karma. Her dharma was to live alone, wear spectacles, and strain her eyes at the books."

Cousin Vidya, when she spoke, had a way of pausing and breathing out hesitantly through her nose, doing a sort of reverse sniff. It made her sound very wise and thoughtful. Whenever she came to see us, I would try to copy the way she talked, with pauses and sniffs, and long after she had left, people would say to me, "Stop talking like Vidya." Without my knowing exactly why, people used to think there was a bond between her and me. I now asked Mamaji, "Will I end up a spinster?"

"Not a spinster—a bachelor," she said, without a moment's hesitation.

I remember that Sister Pom had a friend in Rawalpindi named Chinta. She was a year older than Sister Pom and, we thought, the loveliest of all her friends. Once, when I was about ten, Cousin Vidya came to stay with us. She saw Chinta, and the moment Chinta left she quizzed Sister Pom about her.

"She has been studying at Kinnaird College, in Lahore, and is the daughter of Uncle Tandon," Sister Pom said, and she explained that R. R. M. Tandon, divisional engineer of the railway, belonged to the small family of government officials in Rawalpindi.

Cousin Vidya suggested Chinta to Daddyji for her youngest brother, Dev. We children couldn't imagine how Cousin Dev could possibly do for Chinta. He was famous with us for lecturing, for scrimping, for joking. Bhua Parmeshwari Devi—his mother, and our paternal aunt—used to say that when he was eight years old he had climbed up onto a mantelpiece and started lecturing, and that he had never stopped. Whenever we met him, he sang the same film song, "I'm Off to Meet My Beloved." But none of us had the pluck to say anything against the match in front of Cousin Vidya.

"Whatever you say goes with me, Vidya," Daddyji said.

"Chinta's very fair, but she looks to me to be a little bit on the short side," Cousin Vidya said.

"I think she's my height," Sister Pom said.

Everybody in the room started debating about Chinta's height.

"If you can't tell, what difference does it make?" I asked.

"It makes a lot of difference. Be quiet," Mamaji said.

"Why don't we just ring her up and ask her how tall she is?" I asked.

"That would be very rude," Cousin Vidya said.

It was decided that Cousin Vidya must settle the question for herself, and Sister Pom was deputed to invite Chinta to the Rawal Club, next door, for tea. As had been arranged, Sister Pom, who was the tallest of my big sisters, took Chinta for a turn around the club gardens, and the rest of us sat with Cousin Vidya on the club veranda as she compared the heights of the two girls. Cousin Vidya was satisfied that Chinta was only two or three inches shorter than Sister Pom. In subsequent days, Cousin Vidya closely observed Chinta talking, eating, sewing, knitting, and studying, and satisfied herself that she had good eyes, that she did not secretly wear spectacles, and that she was not a "modern butterfly type" who would polish her nails, use rouge, or wear slacks. Finally, she told Daddyji to make the proposal, and she left, confident that Chinta's parents would say yes, even though they had not yet met Cousin Dev.

"We don't know the young man," Daddyji reported Uncle Tandon as saying. "We've never seen him. But if he's your nephew he must be a chip off the old block—isn't he?"

"How unfair!" Sister Umi said. "Because of you, Daddyji, Chinta's parents have said yes without even seeing Cousin Dev. But Chinta will not be marrying you—she'll be marrying Cousin Dev."

"Umi, your tongue will get us all into trouble," Mamaji said.

"You don't only marry a man, you marry into a family," Daddyji said. "In the West, things are done differently—there women work and earn and are independent. But we live in India."

I remember that Cousin Dev came to see Chinta, and that Chinta's family and our family met at the Rawal Club for tiffin. As we were all sitting around, Chinta's younger sister Sheila said to me in a loud aside, "Why are our parents torturing poor, fair Chinta into marrying Blackie-Black? He's the color of an eggplant!" Cousin Dev was known to have a dark complexion. "Haven't there been enough unhappy marriages between Beauty and the Beast in the world already?" People often addressed me as if I were a lamp-post, and told me things intended for someone else.

Auntie Tandon stirred her tea very loudly, but everybody had heard Sheila's remark.

Cousin Dev said good-humoredly, "Bridegrooms can be dark—Lord Krishna was dark. Only brides have to be fair and beautiful. Besides, what is there in color when I can recite Urdu verses and set water on fire with them?"

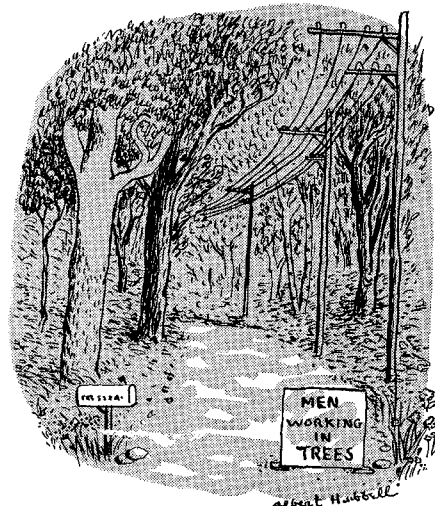
ONE evening, in Lahore, as we were finishing our sweet at the dinner table, Mamaji said, "Thank God, Prakash is reengaged and everything is settled between Dev and Chinta. Now let them get married, and be happy or sad in their own houses and not trouble your daddy." She was outspoken because Daddyji was away at a club.

"What would happen if Chinta was miserable with Cousin Dev?" Sister Umi asked rhetorically. "He's completely unsuitable for Chinta. Cousin Vidya has already let it be known that once Chinta gets married even her name will be changed—she'll be called Nishchint." Cousin Vidya objected to the name Chinta because it meant "worry;" Nishchint meant "without worry." "It's no wonder that when a daughter is born in our country the whole house becomes as silent as a mausoleum. How different it would be if we girls could work and be independent, find our own husbands without any dowry and without relatives getting into it. I think I'll go and live in the West."

"What nonsense you talk," Mamaji said.

"Umi, you'll have to live here, like the rest of us," Sister Pom said. "Wait till your turn comes. Then you'll sing a different raga."

"If I must live here, I'm never going to get married," Sister Umi said.



"I'll have a boyfriend. I certainly won't come home crying for a dowry. If I ever did decide to get married, I'd just get married in the salwar and kemise I had on. If he didn't like that—didn't take me as I was—I would show him the door and say, 'Ta-ta, good-bye, nice to have known you.'"

"I'll never forget the four girls I saw starving at the annual fair in Rawalpindi Division while their brother gorged himself," Sister Nimi said. "I almost cry whenever I think of them. If parents didn't have to worry about dowries, maybe those girls would have been eating with their brother."

"I think the dowry system is detestable, just as you do, Nimi," Sister Pom said. "But some would starve anyway. You can't blame all that just on the dowry system and arranged marriages, because there still wouldn't be enough food to go around, and there would be just as many children dying from poverty."

"Yes, some must suffer and sacrifice," Mamaji said. "And it has to be women. It's in their nature. Otherwise, there's no happiness for anyone."

"But the suffering here is carried to such an extreme," Sister Nimi said. "It's all very well for us to talk like this, but we sisters haven't had to go hungry. Mamaji has never been beaten by Daddyji. If we were poor women, we would know what suffering and sacrifice really are—how deplorable the poverty is that forces mothers to take food out of their own daughters' mouths and give it to their sons, how deplorable the poverty is that drives husbands to beat their wives."

"But, Nimi, that's just the way of life in our crowded, poor country," Sister Pom said.

"I would like the man to suffer and sacrifice for me," Sister Umi said. "What happiness is there in suffering and sacrifice anyway?"

"The happiness in suffering and sacrifice is the same as the pleasure we get from giving without expecting anything in return," Sister Pom said. "We women may do all the suffering and sacrificing, but because of that we can also endure more."

"If that's marriage, Pom, I would rather go without, thank you very much," Sister Umi said.

"I think Umi is right," Sister Nimi said. "We shouldn't make our parents responsible for our marriage. That's where the trouble starts. The man says, 'If you don't give me a big dowry, I won't take your girl.' Then, when he gets her, he says, 'If she

doesn't serve me hand and foot, I won't keep her.' The result: the parents suffer and sacrifice, the girl suffers and sacrifices, and what does the man do? Sits back and enjoys it all. This is fair? This is equality? This is freedom?"

"We don't have freedom and equality," Mamaji said. "We have only responsibility. I was the oldest in my family, and I took care of my brothers and sisters, just as Pom takes care of you when I'm away. Responsibility was all I ever knew."

"For myself, I think that if girls found their own husbands, boyfriends, or whatever, it would be better all around," Sister Umi said.

"You should do what Mamaji and Daddyji tell you to do, or you'll be very unhappy," I said.

"Who asked you for your opinion, Mister?" Sister Umi said.

"Umi, I don't see how you could make a better choice than Mamaji and Daddyji can," Sister Pom said. "Their experience is so much greater than yours. I wouldn't even know where to begin."

Sister Umi persisted. "If the customs were changed, we would know where to begin," she said. She continued, half laughing, "Pom, you have to admit that this is a man's world, especially in our country. I don't know why that should be. I'm just as good as Om, Yog, or any of them."

"Are you prepared to go and work like a man?" Sister Pom asked. "Bob your hair, give up your sari, and start wearing those horrible practical clothes—horrible slacks—that you have to wear to work in factories in the West?"

"If all of us, men and women, worked, perhaps there wouldn't be so much poverty in our country," Sister Umi said, undaunted. "I am prepared to bob my hair, wear slacks, and work like any mister."

"But can you imagine what our society would really be like if all the women started leading independent lives?" Sister Pom asked. "Who would have children? Who would look after them?"

"I believe in Russia they manage," Sister Nimi said. "Children are just brought up on a collective."

"That will suit me fine," Sister Umi said. "Society is bound to change after our country becomes independent. Whether we like it or not, women will become less subservient to men, and more independent. There will be less useless misery in Indian

homes. Whatever Pom's theories, people will change, and change of their own accord. I can hardly wait for that day to come."

"If I'd acted the way Umi talks, I would have said 'Ta-ta, goodbye' in the first few weeks of our marriage," Mamaji said. "Then none of you would have been here. I know of only two ways of pleasing a man: quiet suffering and sacrifice, and saying yes to his every yes, and no to his every no. If your daddy pulled me up, even if I was completely in the right I bit my tongue and said 'Just as you say.' If the sun was shining and your daddy said that it was a beautiful moonlit night, I said it was a beautiful moonlit night."

"It might have been just as well if you had walked out," Sister Umi said. "You might have been happier."

"The kind of happiness you talk about is not for us Indian women," Mamaji said. "I was brought up in the Indian way, and it is that upbringing that has kept me going all these years. However our customs may be at fault, you girls will have to admit that ultimately our marriages work out very well."

BEFORE we moved to Lahore, Daddyji had gone to Mussoorie, a hill station in the United Provinces, without telling us why he was going out of the Punjab. Now, several months after he made that trip, he gathered us around him in the drawing room at 11 Temple Road while Mamaji mysteriously hurried Sister

Pom upstairs. He started talking as if we were all very small and he were conducting one of our "dinner-table-school" discussions. He said that by right and tradition the oldest daughter had to be given in marriage first, and that the ripe age for marriage was nineteen. He said that when a girl approached that age her parents, who had to take the initiative, made many inquiries and followed many leads. They investigated each young man and his family background, his relatives, his friends, his classmates, because it was important to know what kind of family the girl would be marrying into, what kind of company she would be expected to keep. If the girl's parents decided that a particular young man was suitable, then his people also had to make their investigations, but, however favorable their findings, their decision was unpredictable, because good, well-settled boys were in great demand and could afford to be choosy. All this took a lot of time. "That's why I said nothing to you children about why I went to Mussoorie," he concluded. "I went to see a young man for Pom. She's already nineteen."

We were stunned. We have never really faced the idea that Sister Pom might get married and suddenly leave, I thought.

"We won't lose Pom, we'll get a new family member," Daddyji said, as if reading my thoughts.

Then all of us started talking at once. We wanted to know if Sister Pom had been told; if she'd agreed; whom she'd be marrying.

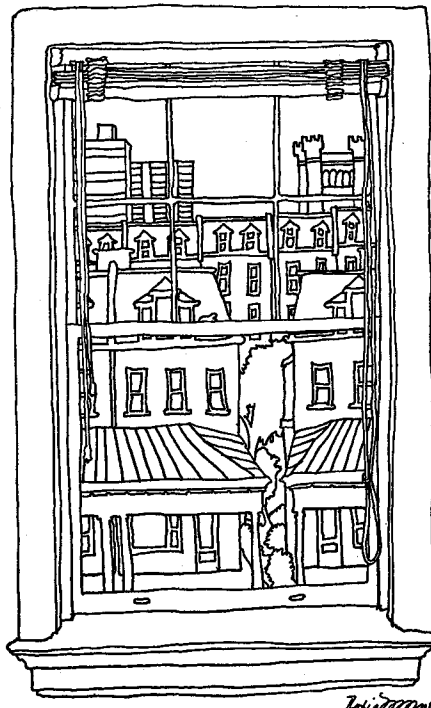
"Your mother has just taken Pom up to tell her," Daddyji said. "But she's a good girl. She will agree." He added, "The young man in question is twenty-eight years old. He's a dentist, and so has a profession."

"Did you get a dentist because Sister Pom has bad teeth?" Usha asked. Sister Pom had always been held up to us as an example of someone who, as a child, had spurned greens and had therefore grown up with a mouthful of poor teeth.

Daddyji laughed. "I confess I didn't think of anyone's teeth when I chose the young man in question."

"What is he like?" I asked. "What are we to call him?"

"He's a little bit on the short side, but he has a happy-go-lucky nature, like Nimi's. He doesn't drink, but, unfortunately, he does smoke. His father died at an early age of a heart attack, but he has a nice mother, who will not give Pom any trouble. It



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seems that everyone calls him Kakaji."

We all laughed. Kakaji, or "youngster," was what very small boys were called.

"That's what he must have been called when he was small, and the name stuck," Daddyji said.

In spite of myself, I pictured a boy smaller than I was and imagined him taking Sister Pom away, and then I imagined her having to keep his pocket money, to arrange his clothes in the cupboards, to comb his hair. My mouth felt dry.

"What will Kakaji call Sister Pom?" I asked.

"Pom, silly—what else?" Sister Umi said.

Mamaji and Sister Pom walked into the room. Daddyji made a place for Sister Pom next to him, and said, "Now, now, now, no reason to cry. Is it to be yes?"

"Whatever you say," Sister Pom said in a small voice, between sobs.

"Pom, how can you say that? You've never seen him," Sister Umi said.

"Kakaji's uncle, Dr. Prakash Mehrotra, himself a dentist, has known our family from his student days in Lahore," Daddyji said. "As a student dentist, he used to be welcomed in Babuji's Shahalmi Gate house. He would come and go as he pleased. He has known for a long time what kind of people we are. He remembered seeing you, Pom, when we went to Mussoorie on holiday. He said yes immediately, and his approval seemed to be enough for Kakaji."

"You promised me you wouldn't cry again," Mamaji said to Sister Pom, patting her on the back, and then, to Daddyji, "She's agreed."

Daddyji said much else, sometimes talking just for the sake of talking, sometimes laughing at us because we were sniffing, and all the time trying to make us believe that this was a happy occasion. First, Sister Umi took issue with him: parents had no business arranging marriages; if she were Pom she would run away. Then Sister Nimi: all her life she had heard him say to us children, "Think for yourself—be independent," and here he was not allowing Pom to think for herself. Brother Om took Daddyji's part: girls who didn't get married became a burden on their parents, and Daddyji had four daughters to marry off, and would be retiring in a few years. Sisters Nimi and Umi retorted: they hadn't gone to college to get married off, to have some young man follow-

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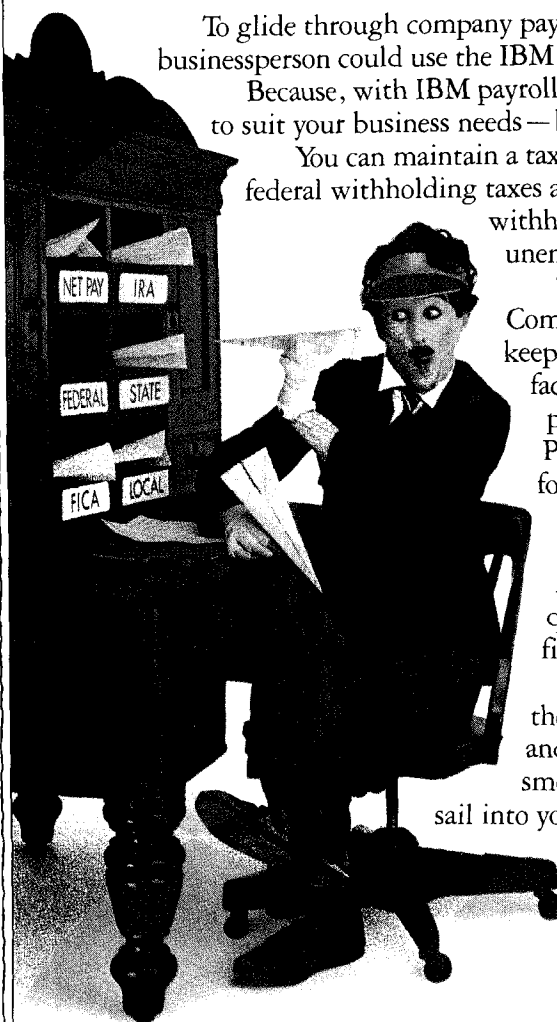
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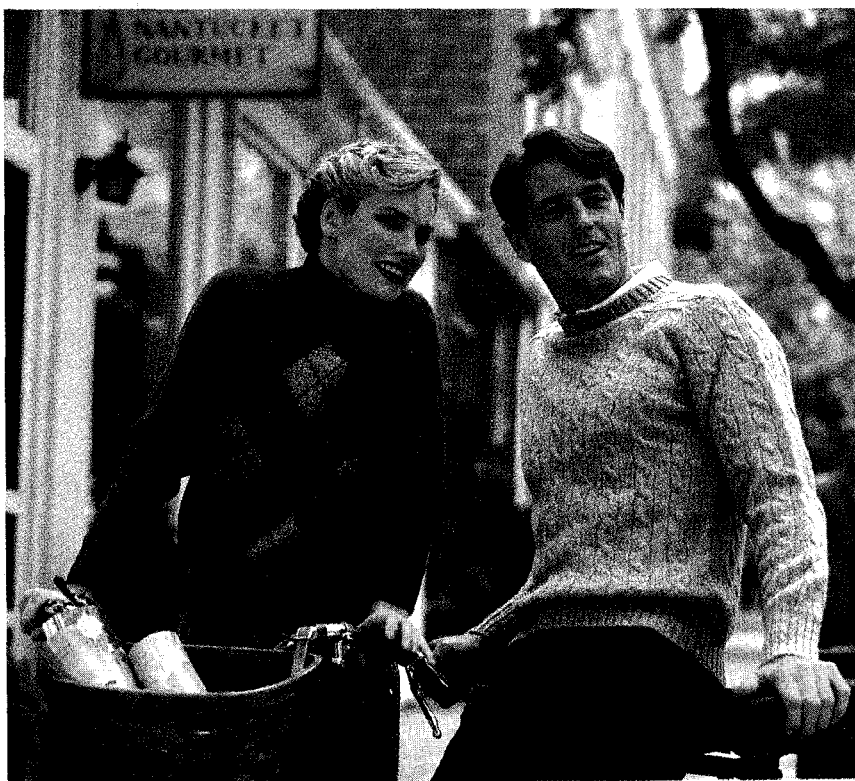
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ing them around like a leech. Daddyji just laughed. I thought he was so wise, and right.

"Go and bless your big sister," Mamaji said, pushing me in the direction of Sister Pom.

"I don't want to," I said. "I don't know him."

"What'll happen to Sister Pom's room?" Usha asked. She and Ashok didn't have rooms of their own. They slept in Mamaji's room.

"Pom's room will remain empty, so that any time she likes she can come and stay in her room with Kakaji," Daddyji said.

The thought that a man I had never met would sleep in Pom's room with Sister Pom there made my heart race. A sob shook me. I ran outside.

THE whole house seemed to be in an uproar. Mamaji was shouting at Gian Chand, Gian Chand was shouting at the bearer, the bearer was shouting at the sweeper. There were the sounds of the kitchen fire being stoked, of the drain being washed out, of water running in bathrooms. From behind whichever door I passed came the rustle of saris, salwars, and kemises. The house smelled of fresh flowers, but it had a ghostly chill. I would climb to the landing of Sister Pom's room and thump down the stairs two at a time. Brother Om would shout up at me, "Stop it!" Sister Umi would shout down at me, "Don't you have anything better to do?" Sister Nimi would call to me from somewhere, "You're giving Pom a headache." I wouldn't heed any of them. As soon as I had thumped down, I would clatter to the top and thump my way down again.

Daddyji went past on the back veranda. "Who's coming with Kakaji?" I asked. Kakaji was in Lahore to buy some dental equipment, and in a few minutes he was expected for tea, to meet Sister Pom and the family.

"He's coming alone," Daddyji said, over his shoulder. "He's come from very far away." I had somehow imagined that Kakaji would come with at least as many people as we had in our family, because I had started thinking of the tea as a kind of cricket match—the elevens facing off.

I followed Daddyji into the drawing room. "Will he come alone for his wedding, too?"

"No. Then he'll come with the bridegroom's party."

We were joined by everyone except Mamaji and Sister Pom, who from the

moment we got the news of Sister Pom's marriage had become inseparable.

Gian Chand came in, the tea things rattling on his tray.

Later, I couldn't remember exactly how Kakaji had arrived, but I remembered noticing that his footfall was heavy, that his greeting was affectionate, and that his voice seemed to float up with laughter. I don't know what I'd expected, but I imagined that if I had been in his place I would have skulked in the *gulli*, and perhaps changed my mind and not entered at all.

"Better to have ventured and lost than never to have ventured at all," Daddyji was saying to Kakaji about life's battles.

"Yes, Daddyji, just so," he said, with a little laugh. I had never heard anybody outside our family call my father Daddyji. It sounded odd.

Sister Pom was sent for, and she came in with Mamaji. Her footsteps were shy, and the rustle of her sari around her feet was slow, as if she felt too conscious of the noise she was making just in walking. Daddyji made some complimentary remark about the silver border on her sari, and told her to sit next to Kakaji. Kakaji and Sister Pom exchanged a few words about a family group photograph on the mantelpiece, and about her studies. There was the clink of china as Sister Pom served Kakaji tea.

"Won't you have some tea yourself?" Kakaji asked Sister Pom.

Sister Pom's sari rustled over her shoulder as she turned to Daddyji.

"Kakaji, none of my children have ever tasted tea or coffee," Daddyji said. "We consider both to be bad habits. My children have been brought up on hot milk, and lately Pom has been taking a little *ghi* in her milk at bedtime, for health reasons."

We all protested at Daddyji's broadcasting family matters.

Kakaji tactfully turned the conversation to a visit to Mussoorie that our family was planning.

Mamaji offered him onion, potato, and cauliflower pakoras. He accepted, remarking how hot and crisp they were.

"Where will Sister Pom live?" Usha asked.

"In the summer, my practice is in Mussoorie," Kakaji said, "but in the winter it's in Dehra Dun."

It struck me for the first time that after Sister Pom got married people we didn't know, people she didn't know,

would become more important to her than we were.

KAKAJI had left without formally committing himself. Then, four days later, when we were all sitting in the drawing room, a servant brought a letter to Mamaji. She told us that it was from Kakaji's mother, and that it asked if Sister Pom might be engaged to Kakaji. "She even wants to know if Pom can be married in April or May," Mamaji said excitedly. "How propitious! That'll be the fifth wedding in the family in those two months." Cousins Prakash and Dev, Cousin Pushpa (Bhaji Ganga Ram's adopted daughter), and Auntie Vimla were all due to be married in Lahore then.

"You still have time to change your mind," Daddyji said to Sister Pom. "What do you really think of him?"

Sister Pom wouldn't say anything.

"How do you expect her to know what her mind is when all that the two talked about was a picture and her bachelor's exam in May?" Umi demanded. "Could she have fallen in love already?"

"Love, Umi, means something very different from 'falling in love,'" Daddyji said. "It's not an act but a lifelong process. The best we can do as Pom's parents is to give her love every opportunity to grow."

"But doesn't your 'every opportunity' include knowing the person better than over a cup of tea, or whatever?" Sister Umi persisted.

"Yes, of course it does. But what we are discussing here is a simple matter of choice—not love," Daddyji said. "To know a person, to love a person, takes years of living together."

"Do you mean, then, that knowing a person and loving a person are the same thing?" Sister Umi asked.

"Not quite, but understanding and respect are essential to love, and that

cannot come from talking together, even over a period of days or months. That can come only in good time, through years of experience. It is only when Pom and Kakaji learn to consider each other's problems as one and the same that they will find love."

"But, Daddyji, look at the risk you're taking, the risk you're making Pom take," Sister Nimi said.

"We are trying to minimize the risk as much as we can by finding Pom a family that is like ours," Daddyji said. "Kakaji is a dentist, I am a doctor. His life and way of thinking will be similar to mine. We are from the same caste, and Kakaji's family originally came from the Punjab. They eat meat and eggs, and they take religion in their stride, and don't pray every day and go to temples, like Brahmans. Kakaji knows how I walk into a club and how I am greeted there. The atmosphere in Pom's new home will be very much the same as the atmosphere here. Now, if I were to give Pom in marriage to a Brahman he'd expect Pom to live as he did. That would really be gambling."

"Then what you're doing is perpetuating the caste system," Sister Nimi said. She was the political rebel in the family. "You seem to presuppose that a Kshatriya should marry only a Kshatriya, that a Brahman should marry only a Brahman. I would just as soon marry a shopkeeper from the Bania caste or an Untouchable, and help to break down caste barriers."

"That day might come," Daddyji said. "But you will admit, Nimi, that by doing that you'd be increasing the odds."

"But for a cause I believe in," Sister Nimi said.

"Yes, but that's a whole other issue," Daddyji said.

"Daddyji, you say that understanding and respect are necessary for love," Sister Umi said. "I don't see why you would respect a person more because you lived with him and shared his problems."

"In our society, we think of understanding and respect as coming only through sacrifice," Daddyji said.

"Then you're advocating the subservience of women," Sister Nimi said, "because it's not Kakaji who will be expected to sacrifice—it's Pom. That's not fair."

"And why do you think that Pom will learn to respect Kakaji because she sacrifices for him?" Umi said, pressing her point.

"No, Umi, it is the other way



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around," Daddyji said. "It is Kakaji who will respect Pom because she sacrifices for him."

"But that doesn't mean that Pom will respect Kakaji," Umi persisted.

"But if Kakaji is moved by Pom's sacrifices he will show more consideration for her. He will grow to love her. I know in my own case I was moved to the depths to see Shanti suffer so because she was so ill-prepared to be my wife. It took me long enough—too long, I believe—to reach that understanding, perhaps because I had broken away from the old traditions and had given in to Western influences."

"So you admit that Pom will have to suffer for years," Umi said.

"Perhaps," Daddyji said. "But all that time she will be striving for ultimate happiness and love. Those are precious gifts that can only be cultivated in time."

"You haven't told us what this ultimate happiness is," Sister Umi said. "I don't really understand it."

"It is a uniting of ideals and purposes, and a merging of them. This is the tradition of our society, and it is the means we have adopted to make our marriages successful and beautiful. It works because we believe in the goodness of the individuals going into the marriage and rely on the strength of the sacred bond."

"But my ideal is to be independent," Sister Nimi said. "As you say, 'Think for yourself.'"

"But often you have to choose among ideals," Daddyji said. "You may have to choose between being independent and being married."

"But aren't you struck by the fact that all the suffering is going to be on Pom's part? Shouldn't Kakaji be required to sacrifice for their happiness, too?" Sister Nimi said, reverting to the old theme.

"There has to be a start," Daddyji said. "Remember, in our tradition it's her life that is joined with his; it is she who will forsake her past to build a new future with him. If both Pom and Kakaji were to be obstinate, were to compete with each other about who would sacrifice first, who would sacrifice more, what hope would there be of their ever getting on together, of their ever finding love?"

"Daddyji, you're evading the issue," Sister Nimi said. "Why shouldn't he take the initiative in this business of sacrifice?"

"He would perhaps be expected to if Pom were working, too, as in the

West, and, though married, leading a whole different life from his. I suppose more than this I really can't say, and there may be some injustice in our system, at that. In the West, they go in for romantic love, which is unknown among us. I'm not sure that that method works any better than our method does."

Then Daddyji said to Sister Pom, "I have done my best. Even after you marry Kakaji, my responsibility for you will not be over. I will always be there in the background if you should need me."

"I respect your judgment, Daddyji," Sister Pom said obediently. "I'll do what you say."

MAMAJI consulted Shambu Pandit. He compared the horoscopes of Sister Pom and Kakaji and set the date of the marriage for the eleventh of May—the year was 1946—between the wedding of Cousin Pushpa and the wedding of Auntie Vimla. "That's just three days after she finishes her B.A. finals!" we cried. "When will she study? You are sacrificing her education to some silly superstition."

But Shambu Pandit would not be budged from the date. "I am only going by the horoscopes of the couple," he said. "You might as well protest to the stars."

We appealed to Daddyji, but he said that he didn't want to interfere, because such matters were up to Mamaji. That was as much as to say that Shambu Pandit's date was a settled thing.

I recall that at about that time there was an engagement ceremony. We all—Daddyji, Mamaji, Sister Pom, many of our Mehta and Mehra relatives—sat cross-legged on the floor of the front veranda around Shambu Pandit. He recited the Gayatri Mantra, the simple prayer he used to tell us to say before we went to sleep, and made a thank offering of incense and ghi to a fire in a brazier, much as Mamaji did—behind Daddyji's back—when one of us was going on a trip or had recovered from a bout of illness. Servants passed around a platter heaped up with crumbly sweet balls. I heard Kakaji's sister, Billo, saying something to Sister Pom; she had just come from Dehra Dun bearing a sari, a veil, and the engagement ring for Sister Pom, after Romesh Chachaji, one of Daddyji's brothers, had gone to Dehra Dun bearing some money, a silver platter and silver bowls, and sweetmeats for Kakaji. It was the first time



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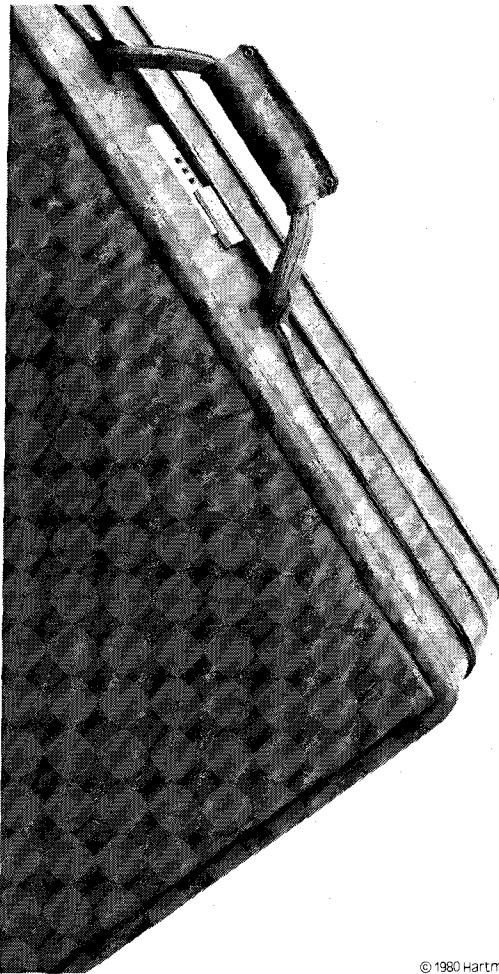
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that I was able to think of Kakaji both as a remote and frightening dentist who was going to take Sister Pom away and as someone ordinary like us, who had his own family. At some point, Mamaji prodded me, and I scooted forward, crab fashion, to embrace Sister Pom. I felt her hand on my neck. It had something cold and metallic on it, which sent a shiver through me. I realized that she was wearing her engagement ring, and that until then Mamaji was the only one in our family who had worn a ring.

In the evening, the women relatives closeted themselves in the drawing room with Sister Pom for the engagement singsong. I crouched outside with my ear to the door. The door pulsed with the beat of a barrel drum. The pulse in my forehead throbbed in sympathy with the beat as I caught snatches of songs about bed-sheets and henna, along with explosions of laughter, the songs themselves rising and falling like the cooing of the doves that nested under the eaves of the veranda. I thought that a couple of years earlier I would have been playing somewhere outside on such an occasion, without knowing what I was missing, or been in the drawing room clapping and singing, but now I was crouching by the door like a thief, and was feeling ashamed even as I was captivated.

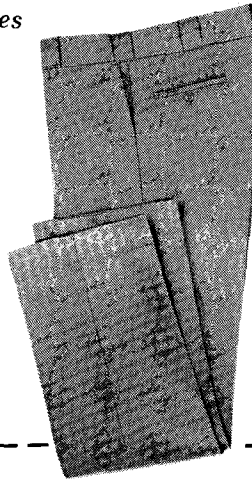
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THE whole house, it seemed, was turned into women's quarters, dividing the family right down the middle, like a parting in one's hair. The sisters preferred to keep their own company or to be with Mamaji. They spoke in whispers and gestures, or in what seemed like riddles. The dowry had to contain twenty-one saris and twenty-one blouses, because twenty-one was a lucky number; at the same time, it had to contain twelve gold bangles, twelve bedsheets, and twelve tablecloths, because the quantity "a dozen" sounded more impressive than the number "twenty-one." The dowry had to be lavish—in fact, had to include everything to start a home with except a house and a motorcar—because it might determine the kind of offers the other sisters received; at the same time, it had to be modest, because the dowries of the other sisters would be expected to match it. Since nothing ready-made was available, two tailors were engaged. They sat on the front veranda from morning to night cutting and stitching. Friends and rela-

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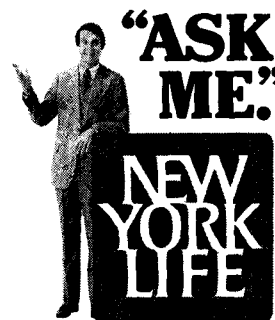
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tives came at all hours with something they had knitted, sewn, or embroidered. Jewellers, cloth merchants, or quilt-makers called daily with samples or for fittings. Once, I found Mamaji bargaining with the family jeweller for some gold bangles and gold chains. "Why haggle, Mistress?" the jeweller asked sombrely. "They're your daughter's inheritance, her *istri dhan*. As our great lawgiver Manu has said, 'Ornaments which may have been worn by women during their husbands' lifetime, their heirs shall not divide; those who divide them become outcasts.'"

For weeks, it seemed, the wedding preparations blew through the house like a storm, displacing the furniture and familiar objects. I could scarcely move about the house without falling over trunks, crates, bedrolls, bundles, packages, baskets, sacks piled up everywhere helter-skelter. I sometimes felt that I was not in my own house but in a crowded, chaotic train compartment. ("Her marriage train pulled out of the station.") When I hurt myself, tradesmen and deliverymen would click their tongues with pity, ask questions about my eyes, and then bless themselves for having been spared my misfortune.

No one in the family seemed to have much time for me, so I spent most of my days and evenings standing around in the kitchen talking to the servants. They were a constant source of news and opinion: Kakaji was coming in a train with fifty male relatives and friends. He could have brought four times as many, but since the Second World War and the Great Bengal Famine the government had restricted the bridegroom's party to a mere fifty. The Big Sahib could easily circumvent the restriction, but he was a government servant, correct to a fault. Just as well, because this way the Big Sahib would be able to save money. The bridegroom's relatives and friends would pay their train fare, of course, but their maintenance and feasting during the wedding would be on the shoulders of the bride's father, and weddings, even in these hard times, lasted at least three days. And to feed fifty healthy men was no joke. Only healthy men came, because the bride had to be protected and guarded—the world was full of bride thieves. Besides, the train journey back to Dehra Dun was more than two hundred miles long, and the route was infested with dacoits—tribes of gypsy thieves who roamed the countryside and who were known to jump on trains in the

middle of nowhere and abscond with the dowry and God knew what else. Police? They were good in their way, but they couldn't take the place of blood relatives.

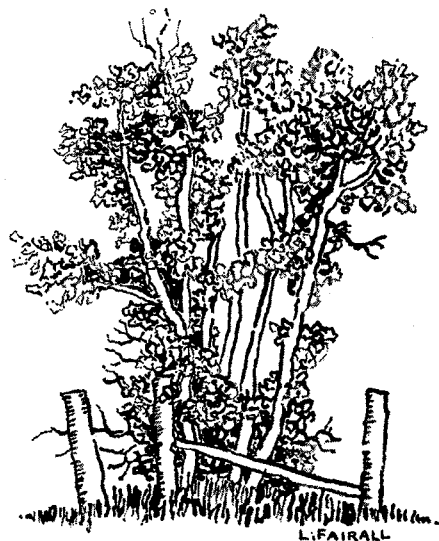
In Mehta Gulli, people were arranging to double up to make room for Kakaji and his force. They were engaging barbers to come and shave the men and cut their hair, washermen to wash and starch their clothes, boy servants to keep their boots polished, cooks to produce Dehra Dun-type fare at a moment's notice, a twenty-piece band to accompany them for the wedding. Tradesmen had already delivered countless tins of ghi and bags of flour. It had definitely been decided to have five weddings, one after another: first Cousin Prakash was going to get married, and then Cousin Dev (although their weddings were to take place in the brides' houses, there were to be many related festivities in Mehta Gulli); then Cousin Pushpa; then Sister Pom; then Auntie Vimla. For days, there would be only wedding preparations at 11 Temple Road, in Mehta Gulli, and at 16 Mozang Road. The whole city was in turmoil.

IT was the morning of Sister Pom's wedding. Nearly two hundred of our own relatives and friends who lived at a distance had already arrived, and practically every spare inch of floor in Mehta Gulli and at 16 Mozang Road and in our house was taken up with cots and bedding. The train with Kakaji and the bridegroom's party was due in a few minutes, and many of our male relatives had driven off to the station to receive them. Daddyji and Brother Om and I could not go: we had to wait and meet them in the evening at the *milni*, the formal meeting ceremony. All day,

servants ran in from Mehta Gulli with snatches of news: Kakaji and the bridegroom's party had arrived at dawn. They looked bright but tired. Three of them were having a haircut. Kakaji had finished his breakfast, and two barbers were vying for the honor of shaving him. Some of the party had gone out for sightseeing. They had finished their lunch, and the cooks were gratified because they had eaten heartily. Kakaji was having his tiffin and had eaten three pastries.

I ran around the house like a top, touching everything, greeting everyone, trying to find out what was happening. In the back part of the inner courtyard, where the confectioners were stoking makeshift fires, patting dough for *puris*, stirring something in vats, I breathed lungfuls to savor the cooking. They must be getting ready to make a *puri* a second, I thought, and I remembered the Great Bengal Famine. In the center of the inner courtyard, I paced around the *vedi*—four banana trunks firmly set in the ground under a canopy, and forming a biggish square. I helped hang branches and twigs with lots of leaves between them, to form arches, and, on the arches, fruits, flowers, balloons, and strings of lights. I barged into Mamaji's bedroom, and was chased out, because Sister Pom was being dressed there. I wandered into the drawing room, where women were looking over the articles of the dowry, counting them, exclaiming at them. They, too, shooed me away. I went upstairs and downstairs, into the garden and out to the gate, feeling the strings of lights on walls and bushes, eaves and pillars, to see if the bulbs were warm, only to have other people shout at me that I would electrocute myself, that I was spoiling the decorations, that I should get out of the way, that I should go and sit down quietly somewhere. But there was no place to sit. The whole house was restless and hot. Everywhere were rotating table fans and whirring ceiling fans, and smells of frying, incense, marigolds, powder, kohl, pulling me this way and that way.

A band of trumpets, clarinets, drums, and cymbals struck up from the direction of Mehta Gulli, with a Noor Jehan song from "Zeenat"—"Dance, O Stars, Dance!" "Kakaji is about to get on his mare and ride over here!" Cousin Yog shouted, rushing in. "All his party is gathering behind his mare. They will be here for the *milni* any moment." Suddenly, the steps of



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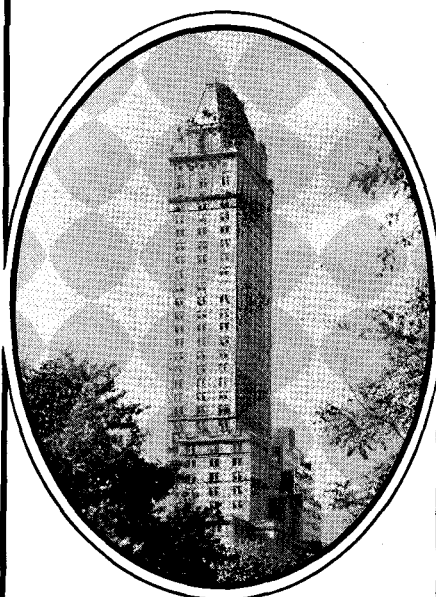
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our front veranda were thronged with our close male relatives. Sister Umi shouted from somewhere for the servants to bring out the buckets of flower petals and to put more bottles of lemonade on ice.

I slipped into my long coat woven all over with gold wire and ran into Daddyji's room with my turban, gathered, pleated, and starched like a long rope. Daddyji was busy tying his own turban, and I danced around him, impatient for him to tie mine, the long coat rustling behind me like a sari.

"I don't think I've ever worn a long coat before," I said.

"You did, too, at Dharam Bir's marriage," Daddyji said from over my head as he wound my turban.

I followed Daddyji, touching his coat, out to the veranda. The band music became a little distant, as if the band had turned back.

"What's happening? What's happening?" I asked.

"They have probably taken a detour to show off Kakaji," Brother Om said, coming up behind me.

Daddyji and Shambu Pandit arranged and rearranged us, sometimes by age, it seemed, and other times by our relationship to Sister Pom, and gave each of us a garland and an odd number of rupees for the *milni*. The band moved closer and closer, each medley sounding a little louder than the last, as if Kakaji and his people were now coming very slowly along our *gulli*.

I collared my younger cousin Ravi. "What's happening?"

"It's a young mare he's riding," he whispered, tittering. "But he has a sword at his side. I think he uses the sword to get Cousin Pom to say yes."

We both laughed, and felt very smug and knowing.

Kakaji's mare halted right in front of the gate, between us and the wedding guests. The band stopped playing, and the absence of its sound made the place seem quieter than it really was. Shambu Pandit recited Vedic hymns in a soft, melancholy voice. Then he called Daddyji to step forward for his *milni* and embrace Kakaji's uncle, Dr. Prakash Mehrotra. I wondered what it was like to be fatherless, like Kakaji, and to have an uncle stand in the father's place. Then Shambu Pandit called Brother Om and me to meet our counterparts. Brother Om met one of Kakaji's relatives, but Kakaji had no younger brother or stand-in for my *milni*, so I thrust the money back into my pocket

and let the garland drop from my hand.

Brother Om and I helped Kakaji to alight from the mare, and we were surrounded by girls, who teased Kakaji and threw buckets of flower petals at him.

We all escorted Kakaji to the steps of the veranda, where my big sisters and Mamaji were now gathered. Servants ran around spraying everybody with scented water. Shambu Pandit announced, "Time for *jaimala*, *jaimala*."

Sister Pom, who was dressed in a filmy dark-red wedding sari with a rich gold border and gold decorations wonderful to touch, shyly garlanded Kakaji. (Shambu Pandit later insisted that, technically, until the *jaimala*—or victory garland—Sister Pom had the choice of refusing Kakaji.)

The band struck up again, and Brother Om and I led Kakaji to Daddyji's room. He joked with us about the elaborate arrangements and about his warm woollen coat with its closed collar. Sisters Nimi and Umi came in and took him upstairs to the terraced roof for his dinner. Servants ran to and fro serving the band in the *gulli*. Our *chachas* (paternal uncles) led the bridegroom's party upstairs for its dinner.

As I moved about, everyone commented on my glittering coat, and I felt at once like a wedding ornament with legs on and like a walking coat watched by all eyes. Wedding guests were milling about as they waited for the bridegroom's party and the band to finish eating, so that they could eat. At one point, I carried some bottles of lemonade to the band. The drummer proudly showed me the heavy ornamental buckle on his uniform belt, while clucking to his neighbors, "What a pity the little fellow cannot see all these beautiful clothes and lights."

"I've been looking for you," Brother Om shouted over the din, coming up to me. "Daddyji wants you upstairs for a photograph."

THE feasting was over by midnight. The band and most of the wedding guests had eaten and left. Only close relatives and a few of the bridegroom's party remained. I remember that there was much confusion as people went around the house calling, "*Vedi! Vedi!* . . . Time for the ancient vows from the Vedas. . . Come to the *vedi*." Ravi thought that it was a perfect wedding joke—my

nickname was Vedi, and I had been named after the Vedas. I wasn't so sure: the journey to the *vedi* seemed long and treacherous—a mere pair of slacks or a deficiency of an inch or two in height could end it. I thought that I'd never felt so blind.

We sat on the ground around the *vedi*, I next to Sister Nimi. Now and then, she whispered to me. "Kakaji and Pom are sitting on low stools next to Mamaji and Daddyji. . . . Shambu Pandit is sitting under the *vedi*. . . . Shambu Pandit is lighting the sacred fire."

There was the sizzle and aroma of ghi and sandalwood chips in the fire. A huge platter of perfumed salts was passed around, and I took a fistful.

"A pinch will do," Sister Nimi whispered.

I aimed my fistful at the fire. It crackled, and wafted scented smoke.

Shambu Pandit chanted the Vedic hymns over the fire, and then he asked Kakaji and Sister Pom to repeat the marriage vows after him, and paused now and then to translate the Sanskrit into Punjabi, so that they would know what they were promising: to live according to the Hindu creed, to be true to each other, to share each other's burdens, to propagate the race, to beget sons, to remain rock firm and faithful. Kakaji and Sister Pom sounded odd as a duet—like a parrot and a sparrow chirping alternately in the distance, he sharp, she barely audible in the still night.

"Now they are putting their feet side by side on a stone. . . . Now they are circling the *vedi*. . . . That's one time around. . . . That's two. . . . That's. . . ."

"Become thou my partner," Shambu Pandit sang out.

"Become thou my partner," Kakaji repeated after him.

"As thou hast paced all the seven steps with me."

"As thou hast paced all the seven steps with me."

"Apart from thee I cannot live."

"Apart from thee I cannot live."

"Apart from me do thou not live."

"Apart from me do thou not live."

"We shall share alike all goods and power combined."

"We shall share alike all goods and power combined."

"Over my house you shall bear full sway."

"Over my house you shall bear full sway."

Shambu Pandit said the benediction. Then all around there were the sounds

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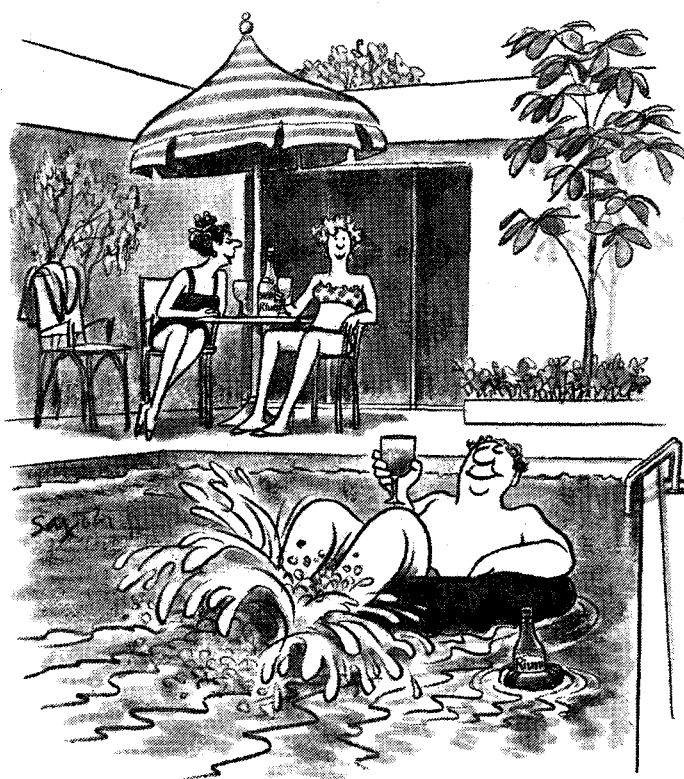
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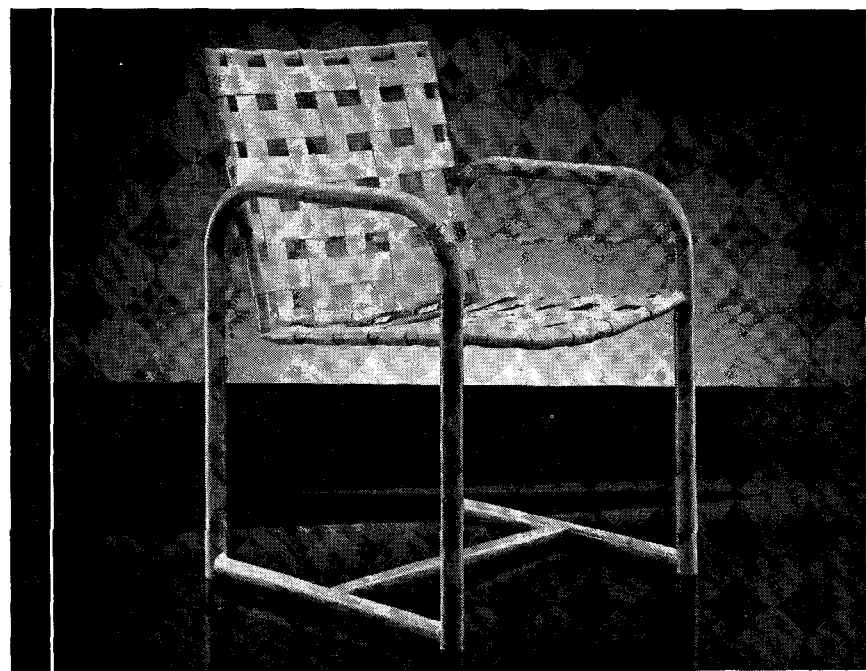
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of people standing up and stretching. Before I knew what was happening, Kakaji and Sister Pom had left the courtyard.

"Why is he taking her away?" I asked. "Where are they going?"

"He's telling her that he's the master, and that she now belongs to him," Mamaji said, through tears.

"He's just taking her to Mehta Gulli for a few minutes," Daddyji said, "to show her off to the members of his party who were not invited to the *vedi*. She'll be back. There are still two more days of feasting."

ALL of Sister Pom's dowry and belongings were packed up and sent ahead to the station. With many of our close relatives, we silently escorted Sister Pom and Kakaji out of the house, out of the gate, to a borrowed motorcar waiting in the *gulli*, our footfalls like little firecrackers going off haphazardly one after another. Still silent, we showered Kakaji and Sister Pom with handfuls of flower petals, and the motorcar pulled away. Kakaji's party quickly got into other borrowed motorcars, which then formed a line behind Kakaji's. Daddyji, Mamaji, and we children followed in our motorcar. It was almost the first time since the start of the wedding that our family had been alone, and our motorcar seemed suddenly very roomy. There was no need to lean forward or to sit with our shoulders firmly against the back of the seat. Yet the motorcar felt extremely hot, as if the *vedi* fire itself were burning at our feet. I wiped streams of sweat off my face and struck out at a fly buzzing around my ear.

"All our loving relatives must be discussing the dowry and its worth in real gold," Sister Umi said, breaking the silence. "After a wedding like that for your first daughter, Daddyji, you'll never have to worry about proposals for any of us."

"What'll happen to Sister Pom now?" I asked.

"She'll go to her new home in Dehra Dun, to more receptions and feasts," Daddyji said.

"I'm giving everyone fair warning that I'm going to get married in a chapel, as Westerners do, with no crowds of loving relatives around," Sister Umi said.

I waited for Mamaji to contradict or to argue, but she said nothing.

The station was noisy and hot. Daddyji hailed a coolie, took down his badge number, and told him to take

the luggage to the coupé near the end of the train. I didn't know what a coupé was, and I remember that Daddyji later took me inside and showed it to me: a small, two-berth compartment with a little fan in the ceiling and blocks of ice placed in the corners to keep it cool. The berths were covered with grainy leather and smelled of saddle soap and polish. The coolie brought in Kakaji's luggage and wanted to undo the bedrolls. There wasn't room enough, and Daddyji and I got out onto the platform. Abruptly, Daddyji's hand wasn't there to guide me. I couldn't take a step forward, for fear of the gap between the track and the train, or take a step back, for fear of the handcars that were clattering past at great speed. Though I stood on a crowded platform, I felt alone. I remembered the frightening train that had taken me far, far away and deposited me in a strange city, in a strange school, among terrifying strangers, and remembered how, no matter how much I cried and begged, there had been no way to get back home.

The guard trilled his whistle very near my ear. Train-compartment doors slammed shut. The engine let out a deafening burst of steam. The train screeched, jolted, and began pulling out, shaking the platform with a roar.

"Goodbye! Ta-ta!" I cried, with the full force of my lungs, but I didn't hear my voice.

As if in a dream, I heard Daddyji's voice, through the clatter and thunder, the sounds of finality itself: "Kakaji, take the journey gently. . . . She's very innocent."

"Yes, Dad—" The rest of the word was lost in the forlorn, retreating clackety-clack. —VED MEHTA

(This is the first part of a four-part article.)

Mickey Marchello, ex-Good Rat, is recording a solo album with his new band consisting of Bobby Rondinelli, ex-Rainbow; Geoff Feinholt of "Jesus Christ Superstar" and various bassists including Kenny Aaronson, Craig MacGregor and the late Felix Pappalardi.—Glen Head (N.Y.) *Good Times*.

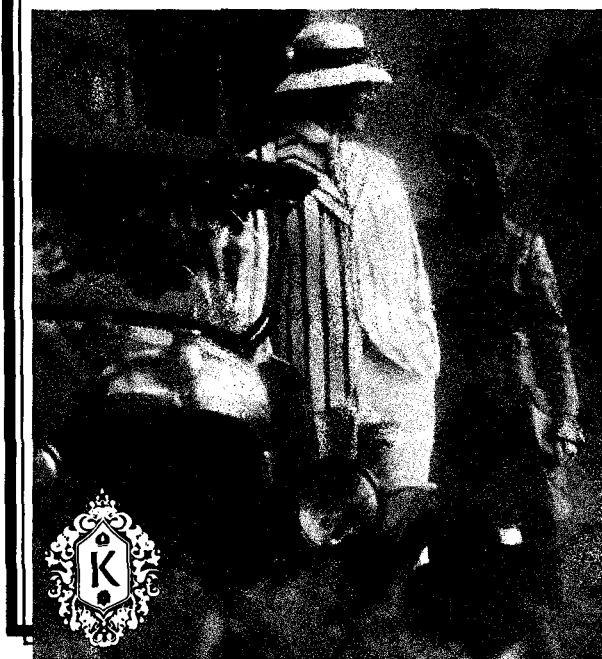
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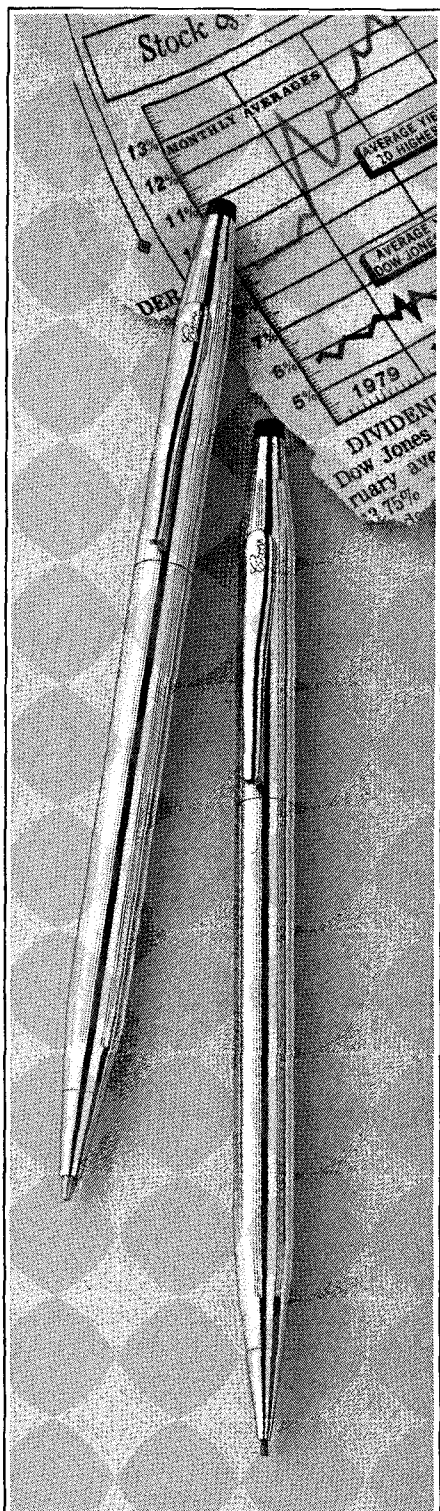
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THE quintessential Roman attitude toward public events is skepticism. At this year's running of the Italian Derby, at Le Capannelle, Rome's thoroughbred race track, I could find no one who thought that any of the native horses in the race had a chance to win. The prevailing outlook was best expressed by a ruddy-faced railbird I encountered soon after entering the grounds. "One thing is certain," he declared, in a voice like a cracked tuba. "When the foreigners are here, the Italians are always betrayed."

Though the tuba may have been sounding a historical truth, his attitude in the particular circumstances seemed unfounded to me. There were only three foreign colts among the eleven three-year-old thoroughbreds entered in this edition, the hundredth running of the Derby—which this year was held the day after our own Kentucky Derby—and none of them had outstanding credentials. The likeliest of the three was a French horse, Tintern Abbey, who had recently won a couple of races against mediocre company at Saint-Cloud; he was trained by François Boutin, a veteran of the French and Italian racing scene, who had won this race three times in recent years. The two other invaders, High Cannon and Brogan, both from England, seemed to have no credentials at all. They had won one race each at small provincial courses—Thirsk and Bath, respectively. Brogan, though, was trained by Ian Balding, who also trains the racing stable of the Queen of England—admittedly an intimidating factor in Italian racing circles. "They wouldn't spend all this money, would they, only to make an appearance here?" was the way a young Roman standing next to me at the paddock railing put it before the first race. "The English are not cretins when it comes to horses."

This acid diffidence regarding British horseflesh is understandable. The sport of thoroughbred horse racing is,

after all, an English invention, and all derbies everywhere take their name from Edward Smith Stanley, twelfth Earl of Derby, who staged the first one, at Epsom Downs in 1780. The formula—pitting the season's best three-year-olds against each other in the spring over a classic distance of ground—has proved so successful that it has been imitated everywhere the sport flourishes; there are now over a hundred derbies worldwide. Romans, of course, have been betting on horses at least since the chariot races in the Circus Maximus, but in matters involving the modern thoroughbred the Anglo-Saxons have set all the standards and imperiously laid down all the rules.

For a long time, they also won most of the international races. This probably accounts for the fact that until recently the Italians limited entry in their own derby to homebreds—a way, perhaps, of keeping local interest up and the prize money *in casa*. Then, in 1981, the Italian Jockey Club, seeking

to increase the prestige of the race, threw it open to anyone with a purebred hopeful in his stall. To no one's surprise, the English captured the last two renewals—in 1981, with *Glint of Gold*, and in 1982, with *Old Country*—which led some Italian owners and trainers to clamor for the closing of the frontiers. Luckily for international *pubbliche relazioni*, the outcry went unheeded. "Horse racing is an exquisite expression of competition, and so it must remain," an official of



the Jockey Club recently declared in a newspaper interview, pointing out quite accurately that no one could take seriously a derby won by a second-rate horse. (Garrido, the last Italian winner, had gone on to cover himself with mediocrity.)

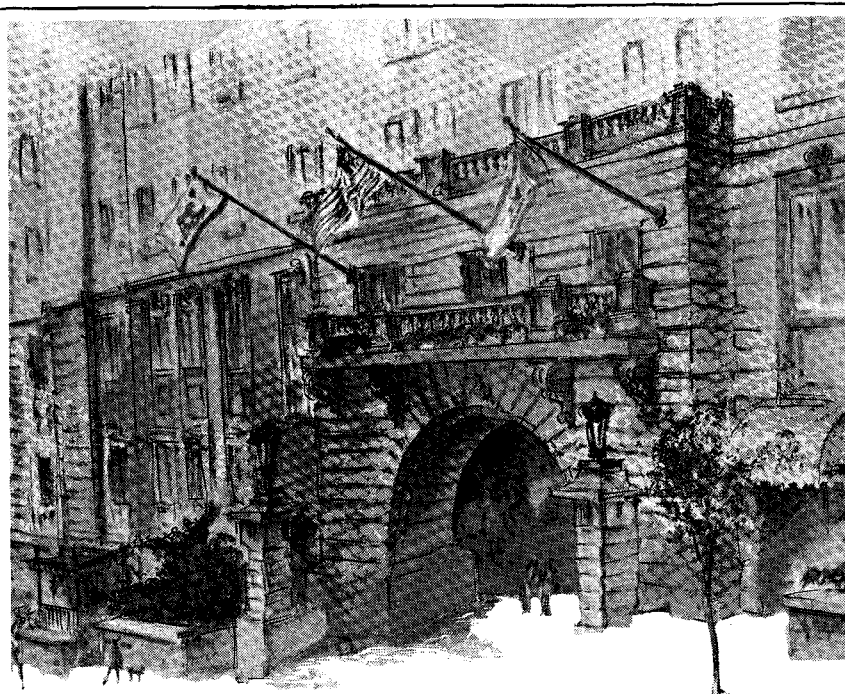
And yet, over the years, Italy has produced some fine animals, including the undefeated *Nearco*, who in 1938 won both the Italian Derby and the Grand Prix de Paris, and went on to become a top sire in England (of all places);

and Ribot, also undefeated, who won the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe in two consecutive years, and was the dominant European horse of a generation ago. More recently, pickings have been leaner, but such Italian horses as Appiani, Hogarth, Orange Bay, and Sirlad have done well, if not spectacularly, abroad; the tactic of opening up an important race, it was felt, could only help to improve the home breed eventually.

The Italian Derby has been run at Le Capannelle ever since its 1884 debut, when the first four finishers were fillies. Since then, the event has grown in importance, and its history has become synonymous with the history of the Italian thoroughbred. It received the international seal of approval in 1961, when Queen Elizabeth herself was among the spectators. The finish of the race that year was marred by a claim of foul by the rider of one of the also-rans, which led Her Majesty to remark that all would become clear when they saw the replay on the telly. Her audience reportedly smiled and pretended not to understand English, for there were no closed-circuit television cameras at the track; they were not installed until two decades later.

Horse racing in Italy has traditionally been the private domain of a few very wealthy titled families, mainly in Rome and Milan (one stable, the Dormello-Olgiate, has won nearly a third of these derbies), and scant attempt has been made to lure the public to the grounds or to cater to its needs. The average daily attendance at Le Capannelle is about three thousand, and the betting handle is usually well under two hundred thousand dollars. This hasn't prevented the Società Gestione Ippodromo Capannelle, the private racing association that runs the track, from offering generous purses, since the funds to make up any deficits come from the Ministry of Agriculture—which, of course, draws its sustenance from the national budget—and so, ultimately, from the taxpayers.

This year's Derby, the fourth of eight races on the card, offered a total of two hundred and twenty million lire (roughly a hundred and fifty thousand dollars) in prize money, plus three gold cups, with a guaranteed hundred million lire to the winner. To help pay for all this, the Società was looking forward to a paid attendance of about ten thousand, which would bring in some seventeen thousand dollars, and a betting handle of half a million dollars out of which it would cut about seven-



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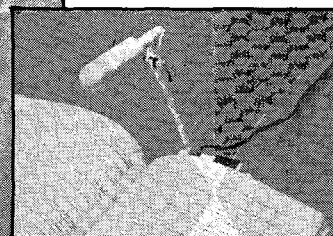
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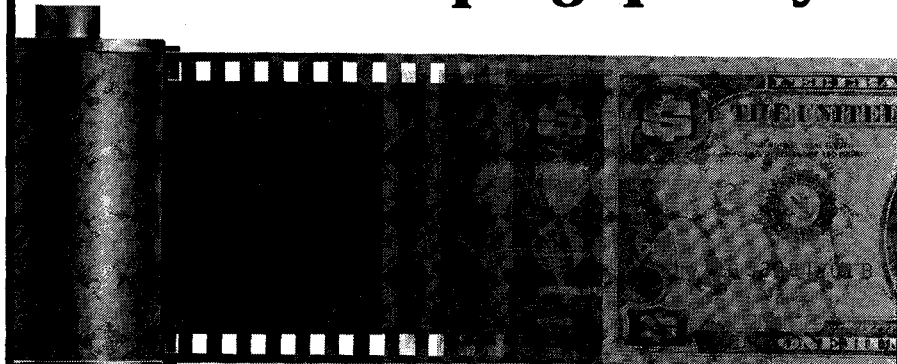
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BEGINNING sometime in the Middle Ages, the nobles used to race their horses through the streets of Rome, from Piazza del Popolo down the Corso to what is today Piazza Venezia. The habit was tolerated but frowned on by a succession of papal governments, perhaps because the pontiffs, in their heavy vestments and tiaras, never felt comfortable in the saddle. Under pressure from the municipal government, the city's sports were eventually persuaded to transfer their still unofficial meetings to the open countryside about eight miles south of the Campidoglio, along the Via Appia halfway to the Alban Hills. Already on the premises were a couple of *capanne*, or huts, where an enterprising local known as Ser Giovanni sold coffee to travellers. The new track took its name from his humble establishment and put on its first official race meeting in 1881.

The basic topography has not changed much since then. Le Capanelle is essentially a huge, flat field of about three hundred acres, now containing a stable area for nine hundred horses, two training tracks, an inner dirt course, and a steeplechase layout, in addition to the two principal turf courses (which are actually coextensive for most of their length)—the Pista Grande, over which the Derby is run, and the Pista Piccola. In the infield, there are stands of umbrella pines and a fragment of an ancient aqueduct, behind which the horses periodically disappear. The total circumference of the Pista Grande is a mile and five-eighths, and the stretch, from the turn to the finish line, is four and a half furlongs. The horses run clockwise, as elsewhere in Europe, and the emphasis is on stamina and tactics rather than on sheer speed. The Italian Derby, like most real derbies, is run at a distance of twenty-four hundred metres, or about a mile and a half, which is generally considered the classic test of quality.

I hadn't been to the Italian Derby since it was internationalized, and I spent most of the time prior to the race wandering happily about the premises. Although the management has made a number of practical improvements—television monitors in the betting areas, computerized betting machines, many more grandstand seats, more



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bars, a glassed-in restaurant overlooking the stretch and serving horrifying food—the emphasis was still on holiday informality. The three main buildings—terraced sandstone blocks, disguised as fin-de-siècle palazzi, that support the viewing stands—loomed above an expanse of hedged-in green along the stretch, where entire families had gathered to picnic, drink Frascati, and kick soccer balls. The accredited bookmakers—fat, cold-eyed men in rumpled business suits—still operated inside their kiosks behind the stands, where each of them chalked up the changing odds primarily to suit his own narrow view of the universe. Old men and women sitting behind small portable stands hawked fresh olives, *fave*, nuts, dried seeds, and slices of fresh coconut. The hard-core three thousand punters were all present, as were many people for whom *il Derby* had obviously become simply an annual social event. The racing establishment itself stayed for the most part inside the saddling paddock and the walking ring, where the atmosphere exuded entrenched money. The old-boy network was on full display, in expensively tailored suits, ties, even hats. Through this elegant crowd, the horses and their grooms moved like intruders or tolerated guests at an ancient ritual. I almost forgot what I had come to see.

This was corrected, twenty minutes before post time for the big race, by the appearance of the jockeys, in their eye-popping silks and white breeches. Suddenly the animals themselves seemed significant—sleek, tightly muscled, and beautiful. Tintern Abbey was especially impressive. He is a strong-looking bay colt and belongs to P. S. Niarchos, whose father once owned all the merchant ships that were not owned by Aristotle Onassis. His jockey was Cash Asmussen, a nice-looking transplanted American boy with an apple-pie smile. Asmussen had been a leading rider in New York in the late seventies, but had later flopped in Southern California, where his lethargy out of the starting gate often got him in trouble on the tight turns of Santa Anita and Hollywood Park. His mount was being sent off the favorite, at about even money, and I began to feel a chauvinistic twinge of compassion on his behalf. He had not ridden in Rome before, where failure to win on a heavy favorite is usually rewarded by loud whistles and raucously obscene outcries from the stands. Occasionally, losing jockeys require a police escort



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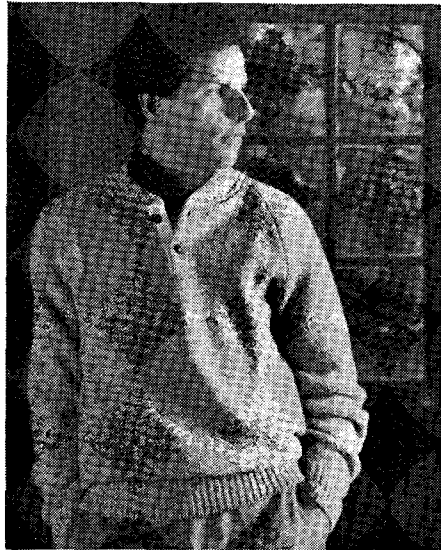
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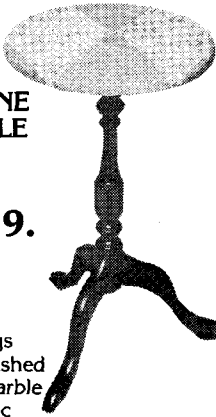
The hopes of most Romans, if not their money, rested on a big, leggy gray colt named Celio Rufo, who had won two of his three local races despite a tendency to bolt to the outer hedge. Luigi Camici, his trainer, and Luciano Bietolini, his jockey, were both home-town favorites. I liked the looks of My Top, a lightly raced bay colt from Milan who had recently won a graded stakes race there at a mile and a quarter. He was trained by Alduino Botti, a relative newcomer, who last year won with fifty-two of his hundred and sixteen entries at Le Capannelle—an extraordinary winning percentage anywhere. My Top's jockey, however, was listed as one P. S. Perlanti, nicknamed Peo, a tiny, short-legged man with a large mustache. His home track was Pisa; in Rome this year, he had won only one of ten efforts—not a reassuring statistic. Betting on him to beat Asmussen seemed equivalent to wagering on one of the Nibelungen to do in Siegfried. None of the other Italian entries appeared to have much of a chance, so I wound up risking a few lire on Celio Rufo.

I SHOULD have remembered what I eventually happened to Siegfried. When the race went off, Tintern Abbey was full of run, but Asmussen choked him back to third. A rabbit named Balkny, My Top's stablemate, set a fast pace from the start. When the field finally emerged from behind the trees, the ruin, and a motorized TV camera crew speeding along the dirt course and effectively blocking the view of everyone not in the top rows of seats, it still looked like Tintern Abbey's race: he was clearly waiting for the pace to slacken and would easily romp home. At the head of the stretch, though, just as the speed wilted, the Abbey crumbled. It should have been Celio Rufo's moment, but, "troubled by mysterious phantoms" (as one journalist was to describe it later), he lugged over—to the inside this time—and disappeared. A quarter of a mile from home, the English horses were running one-two, with Brogan looking like a sure winner. My Top, however, suddenly exploded out of the middle of the pack to the outside and, with Peo Perlanti perched like a wee Valkyrie on his shoulders, swept past Brogan to win by one and a half lengths in excellent time.

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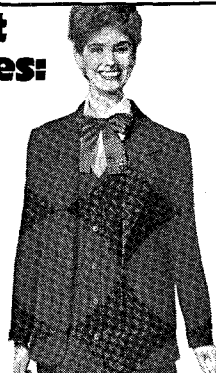
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a shouting, cheering throng, which eventually hoisted the grinning Peo to its shoulders and paraded him around the ring. Asmusen, returning for the weigh-in, received a rousing chorus of insults, many of them regarding his legitimacy, and quickly vanished into the jockey room. The owner of My Top, a husky-looking middle-aged meat importer named Emilio Balzarini, made a speech in which he declared, to much applause, that Italians always got there, but perhaps a little later than others, because they had less money. He had bought My Top as a yearling for about fourteen thousand dollars, from a British stable—possibly the most profitable import he had ever made.

Of course, no one was ungracious enough to point out that My Top was an English-bred; the fact that he had been raised and trained in Italy seemed sufficient. It remained for one of the visiting British to deliver an unkind cut. "In England, my horse could not even have finished second in a Group One race," Ian Balding informed an interviewer. "In Italy, he succeeded in doing so, and, of course, that makes me very happy."

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Framed

SET on an idyllic English estate in the summer of 1694, "The Draughtsman's Contract" was written and directed by Peter Greenaway, a British filmmaker whose previous work was in non-narrative forms, and though he's working with narrative here, the film is a formalist tease—a fantasia of conceits about perspective, and about the relationship between the artist, his art, and the world. The artist in this case is a punctilious draughtsman, Mr. Neville (Anthony Higgins), who lives in one manor house after another, producing, for the owners, a series of topographical drawings of their holdings. The matronly Mrs. Herbert (Janet Suzman) requests him to come to the Herbert estate to do twelve drawings in twelve days as a present for her husband (who will be off whoring in Southampton). Mr. Neville demurs, but she presses him and he accepts her offer—on condition that he will have "the use" of her body. She agrees, and the contract is drawn up and signed. Upon his arrival, he takes out his optical grid and, looking through the attached viewfinder (as if he were a movie director), selects his twelve vistas of the house and grounds, and orders that on the appointed days these views be kept free of intrusion. But when he sits down to work, unexpected objects—a ladder, a shirt, a pair of boots—keep marring his line of vision. Annoyed at these blemishes on his chosen landscapes, he includes them in the drawings anyway—out of a mixture of literal-mindedness and pique. The film is designed so that we keep comparing Neville's drawings of the grounds with the photographic images of those grounds, and there's a definite suggestion of Antonioni's "Blow-Up" in the mysterious blots, which, it turns out, are evidence of the murder of the absent Mr. Herbert—evidence that points to the draughtsman, the arrogant plebeian outsider, as the murderer.

The movie is a lesson for (or a joke on) the draughtsman, who, limited to his single perspectives, isn't aware of what's going on. Neither—for quite a stretch—is the audience. The beginning is a Hogarthian vaudeville show—it's a series of comedy blackouts—

and although a number of clues are planted in the prissy-mouthed, cadenced speeches about defecation and other cloacal concerns, we're not likely to register the import of what is being said. The speeches are so arch and twitty they seem to be pitched higher than a dog whistle, and the people talking are popinjays in perukes shaped as geometrically as the shrubs at Marienbad. If "Last Year at Marienbad" had been directed by Joseph Losey, it might have been much like this movie, which sits on the screen like an implacable pastry. After it's over, you may not find it



difficult to piece together the rough outlines of what Peter Greenaway is doing, but while you're watching it you may be too busy fighting off sleep to care. What kept me awake was the fun of seeing perhaps a third of the audience slumbering so peacefully. (It's in an East Side art house—nobody snores.) It seemed to me that people took their little sabbaticals at four or five distinct times; they didn't miss anything vital. "The Draughtsman's Contract" puts you in a narcoleptic trance even if you're paying attention. Some of its idiosyncrasies may sound amusing—for example, there's a naked man jumping about from one pedestal to another, serving (as I have read that some men actually did serve in the period) as a living statue. But Greenaway's impishness congeals, because there's no dramatic motor in the sequences. A movie for him is a set of theorems to be demonstrated by tableaux. His mind may be active, but his camera is dead, and so are his actors.

If this stultifying picture is being received with the kind of respectful seriousness that marked the reception of some of Losey's films (such as "The Go-Between"), it may be because audiences can see it as a revelation of the disgusting true natures of the landed gentry, and because it makes everything to do with sex ugly. There must be junkies for English-upper-class movies (just as there are Nazi-movie junkies)—people who want to see over and over again the gardens, the halls, the finery, and the politesse, and, of course, the poisonous, warped behavior. Nobody has put together a more vicious, dispassionate crew of

schemers than the unproductive bunch at the Herbert establishment; their everyday life is like a weekend in the country, and they expend their small energy plotting—they don't intend to lose an ounce of their privileges. The men's faces are powdered to match their wigs, and their costumes are so stiff and ornate I kept expecting the actors and the costumes to disassociate and go their own ways. Mrs. Herbert and her daughter, Mrs. Talmann (Anne Louise Lambert), who draws up her own sexual contract, wear towering headpieces that look like skyscrapers designed in old Cathay. There's an element of class revenge when the draughtsman, who is garlanded in a wig of lavish black curls that puts Loretta Lynn to shame, orders Mrs. Herbert to assume the positions that he requires for whatever means of access strikes his whim. He pulls her heavy brocades open contemptuously in one scene, and the poker-faced woman may stir an empathic reaction when she comes back to her chambers after a session with him, gagging. Intercourse has nothing to do with pleasure here: it's about who is using whom—it's about power. And the foolish young Mr. Neville mistakenly thinks he has some.

The women stoop beneath their class because they're trying to hang on to their property. Mrs. Talmann hopes to produce a male heir and save the estate from being managed by her fool of a husband. In this movie, as in so many other movies with an ideological slant, the poor are potent, the rich desiccated. The virile artist, Mr. Neville, will be used, and then punished for his effrontery. Since the characters are stylized monsters, it's startling when Greenaway lets this victimization fantasy go the full masochistic course. The reprisals against Mr. Neville are very fast and brutal, and the sudden burst of Jacobean violence disrupts the film's attempt at Restoration-comedy artifice. The violence seems to be saying, "Did you think all this was only a game?" Of course we did, because, despite the lurking seriousness, Greenaway's tone was so superior. Now he switches to "realism"—a move you might have thought beneath him. What's beneath him from beginning to end is, apparently, the whole idea of motivation. By having all the characters involved in Mr. Neville's entrapment, he ducks out on solving the murder mystery of who killed Mr. Herbert and who hatched the plot

against the draughtsman. Greenaway simply pins it all on the rotten upper class.

Underneath this film's mannerisms and hauteur, it's a very conventional, calculating movie. The surface, though, may seem closely related to painting and to literature. You stare at fixed views of English gardens and listen to remarks that sound as if the characters had rehearsed them all day. And when Greenaway wants to introduce symbolic objects—first a pomegranate and then a pineapple—the characters underline the symbolism. (Mr. Neville is offered what must be the most significant pineapple since the Twyla Tharp dance film "The Catherine Wheel.") And precise explicit social chatter is now highly valued by educated moviegoers; the audience often perks up when characters talk like books. Eric Rohmer has prepared the way, but he's light-years away from *this* stuff. With Rohmer, you don't feel the chill of a metaphysician breathing down your neck.

Greenaway (who himself did the drawings) presents the draughtsman as a lover of landscape who is attacked and destroyed by those who love only property. If Greenaway doesn't show Mr. Neville so much as a twinge of sympathy, this may be because he believes he's subverting bourgeois aesthetics by not allowing his characters any emotions beyond vanity, greed, pettishness, and lust. Subversive or not, there's an honorable tradition behind this approach to character. But if you see a production of "Volpone" you know what Ben Jonson is getting at; there's nothing abstract about it. With Greenaway, you have to contend with so many kinds of abstraction that there's no human comedy left in the material; he has deliberately squeezed it dry. Yet there's no clarity in the abstractions, either. When we see the landscapes through the metal grid, the effect is perfectly pleasant, but no big perceptions jump to mind. What the movie has to say about art and framing doesn't add up to anything overwhelming. You can *get* "The Draughtsman's Contract" and still feel that *getting* it isn't enough.

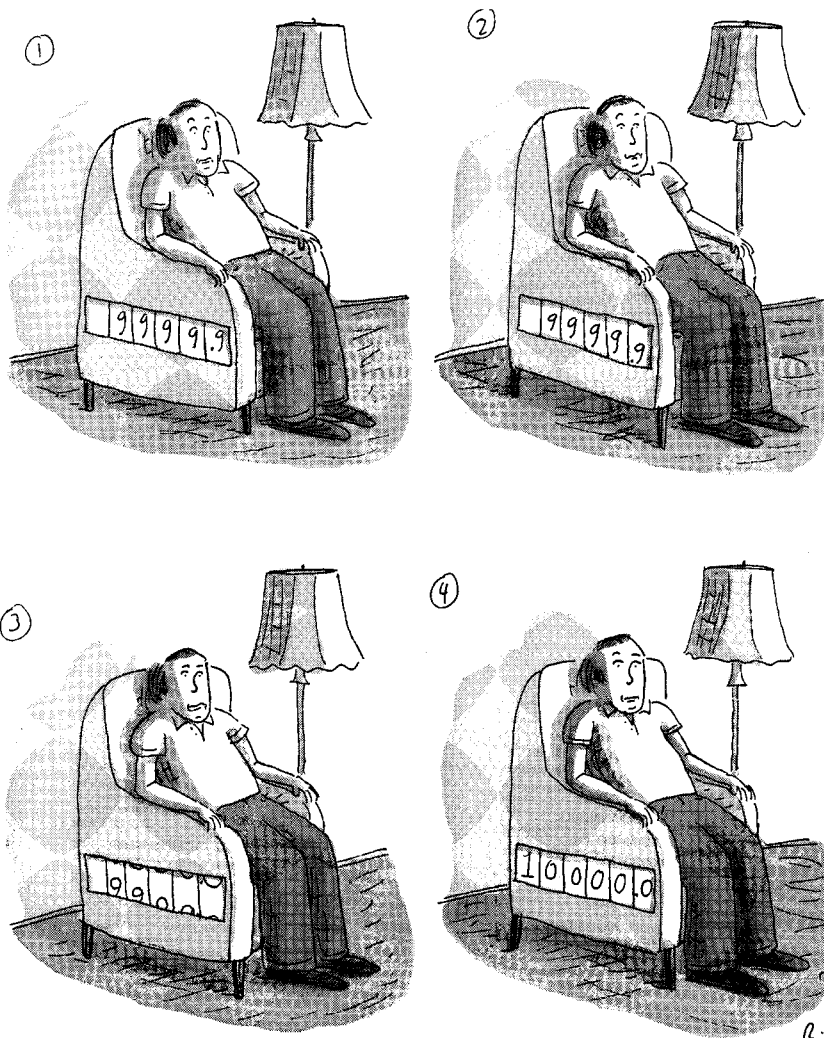
A FRIEND of mine does a great Sylvester Stallone—he does Stallone reciting Edgar Allan Poe's "The Raisin." What can be done about this mock writer-director-producer-actor? He has become the stupidos' Orson Welles. Stallone turns everything into a fight, and "Staying Alive," his

sequel to John Badham's "Saturday Night Fever" (1977), with John Travolta once again playing the dancer Tony Manero from Brooklyn's Bay Ridge, is a weirdly stripped-down-for-action musical. Stallone doesn't bother much with characters, scenes, or dialogue, and he runs out of story in the first eight minutes. He just puts the newly muscle-plated Travolta in front of the cameras, covers him with what looks like oil slick, and goes for the whambams. The publicity has centered on Stallone's remaking of Travolta's body—getting him to pump iron and develop a chest that's a modified version of his own. (What for? Dancers don't need the big, body builders' muscles that Travolta has now. What would they do with them—lift ten-ton ballerinas?) I didn't know there was that much the matter with Travolta's body. He looked

pretty jazzy coming down the street in "Saturday Night Fever," and he wasn't a bad disco hoofer. Now that he's all built up, he doesn't do any dance numbers that we might enjoy—he's too busy spinning and prancing in split-second flashes to music that's trying to pound the audience into submission. Travolta still has his star presence; he holds the screen more strongly than ever—but too flagrantly, because Stallone doesn't give the other performers a chance. Stallone has somehow projected his own narcissism on Travolta, who's in danger of turning into a laughingstock if he doesn't put some clothes on and stop posing for magazine covers as though it were Hiawatha Night at the O.K. Corral.

"Staying Alive," in which Tony gets his big break and becomes a Broadway dancing star, is a cross between "Flashdance" and "Rocky

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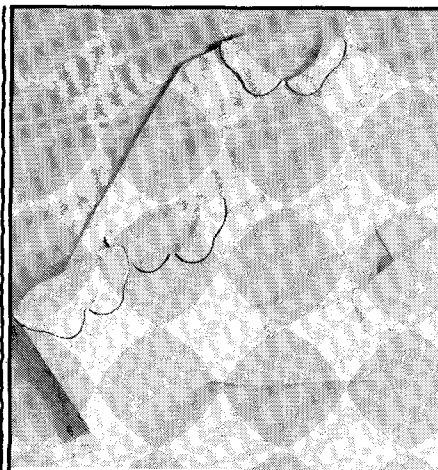
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III." But, in their own sleazo ways, those movies work—"Staying Alive" doesn't. (It works only at the box office.) Stallone is lazy: he doesn't pilfer from out-of-the-way places. He stays on the main road from "All That Jazz" via "A Chorus Line," and on to "Fame." And his repertory of gimmicks is so limited that each of his "Rocky" movies has essentially been a remake, while several sequences here are like homages to dear "Rocky." There's a single good idea in the movie—but, maddeningly, it isn't developed. Tony has an only modestly gifted dancer girlfriend, who works as a chorus girl; waiting for her backstage, he watches a woman dancer (Finola Hughes), the British star of the show, and is awed by the woman's artistry. He's suddenly hit by the aphrodisiac qualities of talent and success; his eyes light up with excitement, and he tries to get to know her. Since he's still struggling to become an artist, it makes perfect sense that he would be drawn to other artists—it's evidence of the depth of his commitment. Mediocrity would be a horrible thing to a man trying to become as good as he possibly could. But Stallone proceeds to turn the woman artist into a condescending, promiscuous rich bitch. (Her skyscraper apartment is a deluxe lair where she seethes venomously.) This way, Stallone can stick to his "Rocky" formula: the hero and the heroine must both be underdogs. Tony must learn to appreciate the qualities of his over-devoted, hardworking Jackie (rhymes with "lackey"), who is modelled on Rocky's ever-loyal Adrian. Jackie is played very appealingly by Cynthia Rhodes, who has a velvety singing voice, and I kept waiting for Tony to notice that if Jackie wasn't a great dancer she could at least sing. But Stallone seems fixated on the idea that a driven good-Catholic boy like Tony (who wears a king-size cross around his neck) needs an untalented woman. The details are equally repugnant. For example, a slinky, metallic *zhoom* sound whooshes across the pulsating track now and then; it turns up first with Bob Mackie's credit for some of the costumes—the S-M tatters worn in the Hell scenes near the end. And it isn't enough for Stallone to do a Hitchcock-like appearance, bumping into Tony on a city street—he has Tony recognize him and do a double take.

Julie Bovasso, who once again plays Tony's mother, has a couple of remarkable moments. She seems almost



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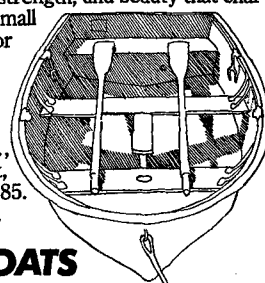
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to have internalized Travolta's face, and in one scene she and Tony, whose self-esteem is at a low point, sit very quietly facing each other across the kitchen table, and they are uncannily alike—mother and son, with matching anxious eyes. There's a suggestion of a Samuel Beckett character in her despairing silence. In another scene, Julie Bovasso, sitting in the theatre on the opening night of Tony's Broadway show—"Satan's Alley"—delivers a dumb line with such pure, innocent surprise that she makes us laugh despite the awful numbers from the show that we have been watching. "Satan's Alley," which is supposed to catapult Tony to stardom, is so close to the modern-day "Faust" that is parodied in "The Band Wagon" that I waited for the famous shot of that "Faust" laying an enormous egg, just before the audience emerged ashen-faced, as if stricken by a wasting disease. But Sylvester Stallone imagines that his vision of the sweaty agonies of Hell, staged in a cellblock socked in by what looks like heavy ground fog, is a triumph. We in the movie audience are stricken, all right, but luckily we get a last-minute reprieve: about two minutes of Travolta on the street moving to the "Stayin' Alive" music from "Saturday Night Fever." If it weren't for that, I don't know whether audiences would have the strength to crawl out of the theatre.

Stallone was born too late and has missed his vocation. If the studio system were still in operation, he could be the man in charge of transformations. Whenever the studios wanted to punish a star, they could give him to Stallone. A Timothy Hutton might emerge as the Incredible Hulk; Sissy Spacek might be built up to be a dominatrix like Lisa Lyon and scare us all.

—PAULINE Kael

SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[From the St. Peter (Minn.) Herald]

The annual Rheahme family reunion will be held Sunday, July 24, at the St. Peter and Paul's Parish grounds at Lake Washington. Each family should bring a dish to pass as well as their own tableware and beverages. Coffee will be furnished. All Rheames and Rehomes are requested to attend. The fiasco will start at noon.

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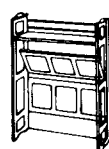


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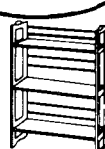
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AROUND CITY HALL

LIFT EVERY VOICE

AS words go, "will" has had a good run lately, here and elsewhere. After the House of Representatives voted, 228 to 195, last month to cut off undercover aid in the so-called secret war in Nicaragua (a bill on which every House member from this city who was present voted in the affirmative), Illinois Republican Representative Henry Hyde said that the message had now gone out to the world that Americans did not have the will to support their country's interests. A week earlier, on July 22nd, Diana Ross's free concert on the Great Lawn of Central Park, which was attended by three hundred and fifty thousand people, was followed by a violent rampage in which several hundred young people, most of them black, and described by a Criminal Court judge as "feral" and by a police official as resembling a "wolf pack," surged out of the Park and down Manhattan's West Side to Times Square, robbing, assaulting, and, in sixteen cases, sending to the hospital people unfortunate enough to be in their path—who left no doubt that they agreed with the police descriptions of their attackers. A particularly memorable account was given by a French family, just arrived in the city, who had been set upon by the young hoodlums. When, bruised and bleeding and stripped of many of their belongings, they went to the police to report the disaster, the response, they said, was "That's life—goodbye." The family said they had decided that goodbye it was, and that they were going right back to Paris—an item that is not likely to appear in the city's next cheery report on foreign tourism. The night's events didn't help domestic tourism, either: graphic accounts of how New York had messed up again were a popular feature in the nation's press. A few days later, the *News* columnist Beth Fallon took a position on who was to blame for the fact that some fourteen hundred policemen who, at a cost to the city of more than half a million dollars, had been sent to the Park and adjacent areas to keep the peace had not done so. "Partly it was poor deployment," she concluded. "But mostly it was a critical failure of will, and that is the fault both of the police officers and of we ourselves—society as a whole." New York police-



men "are not going to go out on a limb and use violence against violence because when they do, we do not back them up," she wrote. "Any cop who uses a gun has to explain himself or herself to several committees and maybe a grand jury." Besides a grand-jury appearance, Miss Fallon had in mind the rules of the Police Department's Firearms Discharge Review Board, which was set up in 1972 by Patrick V. Murphy, police commissioner under Mayor John Lindsay, after a police officer fatally shot an unarmed ten-year-old black child. Because of the burden of having to account to the Firearms Discharge Review Board and other agencies, Miss Fallon wrote, "very few cops are risking their necks and careers" by firing their guns. "They are instead leaving us to the violence of the barbarians. We have no 'police brutality,'" she said—mentioning a subject that has been much in the local headlines recently, because of a July 18th hearing in Harlem by a House subcommittee investigating alleged police brutality in the city—"but in certain circumstances, ever expanding, we have no police, either." About the same time, some police-union leaders were telling reporters that anger and depression over the brutality hearings had understandably affected their members' will to carry out their assignments. And other commentators (contrary to the general impression around Police Headquarters and City Hall, no responsible black leaders were among them) were suggesting that anger and depression over the fifty-per-cent jobless rate among black teenagers fully excused the youths' lack of will to obey the law.

The relationship between life's rules and human will came up recently in connection with another local event—one that was immensely welcome here as a respite, however temporary, from the ugliness of the controversies over black feralism and official brutality (the latter largely involving whites, since only ten per cent of the police force is black). The great American League bat dispute, with its inevitable references to sticky situations, tar wars, batty battles, pine tar and feathering, and, of course, debatgate, had, blessedly, no racial aspects: all the players, officials, and umpires involved were white. The details are now writ-

large in baseball legend: how, in the ninth inning of the July 24th game at Yankee Stadium between the Yankees and the Kansas City Royals, the score being four to three in the Yankees' favor, the Royals' George Brett hit a home run and, there being a man on base, put his team ahead five to four; and how Yankee Manager Billy Martin then complained to the umpires of too much pine tar on Brett's bat, which led to the umpires' unanimous agreement to cancel the home run and give the game to the Yankees. The comment of Manager Martin, who is not famously respectful of rules or of the wisdom of umpires (so far this season, he has on two occasions been fined or suspended for insulting umpires and calling them liars), was "It's a terrible rule. . . . It turned out to be a lovely Sunday afternoon." In a lead editorial entitled "Yankees, Bats and Nicaragua," the *Times* saw implications for American foreign policy in the controversy. New York's Republican Senator Alfonse D'Amato, the editors noted, had said of the umpires' ruling, "Sure, it was fine print, but a rule's a rule." "So what about the rules—Congress's rules—against undeclared war in foreign countries like Nicaragua?" the *Times* demanded. The rule book "binds Yankees as well as Royals," said the editorial. "Slugger Reagan may not like the fine print, but who exempted him?" On July 28th, in a story that, like the report of the umpires' original decision, would be carried on the *Times*' front page, the American League president, Lee MacPhail, announced that since the performance of the ball was not affected by the pine tar, the rules (for whose ambiguity he took some of the blame) should be construed to allow Brett's home run to count and the game to be called a "suspended game," to be completed later in the season. Writing in the *Washington Post*, Thomas Boswell called it "a distinguished date in history," hailed MacPhail for his statesmanship, and compared him favorably with more relentlessly confrontational types in baseball. The Yankee owner, George Steinbrenner, immediately predicted that as a result of this "dumb" and "ridiculous" decision umpires would no longer have the will to make controversial decisions on spitballs, beanballs, and the like, "for fear that they won't get the backing from the league office." In the days after the umpires' on-the-spot decision, the Yankees rose to a tie for first place in their division. After Mac-

Phail's reversal, they lost six of the first seven games they played, and fell to fifth place. An important element in the nightly chatter of the sports commentators was whether the players' distress over the reversal had caused them to lose the will to win.

A REFERENCE to "the days of the fiscal crisis" is often used here as a rhetorical symbol: a reminder of that heady time in 1975 and 1976 when city and state officials, figures in the private worlds of industry and finance, heads of labor unions, and other community leaders—groups that had often been at one another's throats in the past—joined together in the dramatic effort to save New York from bankruptcy. Although Edward Koch, the city's present mayor, was not around in those days, he properly takes credit for the fact that the city's fiscal condition is now quite good, and he would clearly like to have his administration remembered for achievements in this field. Late last month, the Mayor received a letter from Fred Samuel, a Harlem city councilman and the chairman of the Council's Black and Puerto Rican Caucus, that referred to the fiscal-crisis era. "Many of us recall the dark days during which preachers of doom predicted a fiscal collapse of our city," Samuel wrote. "This never occurred. . . . Our city survived because of responsible leaders, both elected and unelected and from various sectors of our city and state, who brought commitment and concern to a common table in serious dialogue." The crisis that Samuel was really writing to the Mayor about, however, had to do not with finances but with "the matter of allegations relating to police brutality" that had "created great tensions . . . among various segments of our citizenry." Samuel went on, "The war of words has intensified to a level that is a source of concern. The words come from many quarters. There is no question that a problem exists." Samuel urged the Mayor to do what had been done in the seventies—to convene a meeting of people of opposing views and backgrounds at a common table to try to resolve the crisis. Samuel told reporters that the blacks he had in mind for the Mayor to join with in the effort to save the city this time were people like Manhattan Representative Charles Rangel, and a number of ministers and other community leaders—with quite a few of whom, unfortunately, the Mayor was on very



"Yes, Colonel, I am he who is called He Who Sits by the Fast-Moving Water."

poor terms. Samuel's letter was one more signal to the Mayor that the anger against him among black New Yorkers was real and pervasive, and not, as he had often claimed, merely a self-serving canard invented by a few black leaders he did not care for. Up to now, Samuel, a slight, dapper, unrambunctious figure, had been the local black politician whom Koch could count on—someone who would put the best face on mayoral actions in black neighborhoods, or round up black support for bills when Koch needed it. For his helpfulness, Samuel has been attacked by more militant blacks and by the black press as a handkerchief head on the Mayor's plantation. Now even the faithful Samuel had concluded that the situation was so perilous that the Mayor must change his approach. It was beginning to look more and more as if the special area of concentration of a future syllabus on the Koch years would be the terribly uneasy and shifting relations between black citizens and an almost entirely white power

structure in the nation's largest city. In recent weeks, a look at local headlines suggested that the Koch administration was also concentrating heavily on the concerns of the police force, but, unfortunately, many of the Police Department's problems had to do with the relations between the races.

Late in June, Koch had told reporters that the July 18th hearing on brutality in the New York City Police Department, scheduled by a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, had been called only to further the cynical political ambitions of two black members of the House from New York—Rangel and Major Owens, of Brooklyn, both of whom, Koch said, planned to run against him in the 1985 municipal election. In a letter that he released to the press, he repeated this charge to New Jersey Representative Peter Rodino, the chairman of the Judiciary Committee, and he complained also that New York was being singled out for subcommittee attention despite the fact that such a hearing was unnecessary, since all

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charges of police brutality were properly dealt with by the Police Department. In a sense, however, it had been the Mayor himself who caused the hearing to take place. Last April 30th, while the Reverend Lee Johnson, a thirty-two-year-old black Vietnam veteran who is a student minister at the Concord Baptist Church in Brooklyn, and is enrolled at Union Theological Seminary, was driving through Harlem he was stopped by two policemen for not having a front license plate. In an exchange that followed, by Johnson's account, the policemen called him a nigger, and he was taken, in handcuffs, to the Twenty-eighth Precinct station, where he was charged with resisting arrest, obstructing governmental administration, and disorderly conduct. According to the testimony that Dr. Donald W. Shriver, Jr., the president of Union Theological Seminary, had prepared to give in support of Johnson at the July 18th hearing, Johnson was taken down the back stairs at the station house and, while still handcuffed, beaten up, receiving injuries that were later treated at St. Luke's Hospital. The reaction of the Mayor, early in May, after Johnson's experience was first publicized, might have been to say only that the incident would surely be investigated by the proper authorities. Instead, he suggested to reporters that the alleged events might never have happened. "I find it certainly possible, but nevertheless strange, that in the heart of Harlem, two white cops would intentionally, in violation of the law, harass a minister," he said. The Mayor often denies that he is insensitive, but in this case he was surely insensitive to the great offense his implication that a Baptist minister might well be a liar would cause in a black community where religious leaders continue to be awarded the power and respect that they have largely lost in other neighborhoods. The Reverend Calvin Butts, executive minister of the Abyssinian Baptist Church, concurred with Johnson's attorney that it would be useless to take his case to the Civilian Complaint Review Board, a seven-person group set up by the Police Department to hear complaints about police behavior. The board members, who are civilians, are all Police Department employees and are appointed by the police commissioner, while the staff investigators who look into charges are police officers. According to Richard Emery, a staff attorney of

the New York Civil Liberties Union, of five thousand allegations made against policemen each year, the board finds only two hundred or so to be valid. The Mayor has opposed legal efforts to expand the board to include members from outside the department, saying, correctly, that such an effort would be an extremely divisive one in the city and anyhow it would not satisfy those who object to the present arrangement, since "if you changed it and the outcome wasn't to their satisfaction, they would say it's no good. It will only be good if the cops are always convicted." Since they saw nowhere to turn for help in the city, as the Reverend Dr. Butts later explained, about two dozen local black leaders,

nearly half of them ministers, went to Washington and, armed with details of the Johnson case and a number of other examples of what they saw as police abuse, met with the chairman of the Criminal Justice Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee, Michigan Representative John Conyers, Jr., who is black. Chairman Rodino also joined the group for a time. In a letter replying to Mayor Koch about the motivation for the hearing—a letter that Koch did not release to the press—Rodino insisted that the New York hearing had nothing to do with municipal politics, and that it was being held in response to a large number of complaints brought to the subcommittee's attention "by a substantial number of reputable citizens of the City of New York."

The July 18th hearing opened with the black anthem "Lift Every Voice and Sing," for which the Mayor, apparently preoccupied, did not rise, explaining later that he hadn't noticed that the rest of the audience was standing. The proceedings were halted after about twenty minutes, before any official testimony was taken, thanks to what appeared to be a monumental case of poor planning by the congressional subcommittee. The hearing room, on the second floor of the Harlem State Office Building, was far too small to hold the crowd, and in the upstairs room that was opened up to accommodate the overflow the sound system was inadequate. As a courtesy, Representatives Rangel and Owens were allowed to make preliminary statements. Rangel, in his remarks, said of the Mayor, who was the first scheduled witness, "I would hate for someone to set a house on fire, throw a cup of water on it, and then be ac-

claimed for trying to keep peace and order." Owens had barely begun to speak when a woman suddenly rushed forward out of the crowd, shouting, "They killed my son! Eight bullets! They killed my son!" Although many of those present, including Rangel, took this as a deliberately staged interruption, her cry was later discovered to be the truth. On June 4th, three policemen, firing eight bullets, had killed her son, a twenty-three-year-old burglary suspect. He did not have a gun, but he had a knife. (The official response to the belief she expressed later that three armed cops could have stopped him without ending his life was that, according to long-standing department rules concerning the firing of guns, policemen are not allowed to shoot merely to wound.) In the turmoil that followed her appearance—the shoving and pushing crowds, the surge of the press trying to catch up with the screaming woman, and the great heat—Conyers recessed the hearing. Order was soon restored, but, to the surprise of many on the scene, he then announced that the hearing was being cancelled and would be rescheduled when better arrangements could be made.

Although the Mayor had said that the subcommittee's inquiry was unnecessary, its abrupt end was distressing to him and also to the Police Department. Police Commissioner Robert McGuire had been eager to hand out statistics demonstrating that, far from being trigger-happy, his men show much more restraint about firing their guns than policemen in other cities do and than members of the New York force did in the past. Although the department's Firearms Discharge Review Board's requirements are resented by many police officers and by their more ardent supporters, it was evident from McGuire's prepared testimony that it was the board's role that had made the dramatic difference here.

In the early nineteen-seventies, before the board was established, city policemen were discharging their firearms about seven hundred and seventy-six times a year; last year the total was three hundred and seventy-five. Police in Detroit kill civilians at a rate two and a half times that of New York cops, and the number of such homicides in New York, which averaged about sixty-seven a year in the early nineteen-seventies, is now about thirty-six a year. The Mayor's pre-

pared statement also devoted a large share of its space to proving the falsity of charges of widespread, officially condoned physical brutality. At its end, however, the Mayor was prepared to say, "There are undoubtedly some who believe that I have not sufficiently articulated" the philosophy that people of all races, religions, ethnic backgrounds, and nationalities must be respected in the city. "If I have offended them," he planned to say, "I am truly sorry." To be sure that his words received proper attention, the Mayor released them to selected reporters several days before the hearing. However, he was quick to clarify the significance of what might have been taken by some as an apology. "I haven't apologized for any substantive action," he pointed out. Nor, beyond better articulation, did he propose any program to improve relations between the races in the city. Nevertheless, the statement that he did not have the opportunity to make seemed a promising start.

Particularly upset about the hearing's sudden end were the members of the audience who had hoped to be allowed to testify about their bad times at the hands of local police, whom many of those present clearly saw as an alien occupying force—uniformed figures who collect their substantial city salaries and, at the end of their tours of duty, return to largely white suburbs, far from the city's troubled streets. Instead of drifting away, a large number of these people stayed in the hearing room, and for the next six and a half hours, after the officials and the television cameras and most of the reporters had left, fifty witnesses, some of them weeping, told of their encounters with police. In some cases, they spoke of physical manhandling, but what others had been unable to forget were the public humiliation—being dragged in handcuffs, for example, when whites in the area were

not—and the racial slurs. "You call a black person a nigger, that is almost like hitting him," Samuel had said a few days earlier. The testimony at the so-called people's tribunal was not widely reported. The most striking effect it had was on the editorial writers at the *Times*. Ten days before the hearing, an editorial in that paper seemed to accept the Mayor's theory that it was being held mainly to further the ambitions of "the plainly less successful black politicians of New



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York," who were jealous of the victories of black mayoral candidates in Chicago and Philadelphia. The editorial had suggested that the police-brutality charges were primarily a case of exaggeration and that "black politicians also have an obligation to demonstrate restraint." Commissioner McGuire "perceives no disturbing trends," the editors stated, with an air of finality. On the day after the hearing, however, it was a different story. "Blacks are genuinely angry and frustrated over this issue," said the *Times*. The Mayor might defend himself, but "this is not a debate," and "no true resolution is possible until the anger is heard." As for the Mayor and the Commissioner's statistics, the editorial noted, "What was missing was a recognition that people who took a day off from work to attend the hearing also know facts, arising from their own lives over a period of years. Their hearts are not likely to be much gladdened by being informed that the police in Philadelphia are worse." What was needed, said the *Times*, was for the Mayor to call a hearing of his own and, this time, to listen.

Koch's prepared statement had offered some hope that there might be a new reaching out from City Hall toward the concerns of people whom he had been accused of neglecting, but, through sometimes unavoidable circumstances, news stories about the Mayor's activities in the days that followed often involved his association with members of the Police Department, toward whom his attitude had not been at issue. It seemed that he had no sooner got through defending the department's treatment of minority citizens than he was busy defending its handling of the aftermath of the Diana Ross concert. He also took part in a sports tournament sponsored by the Police Athletic League, in which he was pictured competing in a throw-the-hoop-over-the-hydrant contest. Late in July, he appeared at a Gracie Mansion cocktail party honoring the fact that, for the first time in the League's ten years of Superstar Award Dinner fund-raising, a public official—the Mayor—would be named the P.A.L. Superstar-of-the-Year. Other appearances with the police were the result of a local tragedy. Four days after the cancelled hearing, two policemen—a mechanic and a pilot—flying traffic-surveillance duty over Brooklyn in a department helicopter were killed in a midair collision with a

commuter plane. The funerals of the two policemen, both of whom were white and lived on Long Island, were attended by thousands of police officers and by city officials, including, of course, the Mayor, who said, "I see the Police Department as part of my extended family." That week, too, Koch attended the swearing in of a thousand and twenty-four new police recruits. During his speech at the ceremony, he called on "these same community leaders" who had made charges of police brutality "to decry the kind of random and senseless violence" that followed the Ross concert. When, after the swearing in, U.P.I. reporter Daniel Collins asked the Mayor if by "community leaders" he meant black leaders—the majority of the scheduled witnesses at the hearing having been black—Koch flew into a rage and accused him of "an outright lie." The black leaders, however, took the challenge as being directed at them, and were offended—once again—by the suggestion that those who protested what they saw as official mistreatment of blacks should be required to denounce the crimes of predatory youths apparently just because the predators were black. The Reverend Dr. Butts pointed out that the Mayor had not demanded that civic and religious leaders in the Gravesend section of Brooklyn denounce the criminals in the case of Willie Turks, a black transit worker who in June, 1982, was set upon and beaten to death by a gang of young Italian-Americans in that neighborhood. Other blacks mentioned that no one had insisted that leaders of local Italian-American groups, who have complained of discrimination against people of their ethnic background in City Hall hiring policies and of Italian-Americans being portrayed as criminals on television, publicly denounce the actions of Italian-American feral types in Gravesend. Early this month, when one of Turks' attackers was sentenced to prison—another was already serving time—his mother shouted out in the courtroom, "They ought to get the real animals on the street, not the good people!" There is a lot of shouting in the city these days. At a press conference after the Harlem hearing, it was suggested that the Mayor had not shown sufficient concern for the death of the black transit worker. "You're wrong!" said Koch. "I went to his funeral! To his funeral! To his funeral!"

Breakdowns not in race relations but in labor negotiations and the city's

infrastructure also brought the Mayor and police officials together at joint press conferences. Six hundred cops a day, at a weekly cost of a million dollars, guarded Consolidated Edison facilities from the time a strike against the utility was called on June 18th. After the American Telephone & Telegraph strike began on August 7th, up to a thousand more were assigned to guard telephone-company facilities. McGuire said of the costly protection of Consolidated Edison plants and equipment that, in view of the tense race relations, "the last thing I wanted to have was a blackout." Vivid in the local recollection is the citywide power failure in July, 1977, when, in the sudden darkness, swarms of looters, most of them black, broke into stores, carrying off everything that was portable. The city did have a blackout this summer, but it affected only a twelve-block portion of mid-Manhattan. On August 10th, a sixty-eight-year-old water main broke and flooded a Con Ed power substation, cutting off electricity in much of that area. Fearful of the worst, which fortunately did not occur, McGuire assigned six hundred police a day to make sure there was no replay of the summer of 1977.

The week after the cancelled hearing, the police union, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, had weighed in. At a press conference, the P.B.A. president, Phil Caruso, said, "There is police brutality in New York City. It is widespread and it is pervasive. It is occurring on a daily basis. It is the brutality that is directed against police officers." At the press conference with him were eleven policemen who had been seriously injured in encounters with local criminals. Each one told his story, and many of them showed their scars. A policeman who had been hit in the eye by a bomb blast set off by the Puerto Rican terrorist group F.A.L.N. took out his plastic eye and sat with it in his hand. The Mayor did not associate himself with the P.B.A. statements or with the union's announced fifty-thousand-dollar campaign of radio and television commercials describing the public brutality toward P.B.A. members. Many black leaders nevertheless interpreted the P.B.A.'s campaign as part of the Mayor's campaign to discredit the police-brutality charges; they reminded reporters that the P.B.A. had been among the very few unions that had backed Koch in his attempt to win the

Democratic nomination for governor last year, and that a week earlier Caruso had said that, in his twenty-five years as a policeman, his organization had never known such support from a mayor.

Koch's response to Councilman Samuel's proposal for calling a summit meeting on local race relations had not been particularly friendly, beginning, as it did, with a rebuke to Samuel for having released his letter to the press, although such a maneuver is not unknown at the Mayor's end of City Hall. However, Koch agreed to talk with the Councilman. At their discussion, early this month, he rejected the idea of any summit meeting with leaders of the black community, although he agreed to meet with some minority elected officials, a few at a time. If he met with many of them at once, he said, they would use the occasion "to beat up on me." Samuel reported later, "I told him he ought not to answer back every time he's attacked, but the Mayor said that that was his nature." Anxious about the effect of the P.B.A. commercials, Samuel pointed out in an interview with Bruce Lambert, Jr., of *Newsday*, that in the city there was already "a feeling of hostility, black against white, Jew against gentile," and continued, "I'm afraid of what might happen. All you need is one nut, one false rumor, one person reacting to something the Mayor or someone else says."

Early this month, the Mayor, deciding that he could use a change of scene and a change of subject (sort of), announced that he was launching a one-man campaign to persuade the Democratic Party to leave off what he called its "pandering" to the "left-wing" and "special-interest groups" and to attend instead to the concerns of the middle class. His first speech would be in San Francisco, this month, with others to follow. In September, however, he will have to save some time for city problems. Representative Conyers' subcommittee had thought of holding its new hearing on police brutality in August, but it was put off till September 19th, largely at the suggestion of the New York Police Department, which felt that it would be prudent not to try to gather the principals together again in one room until the weather had cooled off and the social temperature-humidity index might also have abated.

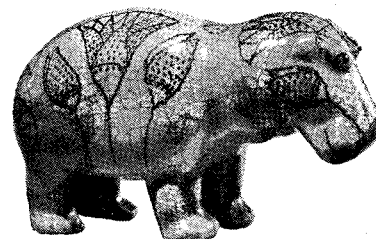
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BOOKS

The Last Victorian

ANYONE who reads much biography must come to be struck sooner or later by the volatility of great men's reputations—a capriciousness quite as unpredictable as the ups and downs of Xerox, I.B.M., or Gulf & Western. Indeed, since publishers, through their absorption into conglomerates, have had to think and act as trading partners in “the book business,” the time may not be far off when they will circulate internal memos alerting the staff to the biographical market trends: Rousseau up, Scott Fitzgerald down fifteen points, Virginia Woolf (like oats and wheat) steady.

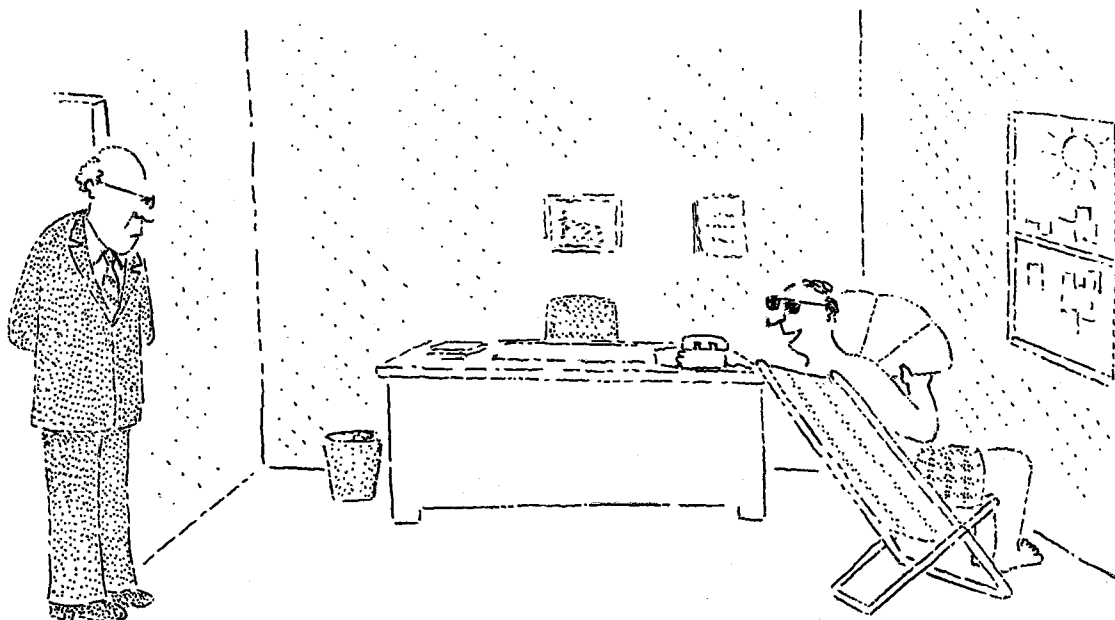
Only a year or two ago, it seemed, everything that could be usefully written about Winston Churchill had been written and published. His finest hour—if he is to be considered as an object of public acclaim, and hence as a literary growth stock—came soon after the evacuation from Dunkirk, on the day that the French sued for an armistice. In that moment, Churchill was symbolized for two continents in David Low's cartoon of a British Tommy, valiant on a storm-drenched rock and waving his fist at a flight of Heinkel bombers: “Very well, alone.” Since then, there have been scores of books about Churchill, over forty of them published since the sixties. Most of them, from Davenport and Mur-

phy's early little rhapsody to Elizabeth Longford's ritual tribute, have been frank celebrations of an immortal. Sharper and more perceptive judgments have come from A. J. P. Taylor and C. P. Snow and from Violet Bonham Carter's affectionate but incisive memoir. The best of them are concerned to isolate—from a compound of successes and blunders, rooted beliefs, set policies, and brilliant guesses—the essential elements of Churchill's character and his leadership. None of them seriously chips away at the monolith. True, in 1970 Brian Gardner assembled a formidable anthology of Parliamentary assaults on Churchill's conduct of the war during the disheartening year of 1942. And some years ago there was a scandalous flutter of revisionism when a play was written in which Churchill arranged the death of Sikorski to avoid the embarrassment of pressing the General's well-founded charge that the massacre, with never a survivor, of fifteen thousand Polish officers and other prisoners at Katyn had been ordered by the Soviet government. This shocker, which was performed during a nauseating period of permissiveness in the London theatre, was soon dismissed as a canard less preposterous only than another play, which revealed to a breathless world that Queen Victoria had had an affair with Florence Nightingale.

Meanwhile, as books about Churchill poured from the presses, the definitive assessment of the great man's life was begun, under the supervision of a trust, by his son, Randolph. He had finished two volumes, and brought the story down to 1914, when he died, in 1968. The official life was thereupon taken up by Martin Gilbert, the Oxford historian, who has added four volumes, which bring us to 1941. Along with these first six volumes, fourteen companion volumes, so called, have been published, which reproduce all the relevant documents. Even though most of the Second World War, Churchill's last Parliamentary administration, and his declining years have yet to be covered, we might fairly assume that Churchill, dead since 1965, has achieved the sort of marmoreal reputation that is fixed, not subject to revision—bound in morocco and permanently installed on library shelves alongside Izaak Walton's Donne, Forster's Dickens, Marshall's Washington, and Douglas Southall Freeman's R. E. Lee.

So far, the official life of Churchill runs to over twenty thousand pages. It ought to be enough to deter any intending biographer, but it has not deterred William Manchester, who has now put out the first of two promised volumes, a nine-hundred-and-seventy-three-page whopper, “The Last Lion —Winston Spencer Churchill: Visions of Glory” (Little, Brown; \$25), which begins with a survey of the late-Victorian society into which Churchill was born, in 1874, and ends in 1932 with Lady Astor in Moscow assuring Stalin that Churchill is “finished”—“Chamberlain is the coming man.”

In “American Caesar,” Mr. Manchester's splendid biography of Douglas MacArthur, his preamble was a summary of the General's life and character. He has done the same thing for Churchill and, it seems to me, has made a dramatic error. The device worked very well



MANKOFF

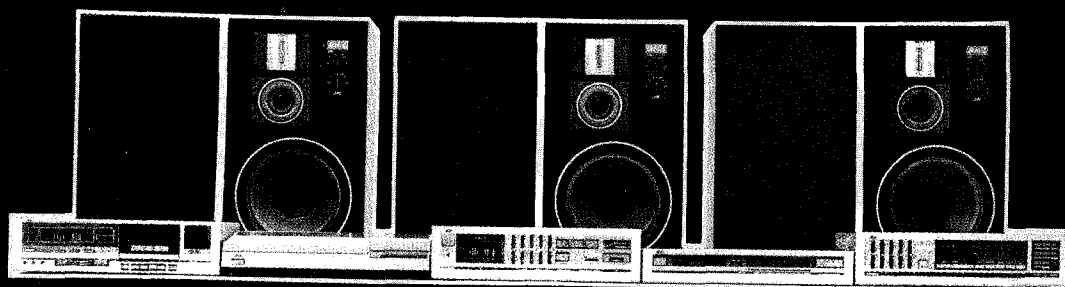
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with MacArthur, whose whole life was so little known to most readers that a foretaste of astonishing episodes and unsuspected character traits whetted the appetite for the full story to come. With Churchill, few surprises can be sprung in thirty-odd pages, and the effect is that of a judge's charge before the trial has begun. Also, this chapter illustrates Mr. Manchester's writing at its second best and at its worst: its best being that of a lean but brilliant narrative style darting adroitly through a dense underbrush of research; its worst being a kind of apocalyptic prose reminiscent of the monologues given to Moses or Julius Caesar in a Cecil B. De Mille epic.

Once this embarrassment is done with, Mr. Manchester begins where he ought to have begun, with an incomparable social survey of Victorian England. It usually suffices to place the young Churchill in the high society into which he was born or to exploit the shameful contrasts between Disraeli's "two nations." But Mr. Manchester has surveyed the whole range of British society without forced pathos or any more irony than the juxtaposed facts invite: the habits, prejudices, economic resources, rituals, games, chronic diseases of Britain's classes and innumerable subclasses, from hymn-singing Methodists to hunting peers; the social pecking order of the Guards regiments; the comparative wages of a landowner, a private soldier, and a coal miner; the contraceptive habits of the aristocracy and the working classes; the social distinctions of dress flaunted along the scale between a bank clerk and a duke. Against this teeming sociological background Mr. Manchester has mounted in the forefront an impressionist picture of the vast influence of the Empire when more than half the world's maritime vessels flew the red ensign, when one civil servant was overseer for every two hundred thousand Indians, when one lone Englishman in Borneo had his own flag and national anthem, and when—outside the quarter of the world that was the acknowledged imperial domain—the inspector general of Chinese customs was Irish, the military adviser to the Sultan of Morocco was a Scot, and "foreign governments were told where and when to build new lighthouses."

Mr. Manchester then moves on to the boyhood and youth, a dullish period commonly summarized in the boy's devotion to his nanny, the kindly and mountainous Mrs. Everest; his

poor marks at Harrow; a cool relation with his father and the wistful contemplation of his mother as "the evening star—I loved her dearly, but at a distance." But Mr. Manchester gives more than a hundred pages, alive with the most engrossing research, to present the record of a boyhood that is pitiable when it is not heartbreaking. The son of an adored and highly neurotic father who disliked him from the start and of a glittering socialite to whom motherhood was a calling as alien as the priesthood, he arrived at Harrow an emotional orphan. He reacted as a spirited boy bereft of affection might be expected to: he demanded attention by becoming a showoff, a practical joker, and the despair of his surrogate parents, the teachers. Deciding to despise the regular syllabus—math, Latin, Greek, and French—he holed up alone to memorize bits of Shakespeare and Macaulay, and soon found himself at the bottom of his class. All the while, he received peppery, scolding letters from his father. He wrote pleading little letters to his mother ("Please write something kind to me"), and she responded, rarely, with the irritability of a fashion model cursed with a squalling brat. In his ten years away at school—whether in health or in dire sickness—he had only one visit from each parent. Even in a period and a country in which upper-class boys were kept under permanent house arrest in the nursery before being exiled to their public school, the brilliant, the beautiful, the appalling Jennie Jerome was the most uncaring of mothers. Apart from her chronic annoyance at her son's well-maintained status as the dumbbell of the school, the only strong emotion she appears to have felt for him was disgust at his having passed on the measles to her favorite lover.

So the education of Winston Churchill began in his twenty-second year at an unlikely time and in the most improbable place: the intellectual barren of a fashionable cavalry regiment posted to India—for a nine-year stretch of duty!—in the twilight of the Victorian age. Before his troopship sailed, he heard a friend use the word "ethics." Arrived in Bangalore, he wondered about it: "But here . . . there was no one to tell me about Ethics for love or money." Later, he overheard a man drop the phrase "the Socratic method." He wondered again. He was told that Socrates was an argumenta-

tive Greek hounded by a nagging wife into suicide. He had been dead, Churchill discovered, over two thousand years, yet some "method" of his was still being debated. "Such antagonisms," he wrote, "do not spring from petty issues. Evidently, Socrates had called something into being long ago which was very explosive. Intellectual dynamite! A moral bomb! But there was nothing about it in *The Queen's Regulations*." He wrote to his mother and asked her to ship out to him Gib-

bon's "Decline and Fall," to be followed by Winwood Reade's "Martyrdom of Man," a translation of Plato's "Republic," and twelve volumes of Macaulay.

Through the burning Indian days, he devoured these books "till the evening shadows proclaimed the hour" of his other passion, polo. His mother responded with uncharacteristic alacrity, for once her son had chosen to be a soldier and was comfortably removed to India, safe from intrusion on her unflagging round of house parties, balls, love affairs, foreign cruises, and the like, she was able to begin to express some concern for him as an individual rather than as a family pest. And when he made it clear, in insistent letters home, that he meant to make his mark in politics she warmed to an ambition as impatient as her husband's and used her beauty to wheedle, nudge, hector, and even seduce some of the most influential men in England in the cause of her son's lust for preferment.

Much of this has been recounted over and over, not least by Churchill himself, though with such extreme filial respect that he suppresses even a whisper of complaint against his wretched parents. But the story is usually told skimpily and sentimentally, as an object lesson in the doltishness of parents and schoolmasters who failed to recognize what we, the latter-day seers, could have told them—that they had on their hands a genius in embryo. Mr. Manchester, however—gratefully admitting that he has been privileged to work "in tandem" with Martin Gilbert—has had at his disposal such an abundance of letters, documents, onlooking comments and opinions that he can afford not to anticipate an event, a quirk of character, or a sign of approaching maturity. His mastery of this huge file of research enables him to introduce us, by way of new and dramatic emphases, to many startling things we thought we knew. It is the



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same with the rest of Churchill's youthful life abroad: his time as a cavalry subaltern, his dashing off to cover the guerrilla warfare in Cuba, his vaulting over the officer establishment to be present at the Khyber Pass and the Battle of Omdurman, his capture by the Boers and the chronicle of his escape and aimless wandering in search of sanctuary. From Mr. Manchester's account of this five-year safari, we become freshly aware of one of those untrammelled Victorian adventurers, usually highborn but inexplicably injured to discomfort, whose curiosity moves them to treat continents as obvious maps of the Old Boy network and treks into deserts or remote mountain villages as suburban excursions. The young Churchill, who appears to have transformed a frail physique into a tough one by an exercise of free will unknown to physical therapy, was at home in rancid heat and paralyzing cold, on battlefronts, in filthy trains, on a horse or a mule or on foot in the harshest landscapes. (It is a reminder of his vanished type that the most serious accident of his life occurred when he looked the wrong way as he stepped off a New York sidewalk and was knocked down by an automobile.)

This rousing drama, told always with a sure sense of what mattered most to Churchill at the time, inevitably slows down and becomes at once more mundane and more debatable when the twenty-six-year-old settles into Parliament. But here, again, in dealing with Churchill's early and middle political career—with material that has been exhaustively mined—Mr. Manchester makes constant use of the one advantage that all good historians ought to exercise in writing about the life of a nation that is not their own. As an American, he takes nothing for granted, he investigates what the natives assume to be common knowledge, he probes into the origin of institutions as recondite as the Parliamentary code of behavior and as ordinary as the bicycle craze, the "pea souper" fog, and W. H. Smith's newsstands. I doubt whether any English historian would have bothered to describe, for example, the grades of power implicit in the physical layout of the House of Commons, or, having bothered, would have done it in six sentences:

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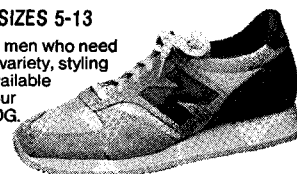
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him the benches, upholstered in green, rose in five tiers. Those to the Speaker's right were occupied by the party in power; the Opposition sat to his left. Each tier was separated at midpoint by an aisle, the "gangway." The front government bench, extending from the Speaker's chair to the gangway, was reserved for the prime minister and his cabinet; it was also called "the Treasury Bench" because the first prime minister, Sir Robert Walpole, had also been first lord of the Admiralty and chancellor of the Exchequer. Two red stripes on the well carpet marked the point beyond which no front-bencher could advance in addressing the House; the distance between the stripes was the length of two drawn swords.

These accumulated merits, of scrupulous research, sustained narrative lucidity (he is very fine on the Dardanelles), unabashed inquisitiveness, seem to me to outweigh most of the errors—of judgment, mainly—that Mr. Manchester can be charged with: that he overrates Churchill's political importance in his early Parliamentary career; that he has a shaky grasp of Irish politics; that he fails to set against a rapacious, mercantile view of the Empire the labors of a generation of able and humane administrators inspired by the example of Lord Lugard, the pioneer colonial administrator of Nigeria, of whom there is no mention. Certainly misgivings about Mr. Manchester's judgment in general creep in when he gives equal credence to, say, the transcript of a Parliamentary debate and Frank Harris's ludicrous account of how Lord Randolph picked up syphilis. Harris was a bold and imaginative editor, but his testimony on sexual shenanigans—his own or anyone else's—has long ago been discredited as mischievous fantasy. I suppose a book so packed with new and old documentary material on so many well-rehearsed themes is bound to provoke a fuss of pedants. But on the main theme, on Churchill himself, Mr. Manchester is hospitable to every pro and con, every admiring or malicious comment, every shred of damning or vindicating evidence. As he did in his MacArthur biography, he demonstrates that he is unperturbed by the sharpest and most contrary judgments of his subject. He accepts the largest contradictions in behavior, evidently adopting as an elementary duty of a biographer Shaw's maxim "No specific virtue or vice in a man implies the existence of any other specific virtue or vice in him." The equanimity of this approach is rare, especially in biographies that come to be accepted as classics. One thinks of Sandburg's Lincoln, of Catherine

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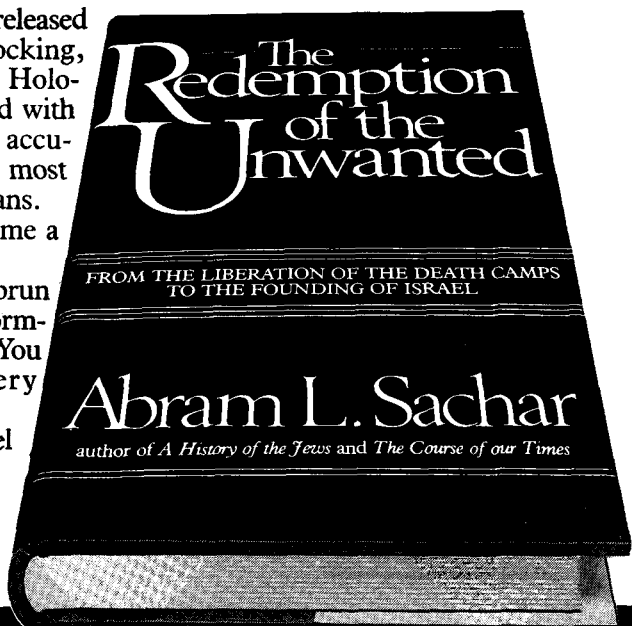
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Drinker Bowen's life of Justice Holmes, of many of the cameo portraits in Bruce Catton—instances in which the biographer is so tenderly concerned to establish the integrity, if not the canonization, of the subject that sinister rumors are derided, critics are routed, the exposition of the passage from the womb to the tomb becomes a celebration of the guaranteed good life. As a technical matter simply—a flaw in contriving the dramatic movement of a biography—this approach steadily deflates all suspense, because the author is telling you in advance of any provocation how to feel. It is an anxiety rather like that of the directors of movies in the heyday of Joan Crawford and Irene Dunne who hastened to allay a fear (that we were not getting the emotional point) by introducing the persuasion of sobbing violins. From this common but fatally slackening trick Mr. Manchester is almost wholly free. He shares the advantage that A. J. P. Taylor has over most scholarly biographers in daring to move, with a fresh, unblinkered eye, into territory that the academics have staked out as their very own, which they contemplate with the unction of long familiarity, and in which they deeply resent the invasion of squatters.

What we have, in the end, is the phenomenon of an impenitent Victorian who, while never ceasing to yearn for the high noon of imperial Britain, had an intuitive feel for the next lurch of history and was able, with the old weapon of his deeply felt oratory, to goad a sleeping nation to meet it. Many of his convictions, early and late, are now embarrassing to read about: his contemptuous view of Gandhi; his abhorrence of the "unnatural" idea of the women's vote; his passionate love of war and tolerance of it in even its grisliest aspects (the rodents in the trenches of the First World War "played a very useful role in eating human bodies"). But much of this embarrassment is the shame of seeing a man out of his time, like finding a strong vein of hypocrisy in Jefferson's protestations about liberty from the fact of his owning slaves. Along with much Victorian cant, Churchill had, and carried from early manhood into the conduct of the Second World War, Victorian virtues that exhilarated or exasperated his colleagues and overawed his subordinates: a habit of inexhaustible industry; a relentless attention to the details of political and military action; an impatience



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with small talk; the assumption that twenty-four hours a day are hardly enough for the discovery of the marvels of the world we live in. To these he added some formidable virtues of his own: the acceptance of humiliating defeats as episodes natural to the wielding of power; a tough but generous relation with political rivals; immediate magnanimity toward a defeated enemy; a willingness to experiment beyond the accepted wisdom of the professional (to invent a tank, to suggest floating landing piers, to declare common citizenship with the French). Above all, in the supreme crisis of national survival, his absolute refusal—unlike many good and prudent men around him—to compromise or surrender. Despite some dramatic oversimplification, the misplacing of the opening chapter, and some disturbing eruptions of bloodshot prose, Mr. Manchester's work has such control over a huge and moving narrative, such illumination of character, and such a steady acceptance of the contrariness of a remarkable man seen in the round, that he can claim the considerable achievement of having assembled enough powerful evidence to support Isaiah Berlin's judgment of Churchill as "the largest human being of our time." —ALISTAIR COOKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE SUMMER OF KATYA, by Trevanian (Crown; \$12.95). Trevanian's new best-seller is somewhat different from its four predecessors. It is set not in the more or less present but in the summer of 1914, on the eve of the First World War, and is not a "straight," realistic novel, like "The Main," or a thriller, like the others. It is an old-fashioned romantic melodrama. It is told, after an interval of some twenty years, by a French-Basque physician; it details his passionate involvement, in the tiny village of Salies, with the beautiful Katya Treville, her twin brother, and their widowed scholar-father; and its ingredients include rape, murder, suicide, insanity, and unrequited love. There is a lot of basic foolishness here, but there is also a good deal of pleasure—particularly in the languid, cynical wit of the period with which the author inspires his characters.

MY NAME IS SAROYAN, by William Saroyan (Coward-McCann;

\$22.50). A collection of short stories and other writings compiled and annotated by James H. Tashjian, a former editor of *The Armenian Review*. Of ninety-seven stories included here, sixty-five were first printed in Armenian journals in this country, and have not been republished until now. These were submitted (often pseudonymously) by Saroyan throughout his writing life—from 1933 until his death, in 1981—as an expression of his feeling for his father's land and people. (He never asked for payment.) In addition to the stories, there are poems and plays. Among the best of the selections is a little fictional memoir of Saroyan's tenth year, called "The Europa Club," which begins, "In 1918 one of the gambling joints I used to loaf around in, pretending to be selling papers, was The Europa Club on Tulare Street..."

SHAKESPEARE STORIES, edited by Giles Gordon (Hamish Hamilton; \$16.95). "If it be accepted that Mr. W. S. is the greatest writer of them all," Mr. Gordon writes in his earnestly upbeat introduction, "it seemed an intriguing prospect... to suggest to twenty of our best writers that each should compose a story, inspired by or derived from Shakespeare." The results are uniformly feeble; they compose a good-looking volume, but few of them would stand on their own. Paul Ableman's portrait of Eddy and Delly, which ends with Act I, Scene 1, line 1 of "King Lear" (and which opens the collection), is as cute as a Disney cartoon, while Allan Massie's account of the tragic downfall of a black prizefighter named Ossie who is managed by a fiend named Jago (and is mixed up with a white woman named Desi) is not the only offering that suggests a summer-stock production designed around a local thrift shop's supplies. Angela Carter's visions of the hem of Titania's dress ("the margin of the wood itself") and of Oberon's headgear (mossy antlers and a crown of strange vertebrae) would please a good costume designer, and Salman Rushdie's monologue "Yorick" would have pleased Laurence Sterne, but if the question is to read or not to read, the answer is clear.

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A JOURNEY IN LADAKH, by Andrew Harvey (Houghton Mifflin; \$13.95). The author, a young English poet attracted to Buddhism, spent the summer of 1981 in Ladakh, a Himalayan enclave in the Republic of India which maintains Tibetan Buddhist traditions. His report is superb travel writing, evoking mountain beauties and the glories of Buddhist art with equal vividness. In describing his religious pilgrimage—attending Buddhist services and ceremonies, visiting oracles, and receiving guidance from two teachers, one old and one young—he succeeds in defining Buddhism as a distinct religious sensibility, and does so without solemnity, for he emphasizes its strong feeling for the practical, the earthy, and the comic.

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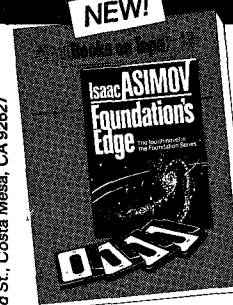
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biography goes from 1952 to the present, and recalls the Powell family's move from London to the country; the novelist's part-time job as literary editor of *Punch* during the years when Malcolm Muggeridge was the editor; a dip into the theatre, when Powell's first novel was dramatized (though not by him); and travels—usually on literary occasions—to the United States, Asia, and Eastern Europe. Powell's strengths as a memoirist include his fascination with the variety of mankind, and particularly the subspecies he knows best—writers. His evocations of his colleagues include his elders (Ivy Compton-Burnett) and his juniors (Kingsley Amis), along with writers who dissipated their promise in bohemia (Julian Maclaren-Ross) and writers of continuing achievement (V. S. Naipaul). Powell's keenness of observation is notably not malicious; it is instead a search for the unique. His concern with the passage of time appears in, for example, a marvellous account of the memorials in a country church. His critical acumen, exhibited by the way, is considerable.

A CONSPIRACY SO IMMENSE: THE WORLD OF JOE MCCARTHY, by David M. Oshinsky (Free Press; \$19.95). This political history of McCarthyism is a virtual textbook of demagoguery. It demonstrates how an ambitious and unscrupulous politician armed with an easily grasped idea can roughhouse his way to the top and, through fraud, political blackmail, and intimidation, cause decent men to hold their tongues or look the other way. The book is thoroughly detailed, and is full of good anecdotes; there are well-documented descriptions of behind-the-scenes maneuvering in both the McCarthy camp and the camps of his opponents. The reader cannot avoid being struck by the tendency of the American press and public in times of stress to rise to the artfully baited political hook. Photographs.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE ANODYNE NECKLACE, by Martha Grimes (Little, Brown; \$14.95). A young woman from the village of Littlebourne is bludgeoned in a London Underground station, and a young woman from London is murdered in a wood in Littlebourne. There are other



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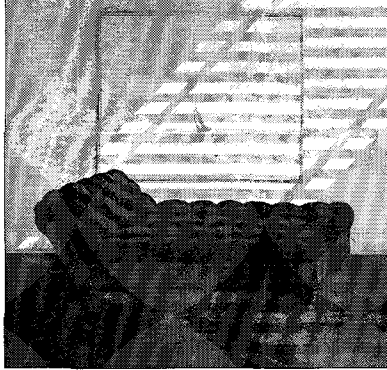
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AUGUST

A NOVEL BY
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deaths, both in London and in Littlebourne, and the connection, as worked out by Miss Grimes' attractive Superintendent Richard Jury and his volunteer assistant, the agreeably dilettantish Melrose Plant, is interestingly simple in hindsight. Miss Grimes has stepped without a lurch into the formidable British brogues of Agatha and Dorothy, all the more remarkably in that she is young enough to be their granddaughter and is an American, to boot. She is, for even fuller measure, a writer to relish: "Mainwaring . . . had smooth good looks and a manner silky enough to make women want to touch the goods." The title here, as in her earlier "The Old Fox Deceiv'd," refers to a pub.

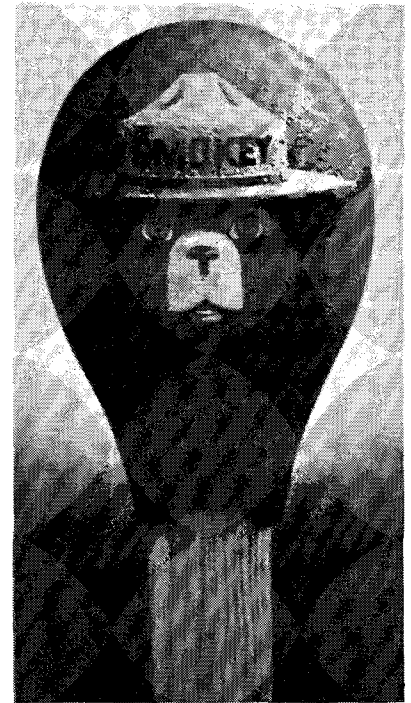
CHAIN REACTION, by Nicholas Guild (St. Martin's; \$13.95). We're back in the Second World War again, this time in the winter of 1943—and not in Europe or Asia but in the United States. It seems that the Nazis back in 1939 had planted a spy in the circle of physicists at Princeton, and the spy is now with Oppenheimer at Los Alamos, working on the bomb. Mr. Guild begins his story with the arrival off the coast of Maine of a Nazi submarine bearing one Baron Joachim von Niehauser. This lofty aristocrat is bound for Los Alamos and the secret of the bomb, and he makes it. But Special Agent George Havens, of the F.B.I., is hot on his trail. There is much good material here, most of the elements of a good suspense story, even some good descriptive writing, but there is also a kind of heaviness, a stiffness: "It was perhaps to his credit that Havens' thoughts at that moment were more about von Niehauser's survival than his own."

NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK*[From the Chronicle of Higher Education]*

But Mr. Shore said that while some of Mead's conclusions about Samoa were oversimplified and had been reassessed in light of later theoretical developments, "when one considers the relative brevity of her field work and the undeveloped state of culture theory in 1920, I think her contributions are all the more remarkable. We who follow her stand on her shoulders."

LUTHERVILLE, Md.—In Teddy Roosevelt's time, it was gunboat diplomacy. In the Nixon error, Kissinger's shuttle diplomacy was in.—*USA Today*.

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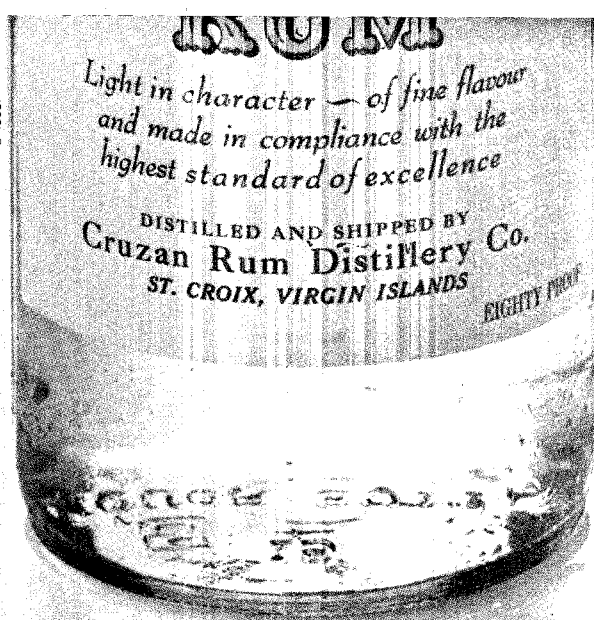
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